DECEMBER

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

ENLARGED.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS".

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, P.F.WARNER.

6d.

Vol. XIV. No. 81. DECEMBER, 1905

MODEL

LOCOMOTIVES

A CUSTOMER WRITES:

"I have just re-laid my track, and have had a most satisfactory test of your Famous Black Prince Locomotive. She made a **non-stop** run of **forty-two minutes,** with a load of three Bogie Coaches."

This Locomotive costs £3 12s. 6d., and is one of many described in our Section A Catalogue, post free 4d.

For fuller particulars of all our Catalogues see page xxiii. of this Magazine.

W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE & CO.,
NORTHAMPTON.

RAILWAYS

"A PRICE ON HIS HEAD."

Digitized by Google

Published Monthly by GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., 7-12 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

GAMAGE'S CHRISTMAS BAZAAR

A Veritable Emporium of Delight.

ADMISSION FREE! NOW OPEN.

THE BEST AND GREATEST EXHIBITION IN LONDON.

Surpasses all Previous Efforts.

Owing to the Completion of the New Premises the Bazaar occupies a

Floor Space of over Four Acres

Crammed from Floors to Ceilings with the Newest British and Continental Novelties.

LATEST TOYS FROM LIEGE EXHIBITION.

Grand Set Pieces.
Model Boot Factory.
Hall of Mystery.
Conjuring Entertainment.
Christmas Tree Room.
Wireless Telegraphy.

DEMONSTRATIONS OF FRETWORK, POKERWORK, CHIP CARVING, ORIENTAL BRASSWORK, &c.

Entente Cordiale:
Special Show of Model Soldiers representing all the Famous French, British, and Japanese Regiments.

Clockwork Novelties in Profusion.

Great Show of Toy Motor Cars, Railway Engines, Trucks, Lines, Signals, Stations, Dolls, Wooden Toys, and, in fact,

EVERYTHING FOR CHRISTMAS AND WINTER AMUSEMENT.

All the Latest Games for Club and Parlour.

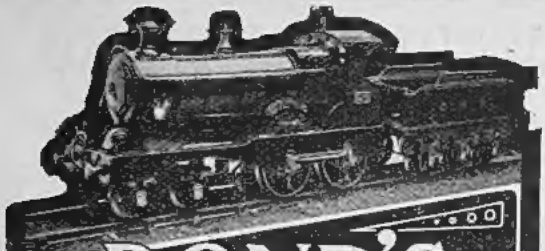
Father Christmas's Advice
Don't forget to send for
My Christmas Catalogue
POST FREE.
My Address is

COME EARLY! AND DON'T COME ALONE. BRING EVERY ONE IN THE FAMILY. YOU WILL RECEIVE A HEARTY WELCOME.

A. W. GAMAGE, LTD., HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

BODLEIAN 1922 LIBRARY

Digitized by Google



BOND'S MODELS

WHAT MORE SUITABLE PRESENT could you make your boy than that of a really good Model Engine? Can you imagine anything that will give him more genuine pleasure? The various phases and features of railway-work—the generating of steam, the making-up of trains, the signalling, track-designing, etc., afford endless intellectual amusement.

Bond's Model Locomotives are exact replicas of actual Railway Engines. My illustration—reproduced direct from a photograph of the actual Model—depicts my newest design, a No. 1 Gauge Model Great Western Locomotive, the "City of Bath." It is fitted with driving wheels mounted on springs; inside slide valve cylinder; fuel carried in tender; throttle in cab.

Write for Catalogue of Bond's Railway Systems, containing details of clockwork and steam locomotives, electric tramcars, railway tracks and points, every kind of rolling stock, scientific, electrical and steam models.

W. F. BOND, 86, Bishopsgate St. Without, E.C. 245, Euston Road, London, N.W.

GNL

BABY'S SECRET

"If I'm good, I'm to have some

PETER'S MILK-CHOCOLATE."

NOURISHING AND SUSTAINING. THE BEST FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS.

I HAVE FOUND POSITIONS FOR 16,000

GEO. E. CLARK, FOUNDER AND PRINCIPAL.

CLARK'S COLLEGE

1, 2 & 3, Chancery Lane.

Established 1880.

The Largest, most Up-to-date, most Successful College preparing for

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMS.

AND

BUSINESS APPOINTMENTS.

Lucrative and Permanent Positions obtained for Youths and Young Ladies.

TUITION BY POST

direct to your own home in England or the Colonies.

Also large and successful

ORAL CLASSES

Day and Evening.

Large New Illustrated Guide Free. Call or Write.

CLARK'S COLLEGE

Chancery Lane, London.

GNL

Digitized by Google

"PREMIER" INTERCHANGEABLE ALBUMS.

	EACH.	DOZ.
No. 1.—8vo, 9¼ by 6¼ in., holds about 600 stamps	0 11	9 6
„ 2.—4to, 10 by 8 in., holds about 725 stamps	1 0	11 6
„ 3.—As No. 2, but steuter cover, &c.	1 2	13 0
„ 4.—Folio, 11¾ by 9¾ in., holds about 1000 stamps	1 6	16 0
„ 10.—4to, 10 by 8½ in., 50 leaves, holds about 1800 stamps, bound in leatherette, gilt lettered, &c.	4 6	48 0

EVERY LEAF IS REMOVABLE, and all the above Albums will admit of extra leaves being inserted. Additional leaves can be supplied at prices ranging from 2/9 to 3/6 per 100.

THE "A B C" CATALOGUE of STAMPS, ENVELOPES, POST-CARDS, &c., is the only complete Catalogue published in the English Language; nearly 900 pp., post free, 2/10. All others are incomplete or misleading. Part I. containing **Stamps** only of all the World, 650 pp., post free 1/9.

BRIGHT & SON, 164 Strand, London, W.C.

MIDLAND STAMP CO., CASTLE BROMWICH.

CHEAP SETS, ALL DIFFERENT.

	s.	d.		s.	d.		s.	d.
20 Argentine		8	20 French Colonies		5	30 Cuba		7
33 Hungary		8	45 Germany		7	29 Switzerland		8
15 Bolivia		9	21 Wurtemberg		6	20 Turkey		5
80 Belgium		9	34 Greece		6	40 United States		6
21 Brazil		6	29 Mexico		5	21 Salvador		6
20 Bulgaria		6	22 Nicaragua		5	30 Venezuela		7
18 Chili		6	18 Peru		5	10 Borneo		9
25 Colombia		6	16 Luxembourg		6	20 Canada		6
13 Costa Rica		6	24 Portugal		6	16 Cape of Good Hope		9
12 Guatemala		6	30 Roumania		6	27 India		6
30 Holland		9	15 Finland		5	10 Newfoundland		8
10 Honduras		8	20 Servia		6	10 Labuan		9
19 Ecuador		6	50 Spain		9	14 Mauritius	1	0
70 Austria	1	6	10 Siam		9	17 Newfoundland	2	0
26 Chili	1	3	50 Cuba	1	6	19 Orange Colony	1	0
19 China	1	0	16 Philippine		8	9 Seychelles	1	6
20 Ecuador	1	3	20 Uruguay		7	20 Straits	1	6
26 Egypt	1	0	12 Jamaica		8	10 Transvaal		
60 Japan		6	30 India	1	0	24 Victoria	1	0
50 Nicaragua	1	0	10 Labuan		10	10 West Australia		10
12 Paraguay	1	0	20 India			10 Johore	1	0
45 Salvador	1	0	Native States 1	0				

500 varieties of Stamps, **2/6**. **200** different Colonial, **4/-**, **100** different South America, **1/6**. List of hundreds sets and packets free.

Only Address—**CASTLE BROMWICH, BIRMINGHAM.**

A HANDSOME POCKET CASE FREE!

SPECIAL XMAS GIFT.

We will present gratis to those applying for the following packet one of our "**ECLIPSE**" **POCKET CASES** (size 4 by 6 in.), for holding duplicate stamps. These are bound in strong cover, illuminated in gold, and contain transparent linen pockets to enable contents to be seen at a glance, and also a perforation gauge with full instructions.

The **PACKET** contains 110 stamps in great variety, including **TOLIMA** 4 cents unused (black on green), Chili (Columbus), **GUADELOUPE**, new issue (View of Harbour), Costa Rica, Pictorial New Zealand, Roumania, **GUATEMALA**, Chinese Empire, British Guiana, Canada 1869, Cape of Good Hope, Philippines (obsolete), New South Wales, Victoria, Jamaica, &c., &c. Price 2d., postage 1d. extra. Only one Packet and Pocket Case supplied to each customer.

ONE OF OUR UP-TO-DATE STAMP ALBUMS MAKES AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Prices from 1/- to 40/-

New Illustrated List now Ready.

KING BROS., LTD. *STAMP IMPORTERS* **BILSTON**

WHOLESALE LIST TO DEALERS ONLY.

TRY OUR WORLD-WIDE APPROVAL SELECTIONS.

6d. in 1/- Discount.

Mention "The Captain."

J. SPOWART & CO., Stamp Importers, Southport.

SPECIAL GREAT BARGAIN.

All these Post Free 4d. ! !

The following Packet is undoubtedly the cheapest ever offered, and will be supplied to end of this year only. One packet only will be supplied to each customer, as the price is much under cost, and if the stamps were purchased separately would cost at least Five Shillings.

The Packet, which is No. 61, contains 100 well mixed stamps, and includes all the following: Hayti (large stamp, scarce), Ecuador (Jubilee), Canada (Map stamp), Labuan (5c. Peacock, very scarce), Nicaragua (obsolete), Barbados, Bolivia (catalogued 6d.), Trinidad (obsolete), British Guiana, Roumania (old issue, scarce), Peru (very scarce surcharged), Jamaica (Waterfall), Argentine (old issue), Egypt, Reunion (rare, French Colony), Porto Rico, Cuba, Greece, Natal (King's Head), Malay States (rare), Persian (obsolete), United States (unpaid letter stamp), Turkey (old issue), Costa Rica, etc., etc. Post free, 4d.

SPECIAL VARIETY PACKETS.

500, all different, post free, **2/6**. 1000, all different, **9/-**

These are very fine, and contain hundreds of stamps worth from 1d. each upwards.

Approval Sheets.—Our Sheets are known all over the world for their marvellous cheapness. All collectors should send for one to inspect. Discount 6d. in 1s.

Also book of stamps for advanced collectors.

New Special Bargain Price List, Post Free on Application

EDWARD COOPER & CO.,

14 ARCHWAY ROAD, HIGHGATE, LONDON, N.

FREE! **A SEASONABLE GIFT OF 5 ANTIOQUIA** (1899 Cat. 1) will be *given to every bonafide applicant* for a Selection of Stamps on Approval 50 per cent. *Discount*, purchasing the

3D. "XL ALL" "CROWN" PACKET, *containing* 50 Stamps, among which *are many never found in packets*, such as **NEWFOUNDLAND** (Queen Alexandra), Canada 1899, old **MAURITIUS** (Queen), Egypt (*Sphinx and Pyramids*), old Jamaica (*Arms*), **SCARCE BAHAMAS** 2½d., *high value* Japanese, old New Zealand (*Queen*), **RARE RHODESIA** (*Lord of Africa and Queen of Natal*), very old Austria 1867, old **MEXICO** (*Seal type*), old *imperforate* Greece, **RARE NORTHERN NIGERIA** (*King, Watermark—Single Crown C.A.*), &c., &c. POSTAGE 2d. EXTRA. **BARGAINS.** *All postage Extra.* 6 Sierra Leone, **6d.**, 8 Lagos, **1s.**, 24 Canada, **6d.** Congo 1 *franc*, **6d.**, Java 5c. *red*, 1/-, **2d.**, Britain, *used. Parcels 2d. King*, **8d.** *See my new List.* **WANT LISTS** filled. British Colonials *my Specialty—correspondence invited.*

CANSINO, 11 Todd Street, Manchester.

ANOTHER WANT SUPPLIED

Duplicate Albums, strongly bound cloth, halfleather, gold lettering, size 10in. by 8in. **30 pages** interleaved. Each page with seven **transparent linen** pockets. **Not paper** pockets, as other makes. **Price, 5s. 6d.**

CHEAP SETS—**Gambia** embossed 1d. to 1s., mint, 4s. 6d. **Jamaica**, 4d., 1d., 2d. **official** mint, 6d. **Dominican Republic**, 1900, 2, 10 to 50c. issue, **Cat. 8s. 1d.**, 1s. **Bolivia**, 1, 2, 5, 10, 20, 50c., **Cat. 2s. 7d.**, 1d. **Cape** 4d., 1d., 2d., 6d. and 1s. **complete**, 1/3. 6d. 50 **Spain**, all **postally** used, 1s. 9d. **Postage extra. Stamps Bought.**

THE PREMIER STAMP COMPANY, BRIGHTON.

Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, post free, containing

600 CHEAP SETS OF STAMPS

Ask for Samples of the New Perforated Stamp Hinge.

H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO., Stamp Importers, BRIGHTON.

180. THE "CHAMPION" 3D.

180 Stamps all different, and including **Antigua, Malta** (Valetta Harbour), **Grenada, U.S.A. Special Delivery** (Messenger Boy), **Guatemala** (Exhibition issue), **Peru** (Llamas), **Venezuela, British South Africa Company, Tunis, Nicaragua, Somali Coast (Native Villages), U.S.A. 1 Dollar** ("documentary"), Mexico, Sweden Service, Chili, Argentina, also **Set of 20 British Colonials, Set of 10 Japan,** and

SPECIAL SET OF 7 COSTA RICA,

3d., postage 1d. extra (*Colonies and abroad 3d. extra*). Satisfaction guaranteed. We will return **6d.** for every packet not giving entire satisfaction. *Only one packet supplied to each person.*

GRATIS. Our **Large Illustrated Price List,** including a **Guide to Stamp Collecting,** and much interesting information. **Bargains in Sets** and **Packets,** all prices, from **2d. to £45.** See **special offers** of **Stamp Albums** and **Postcard Albums** this month, very suitable for **Xmas** and **New Year Presents.** Stamp Mounts, unequalled for adhesive quality, 6d. per 1000.

ERRINGTON & MARTIN, South Hackney, London, N.E.

Digitized by Google

JUST OUT! ***COMPLETE AT LAST!***

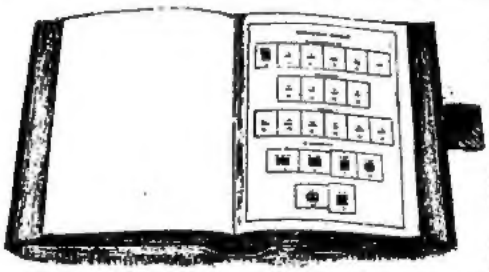
THE "STANDARD" POSTAGE STAMP ALBUM.

(COPYRIGHT)

ALL THE WORLD IN ONE VOLUME.

Compiled and Fully Illustrated on an Entirely New System.

A separate designed space for every Stamp, and all spaces numbered to correspond with our Catalogue.



This splendid work has taken more than two years to compile, and the cost of production far exceeds that of any other stamp albums published.

Nothing like it has ever been attempted. Stamp collecting is made easy and delightful by using the "STANDARD" Album and Catalogue.

All the series are exactly the same in system of arrangement, the difference in price is for different qualities of paper and styles of binding.

First Series.—Printed on one side of the paper only, all left-hand pages entirely blank, 700 leaves (1400 pages). Prices, including inland postage, **26/-, 36/-, 46/-.**

Second Series.—Printed on both sides of the paper, about 700 pages. Prices, including inland postage, **16/9** and **25/9.**

Third Series.—*In two volumes.*—Vol. I. contains spaces for stamps of Great Britain and Colonies; Vol. II. for all Foreign Countries. Prices from **10/6** to **£3** each volume.

An illustrated booklet with full details and prices of all the above will be sent free on request.

The Universal Standard Catalogue of the Postage Stamps of the World.—*No* minor varieties or perforation measurements. Simplest and most easily understood. Fifth edition, **1/6** post free.

Sixty-eight page list of packets and sets of stamps, gratis and post free.

WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH. **Established 1869.**

STAFFORD SMITH'S ALBUMS.

Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, post free. Permanent Postage Stamp Album, 4s.; 9,000 stamps described, 12,000 extra spaces.

H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO., STAMP IMPORTERS BRIGHTON.

THE UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS OF OUR PRESENTATION SCHEME

has encouraged us to continue **GIVING AWAY** (at enormous expense)

THIS MAGNIFICENT PRESENT OF

A 4/- "SUPERB" FOUNTAIN PEN

Complete with **FILLER** and **INSTRUCTIONS**, each one in a **HANDSOME CASE**, during this month to **EVERY APPLICANT** for our

4D. "SUPREME" PARCEL OF STAMPS & 4D.

Containing **250 FOREIGN** and **COLONIAL STAMPS** (chiefly **BRITISH COLONIALS**), including **STRAITS SETTLEMENTS**, Canada, **ORANGE RIVER COLONY**, Victoria, Australia, **CAPE OF GOOD HOPE**, Phillipine Is., **NATAL** Q. Il., Queensland, U.S.A., Columbus, India, Argentine, **SET of THREE CHINA** (very rare), etc., **200 FINEST STAMP MOUNTS** obtainable, and **ONE PERFORATION GAUGE**. Postage, 2d. extra.

Since commencing to **GIVE AWAY** this **SPLENDID FOUNTAIN PEN** (which is given in order to circulate our **ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE**, and to let Collectors see our **WORLD-RENOWNED APPROVAL SHEETS**, which are acknowledged to be the **BEST** and **CHEAPEST** on the Stamp Market), we have received thousands of unsolicited testimonials from delighted recipients, testifying to the excellence of the pens, also to the undoubted **CHEAPNESS** and **CLEANLINESS** of our **STAMPS**, etc. Do not miss this opportunity, but send a **POSTAL ORDER** for **4d.** (abroad 6d.) at once to pay for **PARCEL** and postage, etc., and you will receive by **RETURN OF POST** (carefully packed) this **SPLENDID FOUNTAIN PEN** with accessories **ABSOLUTELY FREE**, also a list that will save you **HEAPS OF MONEY** when buying Stamps.

HENRY ABEL & CO., STAMP IMPORTERS BILSTON.

THE "duke" PACKET. *4d. only, post free. Approval Sheets.* 1 *Stamps upwards. December Packet, 250 different, 2s., including Ceylon 2 different King's, Gibraltar 2 different King's, India 2 King's, Transvaal, U.S. Columbus 1 and 2, West Australia, Venezuela, a decided bargain, post free. Gratis 250 mounts and Deccan and Travancore Native Indians to all who order Sheets in December. Agents wanted, both shops and private persons.* **C. A. McAUSLAN & CO., 90 Bascinball Street, GLASGOW.** *Estab. 20 Years. N.B.—Above packet only supplied to those ordering Sheets.*

50 % OFF GIBBONS' 1905 CATALOGUE

Approval Books containing fine Stamps, now ready to be sent out. High discount 50 per cent. off Gibbons' 1905 Catalogue. Plenty of Bargains. State wants.

W. HOUTZAMER, 161 Strand, London, W.C.

XMAS GIFT! To bona-fide applicants for my Approval Selections, enclosing stamp for postage, I will present gratis the following **Rare Old English**—4d. red, 1862 (small letters), 4d. red, 1865 (large letters), 2½d. blue 1880 (w'mark Crown), 2½d. rose, 1876 (w'mark Orb), and 6d. lilac, 1867 (large uncoloured letters). Everything marked at lowest net prices. Colonials wanted for cash.

GRAHAM MORRIS, TWICKENHAM.

APPROVAL SELECTIONS

of stamps of all countries, in good condition, at very low prices. Large discount.

BRIDGER & KAY, 65 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHOUT, LONDON, E.C.

25 STAMPS.

B. Colonial Packet, grand value, Abroad, 1/3 | Post Free. **1/1;**

Comprising **N. Nigeria, India, Transvaal (King's Heads), Bermuda, Newfoundland, Barbados, Travancore, B. Bechuanaland** (obsolete), Tasmania, **Zanzibar**, &c. &c. **50 Stamps for 6½d.** as advertised. Thousands sold yearly. Approval Selections (Section 1, **B. Colonials 6d. in 1/- disct.** (Section 2, **European and Foreign 3d. in 1/- disct.** 2 Jamaica pictorials *gratis* to applicants for Approval Selections. **PEARCE & STAMFORD, 7 Katharine Street, Croydon.**

FREE: RARE 2/- QUEENSLAND

Stamp to all applicants for approval sheets

Prices VERY LOW and 6d. in the 1/- DISCOUNT.

TUDOR STAMP CO., 161 FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.

If You Write Now

You will secure my **SPECIAL "NIGER" PACKET**, containing 80 different postage stamps (no fiscals, etc.), price **2d.**, postage 2d. extra. It contains **SOUTHERN NIGERIA** (scarce British Colonial), U.S. America (Columbus), **TRINIDAD**, Gwalior, B. Guiana, **TASMANIA** (View), a set of Canada (all obsolete), **CEYLON**, Jamaica, West Australia and **15 OTHER AUSTRALIANS**, Hyderabad, etc., etc.

The cheapest set of stamps ever offered; and in addition, **IF YOU ASK FOR APPROVAL SHEETS** (and purchase the packet) I will present you with

A SET OF TWELVE KING'S HEAD BRITISH COLONIALS.

WRITE NOW, enclose 4d., and ASK FOR APPROVAL SHEETS.

F. G. ROWE (FORMERLY OF BATH), **22, Desborough Rd., Plymouth.**

Digitized by Google

GREAT BRITAIN POSTAGE STAMPS.

A collection of 200 varieties, including 1d. and 2d. of 1840, 6d. and 1s. Octagonal, Officials, and others rare, price **40/-**

College Stamps, set of 7 varieties, **20/-.**
Railway Stamps, set of 30 varieties, **8/-.**
Mulready Envelope, 7/6.
Guildhall Jubilee Postcard, 5/6.

WALTER MORLEY,
15 Brownhill Gardens, Catford, S.E.

UNITED STATES.

12 Varieties cat. at 2/8. Includes 3-15c. and 2-50c. and other good values, all fine. **Post free, 7d.** Cheap Approval Selections.
Loose Stamps and Collections bought.
GLAZEBROOK, STAMP DEALER, NEWARK.

Don't neglect your own Country, **GREAT BRITAIN.**
How many have you? We will send 30 varieties catalogued 4s. 5d., for 1s. 1d. post free. King Colonials, fine stock. Selections on approval. HERBERT JAMES & Co., 43 Eastcheap, E.C.

DON'T BUY ANY STAMP ALBUMS

until you have received particulars of Healey's new Albums, which we guarantee are the cheapest and best issued. Full particulars of above, including our new Price Lists of sets and packets, sent free on application.

EDWIN HEALEY & CO.,
Stamp Merchants,
14 Wormwood Street, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

Telephone: 9358 London Wall. **Established over twenty years.**

CHRISTMAS BARGAINS IN COINS AND STAMPS OFFERED BY
A. H. BALDWIN, Duncannon St., Charing Cross, W.C.

COINS:—Canada cent 1902, Edw. VII., mint, **3d.**; Hong Kong ditto, 1904, **4d.**; British Honduras ditto, **6d.**; Cyprus ¼ piastre ditto, **6d.**; Jamaica, nickel 1d. ½d., and ¼d., 1905, **9d.** set; India, copper Edward VII. ¼ anna, ½ pice, and 1-12th anna, mint, set **6d.**; Malta 1-3rd farthing, 1902, **3d.**; Colonial copper and nickel coins, 50 different, in good condition, **5/6**; Henry II. silver penny, from the great Colchester Hoard 1902, **1/-**; Kruger penny, 1898 (Pretoria struck), mint, **1/-**. Many other cheap coins in all metals are described in my latest Catalogue of just on 70 pp. Price **6d.** (refunded to purchasers). This list contains current prices of my stock of War Medals, Volunteer Tokens, Gold, Silver, and Bronze Commemorative Medals, 18th and 19th century Tokens, Roman Gold, Silver, and Bronze, English Gold and Silver, and Greek Silver and Bronze, &c., &c. A special 4 pp. List of **Mounted Coins**, suitable for watch-chain pendants or bracelet charms, sent post paid on application. This list also gives particulars and prices of small copper coins in mint state, at per 12 and 100, suitable for card counters.

STAMPS:—New Levant (over-printed on English), set of ½d., 1d., 1½d., 2d., and 2½d. unused, **10d.** set; ditto ½d., 1d., 1½d., 2d., 2½d., 3d., 4d., 5d., 6d., and 1/-, unused, **3/9** set; Canada, Jubilee issue, 1897, all postally used, 50 c., **1/-**; **$1, 4/6**; **$2, 3/9**; **$3, 4/9**; **$4, 7/6**; **$5, 8/-**; Bulgaria "01" on 2 stot, inverted surcharge, mint, **1/3**; India (Q.), 2 r., **6d.**; 3 r., **1/4**; 5 r., **4/-**; Gibraltar, new multiple wmk., used, ½d. and 2 var of 1d. (unsurfaced and chalk surfaced), **3d.** set; 2d., very fine, **1½d.**; 1s., **10d.**; Malta (mult. wmk.), ½d., 1d., 2d., 2½d., set of 4 for **3d.**; South Australia new 6d. and 1s. (long stamps), fine used but perf. small initials, **6d.** pair; Ceylon 75 c. (K.), single wmk., **used**, v. fine and scarce, **2/6**; Hong Kong (Q.), 1900, 30 c., brown, used, **6d.**; India (K.), 1 rupee used, **2d.**; Leeward Is., 1899, set of 1d. on 4d., 1d. on 6d., and 1d. on 7d., used, **1/9** set of 3; Malta 4d. (K.), used, **3d.**; Seychelles (K.) 3 c. on 18 c., mint, **3d.**; ditto, v. fine used, **2d.**; packet of 50 "King's Heads," different, no varieties of watermark included, **2/6**; 50 different Colonials, including Dominica, British New Guinea, new Levant, Antigua, &c., &c., Price 1/-. **1906** Stamp List Free. New list will be published in January, 1906. Postage extra on all above offers.
Almost all "October" and "November" offers can still be supplied.

New Season's Bargain Packet.—**300** different Foreign and Colonial Postage Stamps, including grand sets **30 Spain**, 12 Canada, **13 Denmark**, 11 Wurtemberg, unused Levant, fine **Barbados, Bermuda,** Malta, **Gibraltar, Trinidad,** Transvaal, Grenada, Jamaica, Bulgaria, **Natal, Orange River,** 6 Egypt, Colombia, &c. The lot post free, **ONE SHILLING.**

BICKERS, Richmond Terrace, Cork, Ireland.

1d.* worth *1s. **WE WANT TO REGISTER** the name and address of every stamp collector. **IF YOU COLLECT** please **WRITE US,** and for your trouble we will send **60 different** stamps, including Orange River, Guatemala (Bird), Transvaal, Hyderabad, New Zealand (Pictorial), Brazil, India (Official), Sweden (Official), Natal, Egypt, U.S.A. (Pictorial issue), Chili, British Guiana, West Australia, Queensland, Mexico, &c., if you enclose 1d. stamp to cover cost of postage (abroad 3d.).

ALFRED GILBERT & CO., Weston-super-Mare.

STAMPS FOR COMPETITION.—I have a few stamps suitable for above, which I can sell at the following low prices to clear: **3/-** for 20,000, **7/6** for 100,000, **£3** per million, carriage forward. I have also for disposal some old Br. 1d. reds at **1/6** per 1000; also I.R. & Army Officials, King and Queen, ½d. and 1d. values, at **8/-** per 1000, post free. I would respectfully request that all Collectors at home and abroad should ask to see my cheap and medium Approval Books of Stamps; no better value can be obtained anywhere. Apply early to—

PHILATELIST, Dromore, Co. Down, Ireland.

The Very Latest Price List, containing all King's Heads, including multiple wmks. and chalky paper, price **1d.** post free. Send for a selection of our stamps at 50 per cent. discount. Collections and Duplicates purchased or exchanged. Tip-top prices given. 50 different Colonials 6d. post free.

L. MAY & CO., 15 King William St., Charing Cross, W.C.

90% OFF CATALOGUE !!

CHEAPEST EVER OFFERED.

CATALOGUE PRICE OVER		MY PRICE
20/-	**100** Stamps **ALL DIFFERENT,** including Borneo, Venezuela, Transvaal, Tunis, Nicaragua, Persia, &c. &c. This **SPECIAL** Packet includes Stamps catalogued from 1d. to **5s.** each, and contains no cuts, fiscals, locals, &c. Only postage stamps.	**2/-** POST FREE.

WM. BROWN, St. Thomas Square, Salisbury.
Nat. Tel. 0494.

SCANDINAVIAN STAMPS in sets for specialists, and in cheap packets for beginners. "The Viking Packet" contains 105 Swedish, Norwegian and Danish Stamps, all different. **5/9** post free. Send 1d. stamp for Price List and 4 selected stamps gratis.

LOUIS ZETTERSTEN,
29 Comeragh Road, West Kensington, London, W., Eng.

COLLECTIONS WANTED.

I buy Collections and loose lots of Postage stamps and pay the very highest prices for same. Cash sent by return for suitable parcels. Fiscals also bought.
I have a splendid assortment of Approval Books of British Colonials and Foreign Stamps, priced to allow 50 per cent. (**6d.** in the **1s.**) discount. Full of bargains.

JOHN JAMES COATES,
4 SOUTHWARK ST., LONDON BRIDGE, S.E.
Established 1879.

BOYS, **30 BRITISH COLONIALS FREE.** Don't miss this. Thousands of Stamps for Sale at ½d. and 1d. each. All bargains. Write for selection. Packet of 30 distinctly different British Colonials, many King's Heads, absolutely free to all applicants enclosing 1d. stamp for postage. Special packet 30 different King's Heads many scarce, **7d.** only.—**F. J. LAYZELL, 11 Princes Ave., Finchley, N.**

THE CHRISTMAS PACKET

contains 100 stamps and is of **unprecedented** value, and includes amongst others—**3 High Value Austria, U.S.A., fine set of 7 departmentals,** set **9 different** India rare obsolete and Service, Great Britain, **the rare 1/- green embossed** cut octagon (**Cat. 7/6**), also the **1/- red and green** on 1st paper, **Gwalior 2** rare obsolete Queen Service, **Gwalior** 3 p'ies red Queen mint, **Patiala** 3 pies Queen red mint, **Gwalior 2** rare **King's Service.** The rare **OLD** ½-cent black Canada, Italy **50c. Seynatore,** Sweden **50o. grey** obsolete, the **rare 1 kroner** blue and bistre, the **whole lot for 6d.,** post free to applicants for Approval Sheets only, as above is worth at least 4 times the money. A fine lot of sheets of British, Colonial, and Foreign Stamps are now ready at the huge discounts of **7d. and 8d. in 1/-,** also fine lot of better class stamps (1/- to £10 each), including Peru, Ceylon, Triangular Capes, Sierra Leone, Montserrat, Tonga, Ionian Isles, Uganda, B.E. Africa, at **7d. in 1/-** discounts. Send for free list showing how it is **possible** to make a **collection worth £200 for nothing.** Applicants for Approval Sheets are requested to state what class and value stamps they require, as this will ensure a speedy service of gilt-edged stock at rock-bottom prices. List sent **free** regularly offering all the latest things and very special bargains. The current list contains prices for a very fine lot of B.E. Africa, Uganda, and Zanzibar, Cape Triangular, Peru, Ceylon, in fine state at bargain prices (which, on comparison with the net prices of other dealers, will show a distinctly lower quotation), also special offer of Tonga, T.I., Marriage Stamps in single pairs and blocks in mint state. Wanted to buy, single stamps. Collections or lots sent on approval for highest price. Expert advice free.

J. T. BOLTON, 5 ELMWOOD ROAD, CROYDON

3D. The "Gigantic" Packet 3D.

contains **120** Stamps, including

Cook Is. (Carrier Pigeon), **New Caledonia** (Kagu), **Sudan** (Camel), **North Borneo** (Peacock), French Guiana (Anteater), Bolivia (Eagle), Guatemala (Parrot), Hungary (Dove), Ecuador (Eagle), **Mozambique** (Elephants), **Zanzibar** (Lions), **Nyassa** (Giraffe), Gaboon (Leopard), set of 4 unused Cuba, **Obock** (Views of Natives), Tasmania (Scenery), **Madagascar** (Bull and Monkey), China (Dragon), Malay (Tiger), set of 4 U.S.A. (Warships), set of 4 Greece, &c.

Price **3d.,** post **1d.** extra. Purchasers desiring **Approval Books** receive **Free**

4 GUADELOUPE, 1905
(Views of *Scenery* and Native Products).

PERRIN BROS.,
Stamp Importers, Harlesden, N.W.

Digitized by Google

Write for it

Colossal Packet No. 5, as enumerated in Nov. CAPTAIN, is still on sale, **price 9d.**, post free, to those applying for our renowned Approval Sheets at **7d.** and **8d.** in the Shilling discount.

SPECIALS. Postage extra.

100 English Levant, On Cat.	3	6	1 9	*King's Head, used, Single CA wmk*	
2 kran Persia, blue & gold	..		6	2, 3, & 6 c. Seychelles	3
10 ,, ,, dark blue	..	1 9	7	3d. & 1d. Southern Nigeria	3
1/- Black Niger Coast	..	3 6	1 9	2d., 3d., & 3d. Gold Coast	6
3d., 6d., & 1/- New Zealand Pictorial		1 7	6	1d. & 3d. Lagos	6
2/- Ditto	..	2 6	3	2, 4, 8, & 10 c. Hong Kong	3
4d. Zululand. On English			1 3	2 c. British Honduras	2
1.50 krona Norway, King, scarce			8	4, 8, 10, 25, & 50 c. Straits	1 6

Collections (any size) and parcels of loose stamps wanted. Cash or exchange.
A. W. TYRRELL & CO., 75 Little Britain, E.C. (*near G.P.O.*).
(The Oldest Stamp Shop in the City of London).

King's Head Single Southern Nigeria ½d. & 1d., **2d.** each; 2½d., **6d.**; 4½d., 1/11.; 5d., 10d. Lagos 2½d., **3d.** each; 3d., **6d.**; 6d., 7d.; 1/-, 1/8. Sierra Leone ½d. & 1d., **1d.** each; 3d., 6d. Gold Coast ½d. & 1d., **1d.** each; 2d., **4d.**; 3d., **3d.**; 6d., **3d.**; 1/-, **10d.** Gambia Multiple ½d., 1d.; 3d., **4d.** Lagos ½d. & 1d., **1d** each; 2d., **3d.**; 6d., **8d.**; 1/-, 7d. Southern Nigeria ½d. & 1d., **1d.** each; 2d., **3d.**; 2½d., **3d.** East Africa ½ anna, single, 7d. Other Africans. All finely used. Postage extra. Correspondence solicited.—Cyril Cole, **Koorlander, Colchester**

STAMP EXCHANGE.

If you want to dispose of your DUPLICATES quickly and to your best advantage, and obtain stamps at a **third** of the usual prices, or less, write for particulars of the **ROYAL STAMP EXCHANGE CLUB.**
Apply early. Few vacancies only.
SECRETARY—E. J. SHORMAN, 19 ROMOLA ROAD, HERNE HILL, S.E.

WE GIVE Duplicate Book and 250 Mounts **to every buyer of packet asking for Sheets.** **155** different Stamps, including Canada (Beaver), Southern Nigeria, St. Vincent, K., Cape 1d., Sarawak, Malta, K., Sierra Leone, K., Army official, Hayti (President), Cyprus, K., Hong Kong, K., French Colonies, Surinam, New Caledonia (picture), Montenegro, Paraguay, Guadeloupe (picture), Egypt (picture), France (long), Portuguese Indies, China, Natal, K., Ceylon, K., French Guinea, Jamaica (Arms), and a splendid lot of **30 British Colonials.** Price for entire parcel, 1s. post free. Abroad extra.
BARGAIN PACKETS, all different, 250, 9d.; 500, 3s.; 1,000, 10s.; 100, no Europeans, 7d.; 30 Spain, 4d.; 30 Sweden, 4d.; 50 France, 6d.; 25 Bulgarian, 7d.; 30 West Indies, 9d.; 100 British Colonials, 1s.; 50 Great Britain, 2s. Postage extra. Lists free.

J. R. MORRIS & CO., Leighton Buzzard.

FREE! FREE!! FREE!!!

To everyone applying for one of our Approval Sheets, and mentioning CAPTAIN, we will present **GRATIS** a Set of Seven Japan and a Set of Five Russia, Post Free.

THE BELLE STAMP CO., Forest Hill, S.E.

J. W. JONES

NOTE SOLE ADDRESS ON PILLAR BOX.

STAMPS

Finest Specimens. Lowest Prices.

Catalogue, Sets, &c., Free.

XMAS BARGAINS

British		
1d. Black	. .	3d.
Army Offical 5		3d.
Govt. Parcels 6		2/-
Admiralty . 4		1/-
France		
All issues	. 60	1/3
Germany		
2pfg to 3 mks 13		6d
United States 50		1/6
South American		
100 varieties	.	3/-

KING'S HEADS A SPECIALITY

SELECTIONS ON APPROVAL.

NEW LIST. 1906 POST FREE.

This extremely interesting book will be ready December 1st, and contains **MANY NEW FEATURES**; it is also full of particulars of the latest and most desirable stamps at bargain prices. It has been produced at a cost far exceeding that of any other list published, but we make no charge for it, and shall be pleased to send a copy to any stamp collector absolutely free.

EXCELSIOR STAMP ALBUMS

are without doubt the best and cheapest Albums published. Full particulars post free.

No. 2, size 11 × 8½ inches, with spaces for 7,000 stamps, artistically bound in cloth, and well illustrated at the head of each page. Price **2/6** post free. 100 different stamps given free with each Album.

No. 3, 400 pages, size 11 × 8½ inches 1,000 illustrations at heads of various pages, not interfering with the arrangement of stamps. This book will hold **fifteen thousand,** and is well bound in cloth, the design being in black and gold. The cheapest Album on the market. Price **5/-** post free.

THE CANADA PACKET.

130 DIFFERENT AND SET OF 10 CANADA 3d.

130 different Stamps, including many interesting and obsolete issues of the following countries: **Sarawak,** 7 different Austrian, set of **13 Swedan,** including scarce oblong official issue, Argentine, Portugal, Japan, United States Columbus, old Holland, India official, **TEN DIFFERENT AFRICAN** (Nyassa—giraffe—Beira—elephants—Transvaal, pictorial Egyptian, and Cape of Good Hope), Spain, Portugal Brazil, etc., post free **3d.** (abroad 5d.). **AND FREE** to every purchaser of a set of **TEN DIFFERENT JAPAN,** including scarce and obsolete, **Jubilee, Map,** and **Registered** issues.

500 DIFFERENT STAMPS MOUNTED IN A BOOK, 4s. 6d. POST FREE. 1,000 DIFFERENT, 14s. 6d.

APPROVAL SELECTIONS OF ANY COUNTRY. STAMPS PURCHASED.

BUTLER BROS., CLEVEDON.

WE DON'T ADVERTISE OFTEN.

When we do so it is to offer something REALLY SPECIAL that will be sure to please the purchaser.
BELOW we list twelve of our MOST POPULAR **10d.** packets, and as an advertisement we now offer

ANY 3=10d. PACKETS FOR 1/-
ANY 6=10d. PACKETS FOR 1/9
ANY 12=10d. PACKETS FOR 3/1

The following are the **Bargain Packets, usually sold at 10d. each.** and which we now offer at the above ridiculous reductions.

25	Eastern Europe.	25	Asia.	25	North America.
25	Australia.	25	Spain and Portugal.	25	West Indies.
25	South American.	25	Bavaria, Prussia and Wurtemburg.	25	Scandinavia.
25	Swiss and Holland.	25	Austria and Italy.	25	British Colonial.

REMEMBER, **Every Stamp is different,** and the 12 packets contain 300 rare stamps usually sold for **2/6**, and in one lot are now offered for **3/1**, or 6 packets **1/9**, or 3 packets **1/-**.
CUSTOMERS for these packets asking to see our **Bargain Sheets,** and who purchase to the value of 2/-, will on the return of the sheets be supplied with a "SIMPLEX DUPLICATE BOOK," with moveable leaves.
Other special Bargains, **300** varieties all different, **6d.**; **800, 1/3**; **500, 2/6.**
We have only a limited supply and cannot offer again.

GLOBE STAMP CO., 147 Constitution Hill, Birmingham

EMPIRE

POCKET STAMP ALBUM
Free to all Applicants
For Selection of Stamps on approval Large Discounts and Bonus Prizes
EMPIRE STAMP CO., HORSMONDEN

120 STAMPS, used and unused, **Post Free 7d. Worth 8/-** Comprising **Montenegro** (pictorial, very pretty) Congo, China, **Birmoor,** Hyderabad, **Jamaica** (View), Djibouti, **Bermuda (surcharged),** F. Colonies, etc., etc. To every **purchaser** of the above packet I will send **gratis a beautiful set of Mexico.** Approval Sheets 25 per cent. off marked prices.
VICTOR NAIRN, 2, Hillside, Willesden.

THE "MARVEL" MONOGRAM BOX 6D. *Post Free.*
Any 2-letter Monogram, mounted in enamelled metal pocket box, self-inking, style as shown. Agents wanted for this and other novelties. Dept. G., **89 Aldersgate Street, London.**

A GOOD INVESTMENT!

For XMAS 30 **Scarce Varieties,** comprising **King's, Queen's, Pictorial,** &c. Post Free, **1s.** one-third usual price. **For** cheap lines and Xmas Bargains, see my **Approval Selections.** Fine set of **3 Rare Cyprus** free to intending buyers sending 1d. (postage) to
A. G. HARRISON, 35 Holmdene Avenue, HERNE HILL, S.E.

Digitized by Google

1d. BLACK 1840.

9 ENGLISH OFFICIALS and 20 other STAMPS, including old issues, King's Head Colonials, **8d.** Post Free. Australasia, 50 varieties, **9d.**

APPROVAL SELECTIONS

of Stamps of all Countries in good condition, at very low prices.

Price List of English Stamps, Envelopes, & Post Cards, free

CHAS. NISSEN & Co., 7 Southampton Row, W.C.

A WONDERFUL OFFER. PICTORIAL STAMPS FREE.

For a short time only, I am offering **ABSOLUTELY FREE** to all applicants for my world-famed Approval Sheets (who enclose a stamp for postage) the undermentioned packet: A fine **Nyassaland** Pictorial, obsolete **Borneo** (Native), new issue **Madagascar** (Bull and Monkey), **Djibouti,** bi-coloured Stamp (Foot), New Zealand Pictorial, Jamaica (Waterfall), U.S.A. War Revenue (Ironclad), **Cuba** War Revenue, unused, Malta (View of Harbour), and French Guiana new issue (Native). **ONLY ONE PACKET SUPPLIED TO EACH APPLICANT.** Don't forget the conditions: you MUST mention CAPTAIN Pictorial Packet, enclose a stamp for postage, and ask to see my Approval Sheets. 50 different Stamps, 2d.; 5 entire Japanese Postcards, 2d.; 20 ditto, including **rare** folded Cards, 5d.; 1000 different Stamps, 15s.

H. C. WATKINS, STAMP IMPORTER, 86 LORDSHIP LANE, WOOD GREEN, N.

If you want Wit, Humour, and interesting Information, read . . . . **Tit-Bits**

Postcard Albums.

Our Albums are specially made for us, and are our exclusive designs. They are the finest value obtainable, all with plaindark green strong leaves. Artistic Covers in elaborate, floral, plain, or classic design.

Albums to hold 100 Cards, 6d. and 1s. each.
Albums to hold 200 Cards, 1s and 1s. 6d. each.
Albums to hold 400 Cards, 2s. and 2s. 6d. each.
Albums to hold 400 Cards, 3s. and 4s. each.
Albums to hold 500 Cards, 4s., 5s., and 6s. each.
Albums to hold 1000 Cards, 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.

Many of the Superior Albums quoted have padded backs. They make lovely presents.

PICTORIAL POSTCARDS IN PACKETS.

No. 10. Contains 25 Military & Naval, Warships, &c. 1s.
No. 14. Contains 25 Good Comic Postcards, 1s.
No. 21. Contains 12 Illustrated Songs, 1s.
No. 22. Contains 12 Cathedrals &c., in Colours, 6d.
No. 23. Contains 12 Castles and Abbeys in Colours, 6d.
No. 25. Contains 25 Fine Christmas Postcards, 1s.
No. 50. The Special Packet of 50 different cards as advertised, including splendid named views, &c., for 1s. 6d, post free.

The "Marvel" Gross (144 all different). Including Coloured Views, Comics Foreign Lands and Life, Animals, Children, and General Subjects *Truly a Marvel*, price 3s.

BOXES OF AUTOGRAPH CHRISTMAS CARDS, &c.
12 Exquisite Christmas, with insets and silk ribbons, 2s.
No. 38. The Excelsior Box of 25 Selected Fishing Cards, 1s.
No. 39. The Beautiful Cabinet of 20 Lovely Cards, including many sold at 4d. and 6d. each, with Envelopes, 2s. 6d. Full List Free

THE CENTRAL POSTCARD AGENCY,
90-92 Goswell Road, London, E.C.

W. W. GREENER

(The English Gunmaker)
ESTABLISHED 1829

The Celebrated
"MINIATURE CLUB" RIFLES

EVERY RIFLE ACCURATE

The Best Shooting ever made at 50 Yards

PRICE ONLY
£2 12s. 6d.

ORTHOPTIC SIGHTS
£1 1s.
Extra

297/230 or .22 Bore

ACTUAL SIZE

The above diagram was made with a W. W. Greener "Club" Rifle .22 bore, in a public competition held for the purpose of testing rifles (*The Navy and Army Illustrated* Rifle Trials). Made under strictest test conditions. The winning diagram. Competitors included English Belgian, and American Rifles

A few Superior ENGLISH MADE
Air Rifles
are offered at
35s.
Carriage Paid to any address

All have been tested by W. W. Greener, and are warranted accurate. A diagram of the shooting sent with every rifle

Send for Illustrated Rifle Catalogue post free

68 HAYMARKET LONDON

or address the Works at

BIRMINGHAM

Digitized by Google

ACTUAL SIZE OF BROWNIE PICTURE

KODAK PHOTOGRAPHY
is Photography simplified

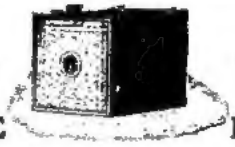
All Kodaks are loaded in daylight. All Kodak pictures can be developed in daylight. There is nothing difficult, nothing expensive, and all that there is to know can be learned in a few minutes

THE OPERATIONS ARE SO SIMPLE A CHILD CAN PERFORM THEM

KODAK XMAS HAMPERS

MAKE CHARMING & ACCEPTABLE XMAS & NEW YEAR GIFTS

HAMPER No. 1 costs **21s.** and contains a **No. 1 BROWNIE** (Pictures 2½ × 2½)



HAMPER No. 2 costs **25s.** and contains a **No. 2 BROWNIE** (Pictures 3¼ × 2½)

and the following:

Kodak Tank Developer, Spools of Film for 12 Pictures, the necessary Developing Powders and Fixing Salts, a Printing Frame, a Packet of Solio Self-toning Paper, a Dish, a Measure, and two Instruction Manuals

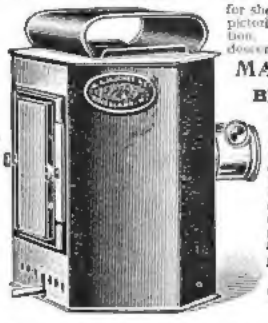
the whole tastefully packed in a basket ready for dispatch to any part of the country

KODAK XMAS HAMPERS CAN BE OBTAINED OF ALL DEALERS, AND

KODAK, LIMITED, 57-61 Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.

BRANCHES: 96 Bold Street, LIVERPOOL; 72-74 Buchanan Street, GLASGOW; 59 Brompton Road, S.W.; 60 Cheapside, E.C.; 115 Oxford Street, W.; 171-173 Regent Street, W.; and 40 Strand, LONDON, W.C.

THE PICTURE POSTCARD LANTERN



for showing on the sheet the ordinary pictorial postcards, in colours, by reflection. Complete with 6 Sheaths, a Incandescent Burners, **25/6.** Latest invention.

MAGIC LANTERNS.

BIOSCOPES, £3 3s.

Delightful Home Amusement. Cheapest and best in the World. Universal Lantern, **16/6.** The CAPTAIN, solid brass fronts, oil, or incandescent, **45/-.** **Pamphengos** Oil Lantern, giving 12ft. brilliant pictures, **£3 5s.** Coloured Litho slides, **1/-** dozen. Grand Illustrated Catalogue, free, 6d. 60,000 Slide List, free, 8d. Large Illustrated Cinematograph List, free, 8d.

Go direct to the makers,

W. C. HUGHES & CO., (Specialists),

Brewster House, 82 Mortimer Road, Kingsland, London, N.

THERE'S REAL FUN IN HOME MODELLING WITH HARBUTT'S

PLASTICINE

The complete modeller, fitted with Plasticine in five colours and all requisites, including fully illustrated instructions.

2/10 Post Free

Wm. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A. (Lond.), DEPT. T. **Bathampton, Bath.**

REGIMENTAL BADGES, 3d. Each.
BUTTONS, 1d.
PRETERRITORIAL BADGES, 1s. 6d

Catalogue, 500 Illustrations, 1d. List Free. Collection 500 Naval and Military Crests, 1s. Collection 500 Foreign Stamps in Album, 1000 Illustrations, and packet 200 British Colonials, &c., all different, 1s. 3d.

V. FOX, PEARL BUILDINGS, PORTSMOUTH, HANTS.

VARICOSE VEINS,

Bad Legs, &c., are completely cured with inexpensive Home Treatment. Thousands of persons testify to its marvellous efficacy. Sure, speedy, and permanent. Full particulars on receipt of two stamps.

C. ROBERTS, 45 Henley Road, Southsea.

"SKY"

A GREAT GAME FOR THE BOYS

'Sky' is the greatest winter game ever invented. A round game of cards which will keep your winter parties alive with uproarious fun. Makes a capital gift. If your stationers cannot supply, 'Sky' can be obtained direct from GEO. WRIGHT & CO., Hayer St., London E.C.

Price 2/- of all Stationers Fancy Goods dealers etc.

Digitized by Google

BILLIARDS at HOME

RILEY'S BILLIARD AND DINING TABLES COMBINED (Patented).

In Solid Mahogany, with Dining Table Top in three parts. Instantaneous action for raising and lowering. To those who cannot devote a room especially for Billiards this table is highly recommended for a perfect game.

Size of Billiard Table.	Size of Dining Table.	CASH PRICES.	Or in 18 Monthly Payments of
5ft 4in	5ft 8in	£13 10 0	24s.
6ft 4in	6ft 8in	£15 0 0	26s. 6d.
7ft 4in	7ft 8in	£18 10 0	32s. 6d.
8ft 4in	8ft 8in	£24 10 0	42s.

RILEY'S BILLIARD TABLES.

TO PLACE ON YOUR OWN DINING TABLE. Instantly Removed. Stored against Wall. Will Fit any Size of Table.

Size.	Cash Prices.	or in 12 Monthly Payments of
4ft 10in by 2ft 4in	£3 17 6	6/6 per month
5ft 4in by 2ft 10in	£5 2 6	9/- per month
6ft 4in by 3ft 4in	£6 0 0	10 9 per month
7ft 4in by 3ft 10in	£8 0 0	14 6 per month

SPECIAL QUALITY (very superior)

5ft 4in by 2ft 10in	£5 15 0	10/- per month
6ft 4in by 3ft 4in	£7 0 0	12 6 per month
7ft 4in by 3ft 10in	£9 5 0	16 6 per month

Delivered Carriage Paid at our risk.

FREE. Full detailed Catalogue with illustrations of all Kinds of Home Billiards, Billiard and and Dining Tables, all kinds of small and full size Tables and Sundries.

The RECORD BREAK in 1904 was 788 by Stevenson, and in 1905, 821 by Roberts, both on Riley's Tables.

London Showrooms—
147, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.
All Correspondence to Works and Head Offices—

E. J. RILEY, Limited, Accrington.

SPLENDID NEW GIFT BOOKS.

Large Crown 8vo, Cloth Gilt, Special Picture Designs, Bevelled Boards.

FIVE SHILLINGS EACH. NOW READY.

BY GORDON STABLES, R.N.

The Sauciest Boy in the Service. A Story of Pluck and Perseverance. Four Illustrations in Colour by HENRY AUSTIN.

The Vinland Champions. A Story of the Viking Days. By OTTILIE A. LILJENCRANTZ. Illustrations by THE KINNEYS.

THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE EACH.

A New Story by ETHEL TURNER, entitled

A White Roof-Tree. Sixteen Full-page Illustrations by A. J. JOHNSON and others.

The Story of the Gravelys. A Tale for Girls. By MARSHALL SAUNDERS, Author of "Beautiful Joe," "Tilda Jane," &c.

For Muriel's Sake. By L. E. JACKSON. Four Illustrations by KATHLEEN LUCAS.

Andy. By LUCILE LOVELL, Author of "The Walcott Twins," &c. Illustrated by EVA M. NAGEL.

The most charming Juvenile written since "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

The Children won't be Happy till they get it.

WARD, LOCK & CO.'S WONDER BOOK.

A Picture Annual for Boys and Girls.

Crown 4to, Picture Boards, **3s. 6d.** Cloth Gilt, **5s.**

Last year the "Wonder Book" made a stir in playrooms and nurseries the wide world over. Nothing like it had ever been seen before; nothing like it has been seen since—except the second year's issue, now ready, which puts the first quite in the shade. It is in the daintiest of covers and contains:—

8 Full-page Plates in Colour, Beautifully reproduced from Paintings by Leading Artists of the day.

300 other Illustrations, printed in various Tints.

256 Pages of Brightly written Stories, Articles and Verses adapted for Children of all sorts and ages.

WARD, LOCK & CO., LTD., SALISBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

Digitized by Google

Novelties in Lanterns

The JUNIOR OUTFIT.

Comprises full-size japanned tin lantern complete with lens and condenser, incandescent gas fittings or oil lamp, lighting carrier, and a set of 8 Junior Lecturer's lantern slides in drawer; complete in handsome carrying case. **Price £1 1 0**

The WARWICK OUTFIT.

A superior set, comprising Russian iron lantern complete with lens and condenser, incandescent gas fittings or 3-wick oil lamp, lightning carrier, handsome coloured chromotrope and two sets of 8 Junior Lecturer's lantern slides in drawer; complete in handsome carrying case. **Price £1 11 6**

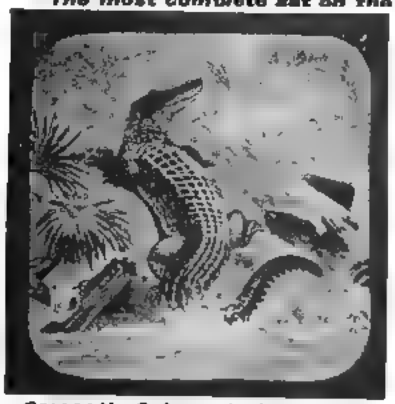
The BURMESE OUTFIT.

(As Illustrated.)

A much superior set comprising very handsome Russian iron lantern, all-brass front, with lens and condenser, incandescent gas fittings or 3-wick oil lamp, beautifully coloured chromotrope, three sets of 8 Junior Lecturer's lantern slides in drawer; complete in handsome carrying case. **Price £2 2 0**

Natural History Slides

The most complete set on the subject.



Made up in Sets of 8 as follows:

ANIMALS 6 Sets

BIRDS 3 Sets

REPTILES 3 Sets

BUTTERFLIES 3 Sets

SEA ANIMALS 3 Sets

Correctly Coloured. Natural Surroundings.

Price per set of 8 Slides in box with reading **2/-**

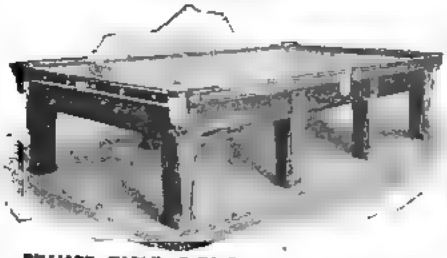
Illustrated Booklet of the above and a host of other sets of great interest free on application

To be had of all Lantern and Photographic Dealers or direct from

W. BUTCHER & SONS,
Camera House, Farringdon Avenue, E.C.

BILLIARD TABLES

RILEY'S SPECIAL CLUB TABLE
with Low Championship Cushions as used by ROBERTS in his RECORD BREAK of 821.
52 GUINEAS.



BILLIARD TABLE, Solid Oak throughout, fumed and waxed, with 12 Cues, Set of Ivory Balls, Marking Board, Set of Long Cues and Rests, two Short Rests, Cue Rack, Dust Cover, Brush Iron, Rules, etc.

Fitted with the Championship Low Cushions as used by **John Roberts** in his **Record Break** of **821** on Riley's Table.

Price 60 GUINEAS, delivered and fixed.

The "RILEY" POCKET.

(Patent No. 1844.)

One of the weak points in connection with a Billiard Table is the constant wear of the Cloth at the Pocket Corners, caused by the hand and cuff when taking the Ball out of the Pocket.

Many Patent Pockets have been introduced, but players still take out the Balls from the Top, much to the detriment of the Cloth. Riley's Patent Pocket, however, obviates all this as the *Ball can only* be taken out at the Bottom of Pocket. Generally three Sets of Cushion Cloths are needed to equal the life of one Bed Cloth, but Riley's Patent Pocket saves these extra Cloths.

PRICE 35/- PER SET COMPLETE.
(Testimonials daily.)

Send for Photographic Catalogue. Repairs in any part of Country. No expenses charged, men constantly travelling.

E. J. RILEY, Limited,
Billiard Table Builders, ACCRINGTON.

Nelson's Books for Boys

The Boy's Book of the Year.

By the late Sir W. LAIRD CLOWES & ALAN. H. BURGOYNE

6/- Trafalgar Re-fought 6/-

A New Book about the Navy. With 20 Illustrations in Monochrome. Cloth extra, gilt top.

The authors imagine Trafalgar as it would be if re-fought under steam, and with the steel-clad ships, the tremendous weapons, and murderous possibilities of to-day. All the knowledge of two of the foremost naval experts has been concentrated on the book, which forms a story the climax of which will be read with breathless interest.

At 5/-

SMOULDERING FIRES.

EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN's New Volume. A tale of the terrible catastrophe at Martinique, which became historical so recently as 1902. Six Coloured Illustrations by E. SHEPARD.

A KING'S COMRADE.

A new and captivating Historical Romance by C. W. WHISTLER. Six Coloured Illustrations by A. F. SKINNER.

At 3/6.

IN NORTHERN SEAS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN New Historical Tale. Four Coloured Illustrations.

At 2/6.

RED DICKON, THE OUTLAW.

By TOM BEVAN Two Coloured Illustrations by WALTER GIEVE.

At 1/-

UNDER PADLOCK AND SEAL.

By HAROLD AVERY. Two Coloured Plates and Illustrations in black and white.

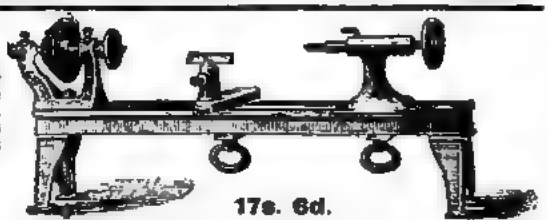
Write for complete Catalogue, post free on application.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, 35 & 38, Paternoster Row, LONDON, E.C.; Edinburgh, Dublin & New York.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

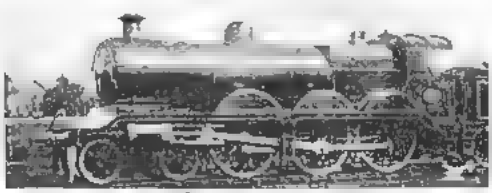
Make the lad a present. Something useful. Teach him construction. See this lathe. Note its price. Not a toy. This is our second advertisement in THE CAPTAIN, you do not know us yet. We are an old-established firm, and are the recognised amateur's friend. We sell hundreds, nay thousands of above yearly. Send four stamps for catalogue, and get some idea of our trade. There is always a rush at Christmas. Order early. The most useful Christmas Box extant.

S. HOLMES & CO., Engineers, Bradford.



17s. 6d.

LOCOMOTIVE CHART
OF AN UP-TO-DATE BRITISH EXPRESS ENGINE.



Every detail numbered and named.

PRICE ONE SHILLING. Postage, 3d. extra.

THE LOCOMOTIVE PUBLISHING CO., LTD., 3 Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Special offer for "XMAS."

No. 1. 100 Stamps all different, Postage Stamp Album, 500 best Mounts, set of 40 Japanese different ½ to 1 yen. **PRICE 2s. 6d.** Post free.

No. 2. 500 Stamps all different, **2s. 6d.** Album, 1000 best Mounts, set of 40 different Japanese ½ to 1 yen, and 25 *surcharged* Stamps, all different. **PRICE 5s.** Post free.

No. 3. 1000 Stamps all different, **5s.** Album, 2000 best Mounts, 40 different Japanese and 50 *surcharged* Stamps, all different. **PRICE £1.** Post free.

ALL ORDERS SENT IN ROTATION.

E. COTTON,
3 LEEK ROAD, MILTON, STOKE-ON-TRENT.

TWO GOOD TIPS!

Send your Name and Address with one penny stamp for postage, and you will receive a copy of

The Picture Postcard & Collectors' Chronicle,

A DELIGHTFUL, ILLUSTRATED THREEPENNY MONTHLY Magazine of the greatest interest to Boys of All Ages up to 80.

25 DIFFERENT POSTCARDS FOR ONE SHILLING

Including Views, Portraits, Comics, Illustrated Songs, Actresses, Fancy, Foreign, Animals, Railway, Coats-of-Arms Cards, or any sort specified.

Send P.O. 1/- and a Penny Stamp to

THE COLLECTORS' PUBLISHING CO.,
42 to 44 IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.
AND YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED!

CHARLES JEFFERYS,

NATURALIST AND TAXIDERMIST,
Tetbury, Gloucestershire.

Large and Reliable Stock of BRITISH BIRDS' EGGS, SKINS, SHELLS, LEPIDOPTERA, CURIOS, &c., at Reasonable Prices

Apparatus and Requisite of all kinds for use of Cologists, Entomologists, Taxidermists, &c. Large Collectors liberally dealt with. Established 20 years. Price Lists Free.

ARE YOU TIED DOWN?

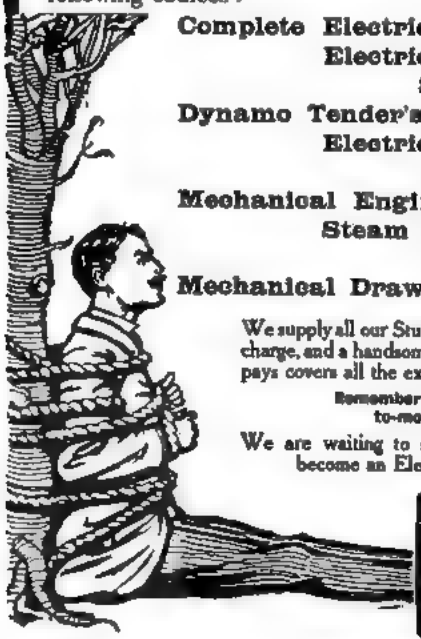
to the overcrowded and consequently poorly-paid trades, where advancement is slow, wages small, and where the supply is always greater than the demand? If so, let us qualify you to enter the finest, most up-to-date, and the best-paying profession of to-day, namely Electrical Engineering. We teach by post, direct to your home, in your spare time. No high education is required, only ability to read and write. No one is too old or too young. We have students to-day from 10 to 60 years of age in all walks of life, all over the world, whom we are lifting to the pinnacle of success.

OUR SYSTEM HAS PROVED SUCCESSFUL.

We don't ask you to accept our word as to what we can do, but to investigate matters yourselves. It will cost you nothing to prove the matter and satisfy yourself. Do it now. Do it to-day. To-morrow never comes. We are waiting to hear from you, when we will send you our

Interesting Free Book, "How to become an Electrical or Mechanical Engineer."

It tells you the story of success. How we have lifted thousands of people to first-class positions as Electrical Engineers with first-class pay. We have courses of instruction beginning with the simplest arithmetic, others of a more advanced nature, but all with the one aim—Perfection. We have amongst others the following courses :—



Complete Electrical Engineering.
Electric Light and Power.
Short Electrical Course.
Dynamo Tender's Course.
Electric Motorman's Course.
Dynamo Design.
Mechanical Engineering.
Steam Engineering.
Telephony. Telegraphy.
Mechanical Drawing. Mathematics, &c.

We supply all our Students with Electrical Instruments Free of charge, and a handsome Reference Library. The fee a student pays covers all the expense he is put to during his training.

Remember to-day is your opportunity, to-morrow the other fellow's.

We are waiting to send you our Free Book, "How to become an Electrical or Mechanical Engineer."

These Mean Something to You.

Through passing your course I have been able to take charge of a large and costly Electrical Pumping Plant, and very considerably benefited my position.
C TERRY,
Corporation Works, Sturry Rd., Canterbury.

On the same day as I received my Diploma from you I secured a good situation.
H. McILROY,
47, Hill St., Kilmarnock, Ayr.

I am now Head Engineer, and I shall recommend your Institute.
W SAVILLE,
3, Twin St., Hopwood, Heywood, Lancs.

THE
ELECTRICAL ENGINEER INSTITUTE OF CORRESPONDENCE INSTRUCTION,
484, Norwich House, Southampton Street, Holborn, London.

Sir Lees Knowles, Bart., M.P., describes the duels of German Korps-Students in the December *Fry's*.

Jack London writes a powerful story, illustrated by Caton Woodville.

C. B. Fry contributes "Kicking Commandments" and "Straight Talk."

Dr Dabbs writes on Common Sense Pleasures, and gives sound advice.

THE . . DECEMBER FRY'S MAGAZINE.

The December number of FRY'S MAGAZINE is, as the Americans say, "worth while"—that is to say, it is well worth while spending sixpence on a copy. It has the generosity of a Christmas number, but it has *not* an emphatic Christmas flavour. There are plenty of plums inside, but no plum pudding on the cover As patrons of the bookstalls will immediately see, the cover presents a striking Rugby Football picture in three colours.

A special series of powerful stories, each one complete in itself, by

JACK LONDON,

whose power as a descriptive writer and as a creator of strong situations is pre-eminent, begins in the December number.

"AN OLD INTERNATIONAL"

is the title of another complete story, and is contributed by Mr. Barnes-Austin. It is the tale of a once-celebrated Rugby footballer, who falls from the path of righteousness into the pit of misery and self contempt, and is vividly told

SIR LEES KNOWLES, Bart., M.P.,

who has recently enjoyed the hospitality of one of the largest Universities in the Fatherland, describes his impressions of

GERMAN STUDENT LIFE

in this issue, and tells readers about the duels, and the picturesque life.

Football, as usual, receives prominent attention. Mr H. Alexander, the English International, continues his "Points in Rugby Play." His contribution this month deals with

THE ART OF COLLARING,

and is illustrated with a series of remarkably instructive photographs, quite dramatic in their detail.

KICKING COMMANDMENTS,

(ILLUSTRATED. BY C. B. FRY.)

is a feature appealing to Association readers Those who appreciated "Cricket Faults" in the summer will, the Editor hopes, find this series no less useful

THE PARLIAMENT OF CYCLING

is the title of a contribution from the pen of Mr. S. R. Noble, the secretary of the National Cyclists' Union. It takes you behind the scenes of the great administrative body which controls the destinies of wheelmen, makes their laws, and organises many of their great races.

Golfers are served by an article on

CURIOUS GOLF LIES,

which gives instances of many amusing and embarrassing incidents actually experienced on the links. A special portrait of James Braid, the Open Champion, is also included.

Then the army of hockey players will read and follow with great interest a fully-illustrated article on

HOW TO SCORE GOALS,

in which the actual methods of such experts as S. H Shoveller, T. Pethick and Eric Green are graphically photographed and explained

Remember, too, that another instalment of famous footballers, to the identity of whom is attached

£50 in Prizes,

is found in the December FRY'S.

R. J. Mecredy writes on coming Motoring and Cycling Improvements.

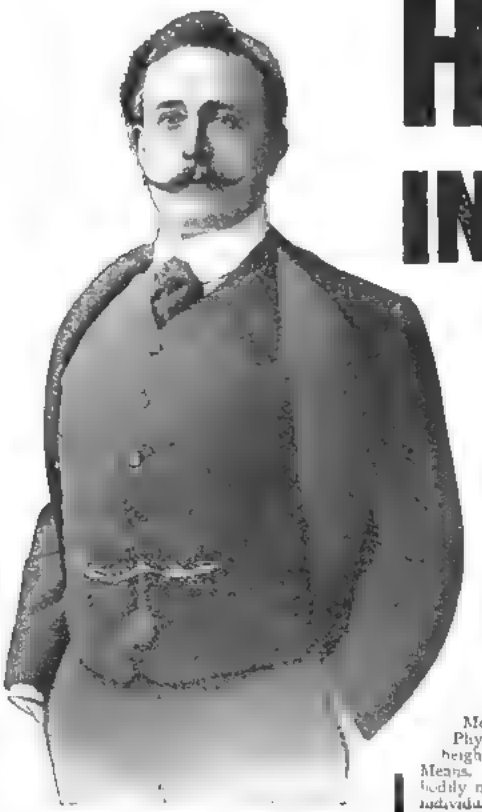
H. Alexander, the Rugby International, contributes "The Art of Collaring."

S. R. Noble, the Secretary of the N.C.U., deals with "The Parliament of Cycling."

S. H. Shoveller, the English International, co-operates in a Hockey feature of interest to every player of both sexes.

Photos, Elliott & Fry, "Fry's Magazine," and F. A. Mackenzie.

The Inventor of the "Clease-Extensor" Method.



HEIGHT INCREASED

By the New "Clease-Extensor" Method, a Rational and Scientific System of increasing the height from 1 inch to 2½ inches with added Strength, Health, and Bodily Beauty. The invention of Mr. F. Meredith Clease, late Director of Exercise to Haileybury College, and the outcome of 17 years of continuous study of the physical side of Life.

F. MEREDITH CLEASE, Ph.L.D.

Studied anatomy three years in Dundee University.

Three years member of Physical Training Staff in British Army at Aldershot.

Director of Exercise Haileybury College, Hertford, England.

Three years Director of Public Gymnasium of Dundee, Scotland, and of the East of Scotland Ladies' Academy. Head of Champion Gymnastic Team of England and Scotland.

Five years Physical Director of Birmingham Athletic Institute (the largest of its kind in Britain).

Author of a book, "A System of Physical Culture," now in use in all the principal National Schools of England.

Can be consulted on all matters pertaining to Increase of Stature or Improvement of Health by natural means, any day between the hours of 11 and 3 o'clock, gratuitously, at 30, New Bond Street, London, W.

The "**Clease-Extensor**" Method is the Rapid Culture of Physical Beauty with increased height by Novel and Natural Means. It is an **original** system of bodily movements which, adapted to individual needs, will, in the course of a few weeks, improve the **personal appearance** of a man or a woman 100 per cent., with the satisfaction of knowing that it is **real** and **natural**, and not artificial and unnatural (*à la* fashion plate). **Mr. Clease's** system will give to **ladies** a **beauty** of **figure** and grace of carriage unattainable by other methods, and the same result can be assured for **awkward** and **ungainly men. Mr. Clease's** method — the "**Clease-Extensor**" method — is the result of many years of continuous study of the human frame, and constitutes an absolutely **new departure** in the science of improving the body by physical education. **It has no connection or similarity whatsoever with any other form of bodily exercise, whether it be for health or increasing height, that is being advertised.**

CUT THIS OUT.

Put a mark X against any of the following in regard to which you desire special improvement.

Too Short.
Round Shoulders.
Flat Chest.
Narrow Chest.
Stooping Shoulders.
Head Stoop.
Weak Back.
Weak Chest.
Protruding Abdomen.
Incurved Back.
Weak Ankles.
Flat Foot.
*Stomach Trouble.
*Lung Trouble.
Stunted Growth.
Ungainly Walk.
*Curvature of Spine.
Too Thin.
Superfluous Flesh.
Prominent Hips.
Thin Bust.
*Is your Figure or Health imperfect in any way not mentioned?
*Occupation.
*What is your Age?

** Concerning these give full particulars in a letter. All correspondence is strictly confidential*

POST TO ME.

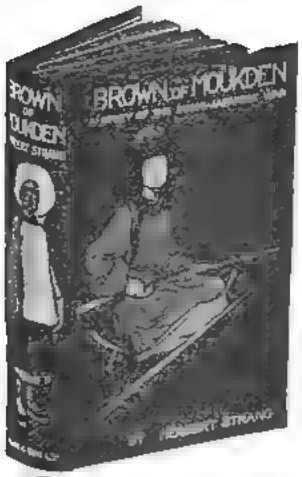
FREE— EXPLANATORY BOOKLET AND PERSONAL ADVICE.

In order that **serious enquirers** can sufficiently judge the merits of this method, please **cut** the **attached form** off page, and indicate by a mark thus **X** your **physical requirements,** and a set of **selected movements** prepared for you by **Mr. Clease** will be sent in course of a day or two. Each movement is a **photo. from life,** with instructions (covering a period of **two weeks,** that can be readily followed and understood by a child. **Mr. Clease** makes this offer in order to have his unique methods widely and quickly known, and will at the same time enclose an interesting **24-page booklet,** fully illustrated, entitled **"Why you are not Taller." All correspondence is strictly confidential.**

F. MEREDITH CLEASE, Ph.L.D., 30, New Bond St., LONDON.

THE BEST GIFTS ARE BOOKS.
THE BEST GIFT-BOOKS ARE BLACKIE'S.

"The famous house of Blackie and Son maintains its leading position as the source of the best of the strong, stirring, healthy stories of adventure which are the delight of our youth."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*



HERBERT STRANG, AUTHOR OF "TOM BURNABY," "KOBO," &c.

Of Mr. Strang's last year's books *Truth* said: "His [Mr. Henty's] mantle may most worthily be worn by Mr. Herbert Strang, who contributes two volumes of enthralling interest to the list of desirable boys' books."

TWO NEW BOOKS.

THE ADVENTURES OF HARRY ROCHESTER: A Story of the Days of Marlborough and Eugene. Illustrated. Large crown 8vo, cloth, olivine edges, 6s

BROWN OF MOUKDEN: A Story of the Russo-Japanese War Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, olivine edges, 5s.

CAPT. F. S. BRERETON, AUTHOR OF "A HERO OF LUCKNOW" &c.

Of the author's last year's book, "A Hero of Lucknow," the *Graphic* said: "A writer who runs Mr. Henty very close in the art of writing exciting stories is Captain F. S. Brereton."

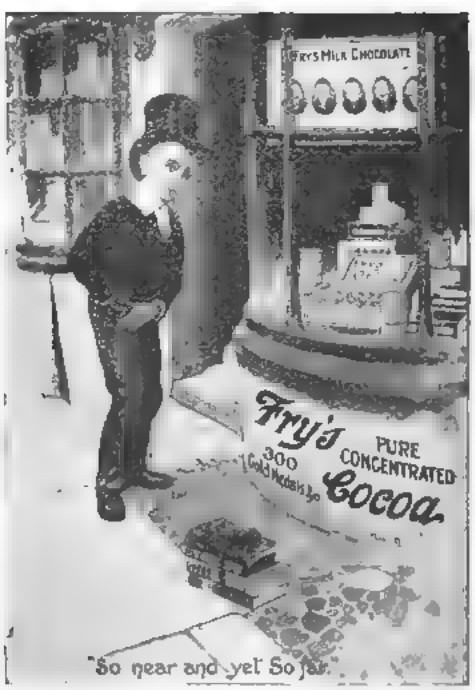
TWO NEW BOOKS.

A KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN: A Tale of the Siege of Malta. Illustrated. Large crown 8vo, cloth, olivine edges, 6s.

A SOLDIER OF JAPAN: A Tale of the Russo-Japanese War. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, olivine edges, 5s.

BOYS! Send a postcard to Blackie & Son, Ltd., 50 Old Bailey, for a fully illustrated Catalogue containing books suitable for you.

London: BLACKIE AND SON, Limited, 50 Old Bailey, E.C.



BILLIARD TABLES

For placing on the Dining Table. Built on the same lines as a Full-sized Table, with very superior Cushions and Mouldings, the best value on the Market. Ordinary Quality, with usual fittings, £8.

Full Particulars on Application to

THOS. PADMORE & SONS, 118 Edmund St. BIRMINGHAM.

Contractors to H.M. Government.

"SIR NIGEL"

is the Hero of

CONAN DOYLE'S

Latest Novel "SIR NIGEL"

WHICH COMMENCES IN THE

STRAND MAGAZINE

Xmas Double Number,

Ready December 1st.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

RUDGE-WHITWORTH CYCLES

THE 1906 Models of BRITAIN'S BEST BICYCLE are now available for

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

These unequalled machines are . . PACKED FREE AND SENT CARRIAGE PAID to any address in the United Kingdom

THE EASIEST PRESENT TO GIVE THE MOST USEFUL TO RECEIVE.

There are 70 Models—

£5-5s. to £15-15s.

or from 4s. 3d. monthly.

The magnificent CATALOGUE is sent Post Free on application to

RUDGE-WHITWORTH, LTD.

(Dept. 212), COVENTRY.

CAPTAIN COMPETITION PRIZES

Are all of the Best Quality.

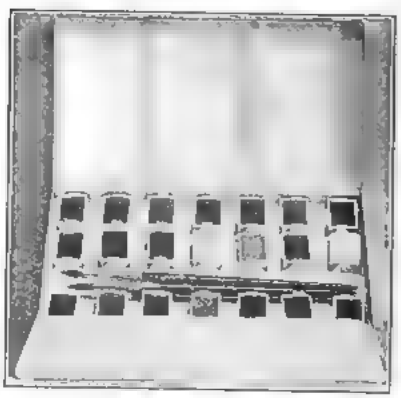
This Billiard Table complete, manufactured by Messrs. E. Calvert & Co., value £8 8s., is awarded to the winner of Competition No. 1, "Twelve Best Authors."

PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS is awarded to the winners of our Photographic Competition.

See page 292.

This "Gradidge" Football is awarded as Prize in Competition No. 4, Class I.

This "Gamage" Football is awarded as Prize in Competition No. 4, Class III.



Three of these Japanned Tin Boxes of Water-colours, fitted with Brushes and Twenty-one Moist Colours, made by Geo. Rowney & Co., are awarded in Competition No. 5.

This Two-and-a-half Guinea "BONHEUR" Watch, supplied by Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bros., is awarded to the winner of Competition No. 2.

Every Reader stands an equal chance of winning the £8 8s. Billiard Table.

VALUABLE BOOKS, HOCKEY STICKS, POSTCARD ALBUMS are also awarded as Prizes.

This 10/6 "Swan" Fountain Pen is awarded to the winner in Competition No. 4, Class II.

H. GRADIDGE & SONS,

Manufacturers and Exporters of all Articles used in FOOTBALL and HOCKEY.
A very large assortment of all kinds of STICKS, BOOTS, SHIRTS,
SHINGUARDS, BALLS, &c., &c.

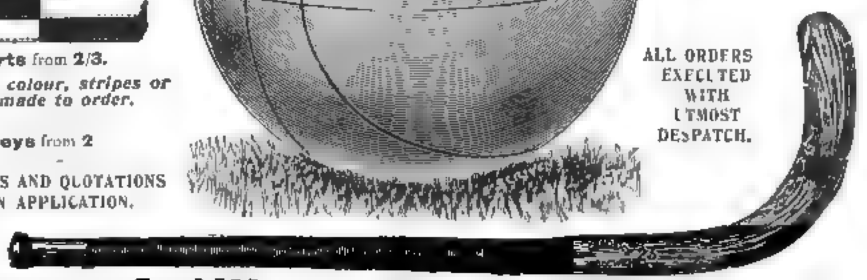
Shirts from 2/3.
Shirts, any colour, stripes or halves, made to order.

Jerseys from 2

PRICE LISTS AND QUOTATIONS FREE ON APPLICATION.

All Chrome Boots, 8/6, 10/6, and 12/6.

ALL ORDERS EXECUTED WITH UTMOST DESPATCH.



Hockey Sticks, 2/-, 3/-, 4/6, 6/6, 7/6 & 8/6 each.
Imperial Driver (Patent), 10/6 each

Factory: Artillery Place, Woolwich, S.E.

RICHFORD'S LATEST NOVELTIES

THE NOVELTY DYNAMO.
With Lamp complete.

This represents the latest type of Magneto-Dynamo. Works extremely well at a low speed, and requires very little power to drive. As there are no brushes or commutator, the machine cannot get out of order.

Price 10/6. Post 5d.

This is only one of the Illustrations taken from our New 1906 Catalogue, the most complete and up-to-date list ever published Contains hundreds of illustrations of all the latest Novelties—Mechanical and Electrical. Post free three stamps. Send for it now, it is bound to interest you.

A REVELATION IN LOW PRICES.

Special Pilot Loco.
NEW PATTERN STEAM MODEL.

No. 0 GAUGE	10/6	Postage 6d.
No. 1 "	16/9	

BEST VALUE IN LONDON.

Special Lines in New Electric Motors.
No. 60. THE ANT ELECTRIC MOTOR.
Price 1/9. Post free.
THE AJAX MOTOR.
Suitable for Model Boats. Self-starting.
Price 6/6 each

Our Latest Pocket Accumulator.

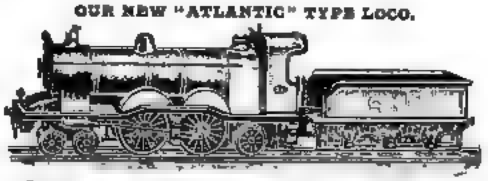
4 Volt—burns Lamp for 4½ hours—best English make. Celluloid Cases. Price 2/10 each. Fully Charged.

Lamp and Holder for above, ready for use. Price 1/6 complete.

THE NEW EVER-READY
Electric Dumbbells.

Very best made. Strengthen the Nerves and harden the Muscles. Price 25/- Set, complete with Instructions. Send for Circular

OUR NEW "ATLANTIC" TYPE LOCO.



Scale Model, G.N.R. Express Loco. English Made Throughout. Solid Brass Boiler, Double Action, Slide Valve Cylinders, Reversing Gear, etc. Length over all, 28½ in. Height, 7¼ in. No. 3 Gauge. *Suit Carriage Paid to British Isles on receipt of price,* **£4-4-0.**

All above Novelties are contained in our New Price List.

Post Free Three Stamps

OUR NEW
"Central Station Plant"
consists of Novelty Dynamo and Patent Water Motor for Driving Dynamo—ready for use—simply turn on Water Tap and Lamp Lights. Price 25/- Complete.

Electric Thriller.

Small Magneto Machine for producing Electric Shock—by simply turning Handle. Price 3/9.

Better Quality 10/6 each.

RICHFORD & CO., 153 Fleet Street, E.C.

Established 1876. And at 52a High Holborn, London, W.C.

SAMPLE FREE

NICOLE DUPLEX RECORDS.

A REVOLUTION IN RECORDS.

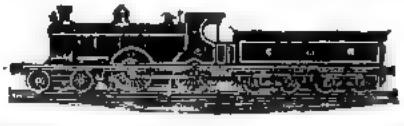
Every disc talking machine user should send at once for a FREE SAMPLE of the Nicole Duplex Record In writing send 3 stamps for cost of postage, packing, &c. Nicole Duplex Records are 3/6 each 10 in. records and 1/6 each 7 in. records. But there is a record on each side, which makes them nearly half as cheap again as other records—two records for the price of one.

Write for sample to **NICOLE FRERES, Ltd., Dept. 4, 21 Sly Place, Holborn, E.C.**

Established 1789. **SOME OF OUR NEW DESIGNS.** **Model Makers to the Admiralty**

WORKING SCALE MODEL LOCOMOTIVES

GUARANTEED BRITISH MADE.



Caledonian Railway Company's Famed 4-Coupled Passenger Express Engine, No. 908 Class. Brass Boiler fitted with **Water Tubes,** Flues, fitted with pair Cast Double Acting Slide Valve **Inside Cylinders** with Eccentrics, **Link Motion Reversing Gear,** Regulator etc., in Cab.

Length of Engine and Tender, 2½ feet.
Complete, **£5 5s. 0d.,** carriage free.

Besides the Fittings, etc., mentioned, these three Locomotives are **exactly as shown in the Illustrations,** and are also fitted with **Glass Water Gauge** Safety Valve Steam Lever, Steam and Water Cock, **Steam Pressure Gauge,** Guide Bars Cross Heads, Connecting Rods, Imitation **Springs and Axle Boxes.** Boilers are fitted with **Water Tubes,** Flues and Smoke Box, **Fire Box** and Internal Flame, **Self Steam Lubricators,** etc., etc. **Each Engine is Tested under Steam and Guaranteed.** Orders executed by return.

Glasgow and South Western Railway Company's Latest 6-Coupled Passenger Express Engine, which runs in connection with the Midland Railway Company's trains London to the North, fitted with pair Double Action Slide Valve Cylinders, **Reversing Eccentrics.** Each Tender fitted with Spun Tank. Length over all about 2¼ feet.

Price, **£4 15s.,** carriage free.

Our Abridged Illustrated List of above Model Engines of all kinds, Correct Design Rails Signals, Stations, Coaches, Waggons and all Rolling Stock may be had on receipt of 2 Stamps for postage.

This Engine is made from the **drawings, etc., supplied** to us **by the courtesy of the Caledonian Railway Company,** and is in every way a **magnificent Model;** it is fitted with **Link Motion Reversing Gear,** pair Double Act on Slide Valve **Inside Cylinders,** etc. Length over all about 3 feet. Price Complete, **£20,** carriage free

BOILERS.—Bronzed Brass, with 6 Water Tubes, two Flues, Smoke Box, Steam Pressure Gauge, Safety valve can be made to blow off at any pressure, Glass Water Gauge, Steam Lever, Water Cocks, &c. Lamp with Water Cooler. Tested to 60 lbs.

ENG[illegible] Powerful Double Cylinder S.V. Launch Engine, Patent Guide[illegible] whole Steel Cranks. Used as Stationary Engine will dr[illegible] Dynamos, **Sewing Machines, etc.,** and as Crane will lift wei[illegible] 1 cwt.

HU[illegible]d, 4 feet long, with 4-bladed Propeller, Helm, Patent [illegible]us, etc. Weight, with Engine and Boiler, 22 lbs. Price, £5 5s. 0d. Engine and Boiler without Hull, **77/6,** Carriage Free.

Spe[illegible]ilt Steamboat, 18 in., similar design of hull to above, [illegible] Cy. Cylinder, Engine, and Boiler with Safety Valve Water Cooler to Lamp, &c. **12/6,** carriage free Engine and Boiler with Lamp, etc., only, for fitting in Customers own hulls, **7/6,** carriage free.

Our Complete Catalogue, containing over 500 splendid Engravings of Engines, Fittings, Castings, Racing Yachts, Ships' Fittings, Dynamos, Launch Motors, Castings of Dynamos and Motors, Electric Apparatus and Scientific Novelties, &c., post free 6d.

CLYDE MODEL DOCKYARD & ENGINE DEPOT, Model Yacht Builders, Engineers and Electricians,
ARGYLL ARCADE, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

FREE
SHORTHAND
LESSONS BY POST.

To advertise our speedy and successful system of teaching Shorthand by post, we will give the first two **lessons free** to each applicant who applies within 30 days

We guarantee proficiency in half the time required by other institutions. Never mind if you have tried to learn Shorthand before and failed. Failure with our system is impossible Write without delay for the first two lessons and our book "Shorthand Made Easy." **Sent post free.**

LAW COURTS COLLEGE OF SHORTHAND, 35 Surrey Street, Strand, LONDON, W.C.

PORTABLE
BILLIARD TABLES.

The bed is of thick slate, thoroughly seasoned and with perfectly flat ground surface, covered with superfine West of England cloth, mounted on stout mahogany frame fixed with adjustable screw feet, by the aid of which a perfect level can always be obtained. The cushions are mounted with the best frost-proof rubber, new low pattern. Six screw top brass pocket plates with strong cord nets, well feathered, French polished and finished in a first-class manner. The accessories supplied include two slide mahogany marking boards, surmounted with ornamental pedestal, polished to match table, two ash cues, spirit level, chalks, tips, waters, good seat, rules of the game, and three large ivory or crystalite balls.

ft.	in.	ft.	in.	£	s.	d.					
3	10	× 2	1	2	17	6	or 15/- deposit, &	5	monthly payments of		10/-
4	4	× 2	4	3	5	0	"	6	"	"	10/-
4	10	× 2	7	3	12	6	"	7	"	"	10/-
5	4	× 2	10	4	5	0	" 17/6	8	"	"	10/-
6	4	× 3	4	5	0	0	" 25/-	9	"	"	10/-
7	4	× 3	10	7	0	0	" 30/-	10	"	"	13/-
8	4	× 4	4	10	0	0	" 40/-	10	"	"	18/-
9	4	× 4	11	13	10	0	" 50/-	12	"	"	21/6
10	4	× 5	4	16	16	0	" 70/-	12	"	"	25/-

Carriage paid. On approval, our risk.

Special Stands for above from 35/-

BILLIARD & DINING-ROOM TABLES COMBINED, From £7 10s.

FULL-SIZE TABLES COMPLETE, from 30gns. to £100.

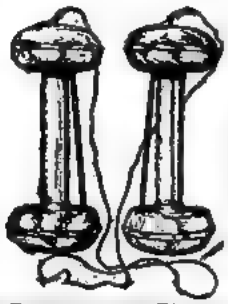
Several Second-Hand Tables at very Low Prices Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

SEE OUR TABLES before ordering elsewhere. Large Stock.

EMPIRE BILLIARD COMPANY,
755 Old Kent Road, London, S.E.

BE HEALTHY AND STRONG!

ADOPT COMMONSENSE METHODS!



USE THE
SAMSON
MAGNETIC DUMBBELL.

No recharging, no clockwork, always ready, lasts a lifetime. Recommended by Physicians, and used with great success by Athletes. Beneficial for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago and Nervous Disorders. Price, fully nickelled, 17/6. Guaranteed in every respect.

Send for Illustrated Book to the

MAGNETIC DUMBBELL CO.,
(Dept. S),
37 Port Street, Manchester.

BECOME A CRACK HOT.

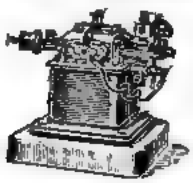
THE KING OR PRINCE AIR RIFLE.

3/6 each. Shoots Darts or BB shot and is obtainable everywhere. We will send you descriptive booklet if you write for it.

MARKT & CO., 6 City Road, Finsbury Square, E.C.
Mention "The Captain."

ARMSTRONG & CO.,

MANUFACTURING ELECTRICIANS, TWICKENHAM, ENG.



Small Dynamos and Motors of every Description.

Electric Bicycle Lamp Sets complete, charged, 18/6.

4-volt Transparent Pocket Accumulator sent charged, 3/4

Electrical Catalogue, profusely illustrated, obtain immediately, 4d., saves you pounds, genuine goods. Grandest bargains. Anything electrical supplied.

Armstrongs', Manufacturers, Twickenham.

CYCLISTS

who are tired of repair expenses should read B.S.A. Handbook. Full of useful information, illustrated. *Free by post.*

Send postcard to B.S.A. Co., Ltd., Birm'ham.

BSA

XMAS CARDS

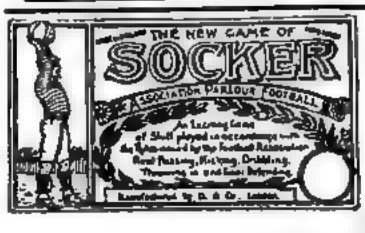
Extraordinary Prices.

FOR ONE SHILLING.—**THE "SEASONS" PACKET** of twenty-five Folding Cards usually sold at 1d. and 2d. each. Pretty cards, varied and original. Postage 1d. extra.

FOR ONE SHILLING.—**THE "FRIENDSHIP" PACKET.** Twelve Handsome Folding and Tri-folding Cards. Artistic gems. Embossed. Jewelled. Worth 3d. and 4d. Quite novel. Postage 1d. extra.

FOR HALF-A-CROWN.—**Half-a-Guinea's Worth** of beautiful, richly designed Greeting Cards. **THE "IDEAL" CABINET.** Essence of taste Worth from 2d. to 9d. each. Elaborately jewelled tri-folding designs—black and white—photogravures—tint shaded—chromo—dense autograph. With this Cabinet is presented **gratis, Artistic Hand-painted Celluloid Card,** sweetly pretty—worth alone 1s. Postage 3d. extra.

Estab.] **JOHN THRIDGOULD & Co.,** [1851
18 & 20 Sidney Street, Commercial Road, London, E.



The real thing, played with mechanical life-like men, goal-posts, field, and balls, 3/- and 5/6 each, of all Stores, or post free from makers

DAVIES & CO.,
11 Skipton St., London, S.E.

LORD ROBERTS' APPEAL

TO MAKE SHOOTING
A NATIONAL SPORT.

Specially constructed with immovable Barrel when closed. . . .

Specially . . sighted barrel.

Finely rifled . special pistol grip. . . . .

Easiest to load; slight pressure of finger will open and close it automatically. .

No complications as in imitations. . . .

The . . . . SIMPLEST of Air-Guns—yet the BEST. .

The most accurate to shoot with. . . .

The Easiest to repair. . . .

For private shooting practice there is no Air-Gun to equal the "Millita."

At a time when the subject of Shooting is occupying the attention of the public mind to such a large extent, readers of the "Captain" will, we feel sure, hail with pleasure the advent of a New Patent Air-Gun—an Air-Gun which we confidently believe to be the best now upon the market.

THE "MILLITA" CLUB AIR-GUN

is NOT a mere toy—it is the outcome of much careful thought and experiment. It embodies every feature which goes into the making of a perfect Air-Gun, and, at the price at which we are retailing it, should meet with the unqualified approval of all members of Shooting Clubs.

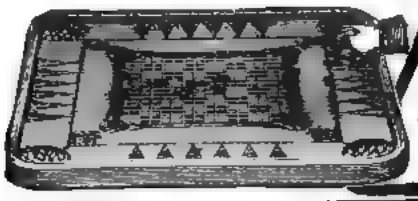
Heavy-weight, 42/- ea.
Light-weight, 32/6 ea.

Obtainable at most Gun Dealers throughout the Kingdom. If not a dealer in your district, write to us for further particulars.

Ask for "ARRITE" SLUGS, the most suitable and economical for Air-Gun Shooting. 1,000 Slugs cost but 1/-.

Lists Free.

MARTIN PULVERMANN & CO.,
26, MINORIES, E.C.



2¾D for an absorbing GAME!

For 12/6 you can buy an **Archæma Star Combination Board**, on which 35 different games—all interesting and instructive—can be played. A Board beautifully made of white maple, coloured designs, measures 2ft. 5ins. square. Pockets reversible, complete with equipment for 35 games, 12/6, of all Games dealers. Full particulars of this and other boards (7/6 to £5/-), post free from all dealers.

NICHOLS & SELLERS, 6-8 CRUTCHED FRIARS, E.C.

ENTERTAINING BY MAGIC.

Instructive particulars of how to entertain by magic, the latest and most fascinating of Society hobbies. Can be mastered by anyone procuring the advice, appliances and personal or specially valuable and illustrated mail instructions from

4 DUKE STREET, ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.

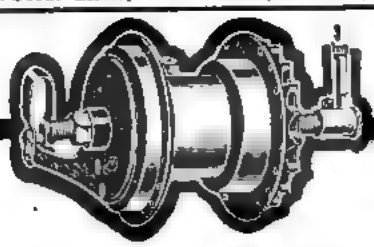
Apply now. This may not appear again.

Ornum's
THE WHITELEY'S OF THE MAGICAL WORLD

LOCOMOTIVES and RAILWAYS.

A volume of the **Railway Magazine** bound in red cloth with gold lettering makes a splendid **Xmas Gift.** Over 500 pages. Profusely Illustrated. Railway Scenes and Locomotives. Popular Contributors. **SIX COLOURED PLATES** in each volume. Price 5s. By post, 5s. 6d.

"RAILWAY MAGAZINE" OFFICE, 30 Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.



BOYS

Have you seen the Latest ? Hub

It is known as the

Hub of Many Merits

and will take you up hills with perfect ease and down hills with perfect safety.

The Eadie Two-Speed Coaster

has a variable gear—a hub-contained brake and a free wheel on both speeds.

It is as efficient as it is unique—a splendid coaster, and will climb a mountain.

Eadie Mfg. Co., Ltd., Redditch

027

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

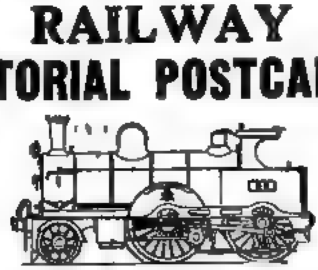
Xmas will soon be here, and the question arises, "What shall I buy for a Xmas present?" You cannot buy anything more useful and acceptable than a good reliable **WATCH**, and we are selling just what you require—a **Highly-Finished Enamelled Oxydised Watch**—perfect timekeeper in specially made flat cases, suitable for dress wear at extremely low prices viz. Gents, **8/6**, Ladies, **9/6**. We will forward either of these Watches post free in registered parcel, on receipt of a P.O. for the amount to **THE UNIVERSAL WATCH CO., 4, Exeter Street, Strand, W.C.**

Money refunded if dissatisfied.

PICTURE POSTCARDS WANTED

("Haddon Series"). Send 1/- P.O. for **24** beautiful Postcards, "Gems of British Scenery." Finest quality—not rubbish. **6** real photo postcards. Country and Animal scenes, post free, 1/-. Earn £1 a week by selling our beautiful postcards amongst your friends. Send us your name and address and we will send you a splendid variety to sell at 1d. to 3d. each.—WM. HADDON, Publisher, Tipton, Staffs.

RAILWAY PICTORIAL POSTCARDS.



2000 Varieties. Lists and Sample 1 dozen Latest Cards' post free, 1/-

THE LOCOMOTIVE PUBLISHING CO., Ltd., 3 Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

SIR NIGEL

A THRILLING PERIOD.

Who does not like a story of the stirring fourteenth century? We never tire of reading about the events of that romantic time—of the fascinating men and women of that period—of the encounters in the lists, the chivalry of the knights, the fierce hand-to-hand battles. We love to have them brought again to our memories, they provide pictures that stir us up these dull days. Now there has been written a story of those times that promises to portray it as no other has done. It is called

SIR NIGEL

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

GREAT IS SIR NIGEL.

Famous as this great author's previous stories are, Sir Nigel will surpass them all. What a hero this man is! In the first instalment we read how his great daring made him conqueror of a fiery steed no other man could approach. He was ever seeking danger—ever inviting encounters in which he could uphold the honour of his fair lady. Men followed his banner of the five roses, and inspired by his courage fought like no others. His magnetic personality will fascinate all admirers of bravery and chivalry.

Do not miss the first instalment of this great serial, which commences in the Christmas Double Number of the

STRAND
MAGAZINE.

SEND AT ONCE FOR OUR NEW CATALOGUES.

SECTION A - Model Locomotives, Rails, Points, Crossings, Coaches, Wagons, Stations, Steam Boats, Motor Cars, Steam Cranes, Wireless Telegraphy Sets, Electrical Sundries, &c. Over 130 pages. Profusely illustrated. Post free, 4d.

SECTION B. Horizontal and Vertical, Steam, Gas, and Vacuum Engines, Boilers, Injectors, Boiler and Engine Fittings, Dynamos and Motors, Pressure Gauges, Sheet Metal, Rods and Tubing, Tools, Screws, &c. Profusely illustrated. Post free, 4d.

SECTION C. Scale Model Locomotives, Crossings, Permanent Way, Points, Signals, Wagons, Coaches, &c. Profusely illustrated. Post free, 2d.

Send at once to ensure early dispatch.

W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE & CO., Northampton.

HOPE BROTHERS, FOR ALL SPORTS AND GAMES.

A LEADING LINE FOR XMAS.

Cash Price, £5 5s.

MINIATURE BILLIARD TABLES.

For Standing on Dining Tables

(Dining Table not included).

Solid mahogany frame, slate bed, and india-rubber cushions, covered with billiard cloth. On short adjusting legs, complete, with 3 ivory balls, marking board, 2 cues, spirit level, chalk, rules. Size, 6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in..

Catalogue on Application.

Delivered free in London, Bristol, Manchester and Liverpool.

Hope Brothers' BAZAARS are now open in London and the Provinces, and are well worth a visit. An enormous variety of Toys and Games of every description will be on show at POPULAR PRICES ranging from 6d. to £10 10s.

SPORTS AND GAMES DEPARTMENTS AND BAZAARS AT THE FOLLOWING BRANCHES: REGENT ST., W.; POULTRY, E.C.; LORD ST., LIVERPOOL; WINE ST., BRISTOL, and MARKET ST., MANCHESTER; and also at our Central Establishment,

44 & 46 LUDGATE HILL, & 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5 OLD BAILEY, LONDON, E.C.

Please write for Christmas Catalogue. Post Free.

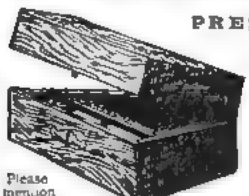
AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER.

STUDENT'S COMPLETE

WRITING CABINET DESK

Oak Stained and Polished and fitted with Velvet Writing Centre folding over three Compartments with Lock and Key. With each Cabinet Desk will be

PRESENTED FREE!



Please mention paper.

Crystal Glass Ink Bottle, with Brass Cap.
Two Pretty Ivory Fancy Penholders.
Nickel Pocket Pencil.
Two Lead Pencils.
Ink and Pencil Eraser.
Large Red Sealing Wax.
Pair of Compasses.
Mounted Magnifying Glass and a good supply of Writing Paper, Envelopes, Blotting, and Pens.

Ask for Parcel No. 18. Money returned if not satisfied.
Complete Desk and Outfit, 8/11. Carriage Free.

FRANCIS & CO., Exchange Street, Norwich

SHORTHAND EXTRAORDINARY! IN 12 LESSONS.

No tutor or other Shorthand book necessary.

INVALUABLE TO SCHOOLMASTERS MISTRESSES, TUTORS, PARENTS BOYS & GIRLS.

SUCCESS GUARANTEED.
66 SERIES OF ILLUSTRATIONS
SPECIAL TERMS FOR QUANTITIES
1s. 1d. POST FREE.

BY LICENSE OF SIR ISAAC PITMAN & SONS LTD., CROYDON ONLY ANGUS CROYDON.

THE GREAT GAME QUIT

We cannot too strongly recommend to you the new game QUIT. It is a new game of extraordinary fascination. Full of excitement, life, and fun. IT IS IMMENSELY POPULAR, both here and in America, ***and is now the largest selling game in the world.*** It is easily learned. The play is spirited and affords constant opportunity for good judgment. **IT WILL DELIGHT YOUR GUESTS.** Three, four, five, or six may play. You will not only like it, ***but like it very much.***

Quit is the best card game we have ever published

Parker Brothers INC

The sooner you play **QUIT** the sooner you will have found a new delight in games.

QUIT.

Club Edition,

With the Five Suits in different Colours,

2/6

Plain Edition, **2/-**

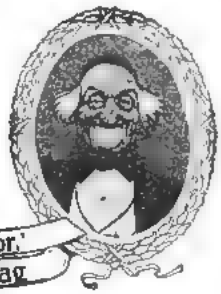
For Sale by all first-class Dealers in Sports and Games, or post-paid by us on receipt of price.

PARKER BROTHERS (Inc.), 11 Lovell's Court, London, E.C.

SALEM, MASS., U.S.A. NEW YORK: FLATIRON BUILDING.

Sole Owners and Makers of QUIT, PIT, TOOT, BID, Sherlock Holmes Game, &c. &c.

THE CAPTAIN.



A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."

(With which is Incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

P. F. Warner, Athletic Editor. Editor, The Old Fag.

Contents for December 1905.

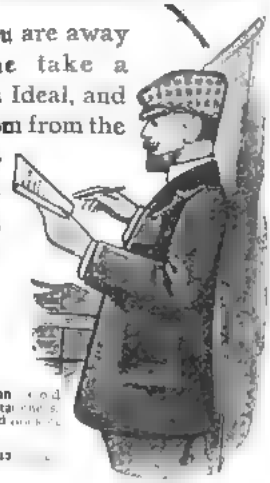
		PAGE
CHRISTMAS ROSES	*Back of Frontispiece*	193
"TOASTING THE GALLOWS"	*Frontispiece*	194
A PRICE ON HIS HEAD. Illustrated by LAWSON WOOD.	TRAVACE REAY	195
THE WHITE FEATHER (Chaps. IX.—XII.) Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	P. G. WODEHOUSE	204
THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (OUR TEAM FOR SOUTH AFRICA.) With Illustrations from Photographs.	P. F. WARNER	216
SPARKES' CHRISTMAS PARTY Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.	H. HERVEY	222
"THE CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER. (PLATINUM PRINTING.)	ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS	229
THE KING OF MAZY MAY Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.	JACK LONDON	231
THE CYCLING CORNER. (LAMPS.)	ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS	236

(Further Contents on next page.)

On the Steamer

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

When you are away from home take a Waterman's Ideal, and know freedom from the hotel, boarding house, post-office, and steamboat pen.



From 10/6. In Silver and Gold for Presentation. Of Stationers, Jewellers, &c. Illustrated catalogue post free from

L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 12 Lane, London, E.C.

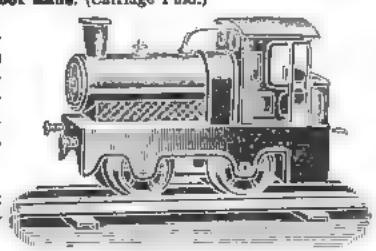
UP-TO-DATE RAILWAYS

and MECHANICAL TOYS.

OUR SPECIAL 10/6 OUTFIT,

Comprising **Steam Loco.** (as illustrated), **Two Pass. Carriages, Guard's Van, Automatic Signal** and **12-feet Rails.** (Carriage Paid.)

Large assortment of **Steam Locos., Stationary Engines, G. W. Locos.,** &c., &c., from **1s. to £3 5s.** Can be seen at either of our depôts.



OUR SPECIAL 10/6 CLOCKWORK OUTFIT,

Either L. & N.W., M.R., G.N.R., comprising **Loco.** and **Tender,** with **Starting Gear, Two Pass Carriages** and **Guard's Van** and large Oval **Set of Rails.** (Carriage Paid.)

ERNEST BELL & Co.

107 KING STREET, HAMMERSMITH, & 3 NEWINGTON BUTTS, S.E.

Contents—*continued.*

		PAGE
A LEADING PART	STUART WISHING	238
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.		
THE LATEST IN PICTURE POSTCARDS AND CHRISTMAS CARDS		244
With Illustrations.		
THE ADVENTURES OF DICK SELMES (No. 3.—THE TICKING OF A WATCH).		
Illustrated by W. A. BOWRING.	BERTRAM MITFORD	248
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (TRAGEDY AND STAMPS.)	E. J. NANKIVELL	254
With Illustrations.		
SOLD: A FOOTBALL STORY	HARRY TREVOR	261
Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.		
DECEMBER EVENTS	READERS OF "THE CAPTAIN"	264
COX'S COUGH-DROPS (Chaps. V.—VI.)	R. S. WARREN BELL	268
Illustrated by T. R. SKELTON.		
OUR BOOK CORNER		278
A TWO-SPEED SPECTRE	FELIX LEIGH	284
THE SLEEP-WALKER	"CANTAB."	285
Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.		
NATURALISTS' CORNER	EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.	290
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER		292
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS		293
EDITORIAL	"THE OLD FAG"	297
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS		302
RESULTS OF OCTOBER COMPETITIONS		304

THE CAPTAIN is published monthly by the proprietors, GEORGE NEWNES, Limited, 7 to 12 Southampton Street, Strand, London, England. Subscription price to any part of the world, post free, for one year, 8s. 6d. Entered as Second Class matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office. Cases for binding any Volume may be obtained from Booksellers for 1s. 6d., or post free for 1s. 9d. direct from the Office. Vols. X., XI., XII., and XIII. are now ready, price 6s., or post free 6s. 6d. each. Vols. I. to IX. are out of print American Agents in the United States, the International News Company, 83 and 85 Duane Street, New York.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any MSS., photographs, or drawings submitted to him, but when stamps are enclosed he will endeavour to return those contributions of which he cannot make use.

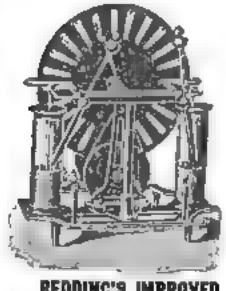
To Libraries, Clubs, Hotels, &c.

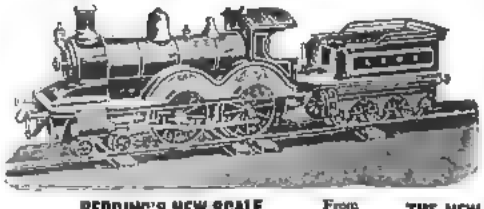
A Reading Case for THE CAPTAIN can be had, post free, on application to the Publisher, George Newnes, Limited, Southampton Street, Strand, London.

H. J. REDDING & CO.'S

AMUSING, SCIENTIFIC, INSTRUCTIVE, ENTERTAINING AND USEFUL

NOVELTIES





REDDING'S IMPROVED "WIMSHURST" ELECTRICAL MACHINES

and Experiments in great variety.

REDDING'S NEW SCALE MODELS OF STEAM LOCOMOTIVES

Correctly coloured in 4 Railways.

From **12/9** each.

THE NEW ELECTRIC PROJECTION LAMP

—for use with Magic Lanterns, Enlarging Apparatus, &c.—adapted to any installation in an instant. Gives a splendid light, from 50 to 1000 Candle power. Prices from 18s. Full particulars on application.

Extract from "Representatives of Art, Industries, and Commerce of the XX. Century." "Always something new. The stock of articles displayed at this firm's premises, and illustrated in their **excellent Catalogue**, is of remarkable comprehensiveness, and we know of no other establishment in the Metropolis which exhibits a greater variety of Scientific Novelties."

☞ **Write at once for our New Illustrated Catalogues** of Motors, Dynamos, Coils, Vacuum Tubes, Electrical Machines and Experiments, Bells, Batteries, Accumulators and Pocket Lamps, Microscopes and Telescopes, Magic Lanterns and Slides, Working Models, Stationary and Locomotive Engines of all kinds, and all the Latest Scientific and Amusing Novelties, post free on application.

H. J. REDDING & CO., 3 ARGYLL PLACE, REGENT ST., W. CLOSE TO OXFORD CIRCUS TUBE STATION

JUST THE BOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS

The World's Locomotives.

By CHARLES S. LAKE

This splendid book contains 380 pages of information on the latest locomotives all over the world. There are eight folding plates of working drawings, and over 300 photographs, including a collotype frontispiece.

The Engineer says: "No more delightful volume could be given to a boy with a turn for mechanics. Here he will find all that his soul can desire about locomotives, and the power conferred of being able to set every other boy right about the engines of all the railways he is ever likely to see."

Price 10s. 6d. net. Post Free, British, 11s., Abroad, 11s. 9d.

Complete List of Books on Mechanics, Electricity, Model-Making, Wood-Working, Photography, and Scientific Hobbies post free on application.

PERCIVAL MARSHALL & CO.,
29c Poppins Court, Fleet St., London, E.C.

Two Books for Boys

The Black Barque

A Tale of the Pirate Slave Ship, "Gentle Hand."

By T. JENKINS HAINS

Author of "The Wind-Jammers," &c.

Illustrated by
W. HERBERT DUNTON

Cloth, gilt top, **6s.**

"Captain Hains has succeeded in creating an atmosphere of invigorating brutality . . . Captain Howard, a notorious old pirate, is a most engaging villain, whose further acquaintance we would willingly make."—*The Captain.*

"It is the best boy's book we have seen for a long while, not merely by reason of the wealth of adventure it contains, but by reason of the wonderful panorama of life which it unfolds."—*Court Journal.*

The Winged Helmet

By HAROLD STEELE MacKAYE

Illustrated by
H. C. EDWARDS

Cloth extra, gilt top, **6s.**

"The book will certainly be remarked and remembered as being fresh and unhackneyed among the great crowd of historical novels."—*The World.*

"It will find favour with readers of all ages, but as a gift book for imaginative boys and girls it has few rivals. There is visible through its pages that heroic spirit which it is well the young should early learn to imbibe."—*Madame.*

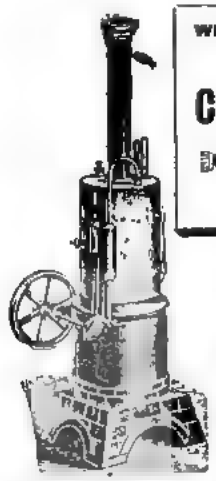
London: DEAN & SON LIMITED, 160a FLEET STREET, E.C.

BENETFINK'S

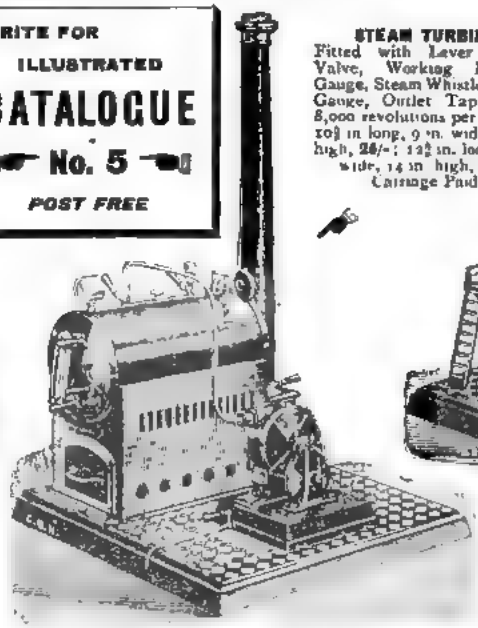
SPECIAL LINES FOR "THE CAPTAIN" READERS

IN STEAM LOCOMOTIVES, VERTICAL, HORIZONTAL, TURBINE and HOT-AIR ENGINES

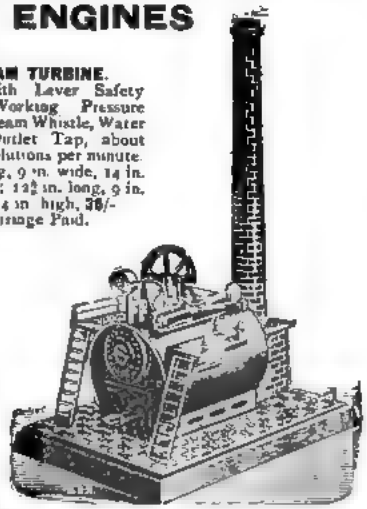
WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED **CATALOGUE** No. 5 POST FREE



MODEL VERTICAL STEAM ENGINE
Brass Cylinders, Oxydised Brass Boiler Safety Valve, Reversing Gear, Nickel Plated Fittings, Steam Whistle and Water Gauge Glass, 13½ in. high, **5/3.** 16 in. high, **8/8.** Carriage Paid.

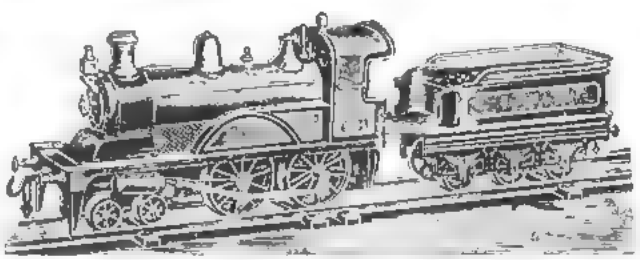


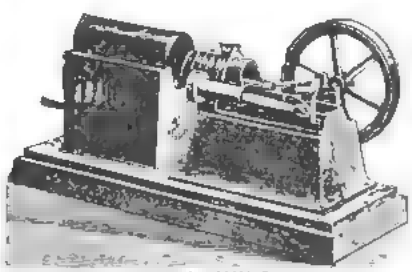
STEAM TURBINE.
Fitted with Lever Safety Valve, Working Pressure Gauge, Steam Whistle, Water Gauge, Outlet Tap, about 8,000 revolutions per minute. 10½ in. long, 9 in. wide, 14 in. high, **26/-**; 12½ in. long, 9 in. wide, 14 in. high, **36/-** Carriage Paid.



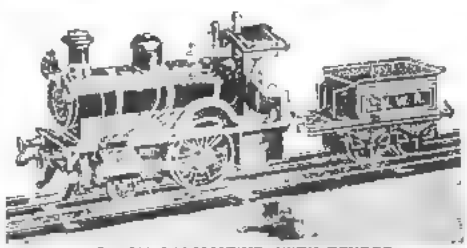
HORIZONTAL STEAM ENGINE.
Double-action Slide Cylinder, Oxydised Brass Boiler, Safety Valve, Whistle, fittings finely Nickelled and Polished. 14 in. high, **9/6**, 16½ in. high, **11/6.** Carriage Paid.

STEAM LOCOMOTIVE WITH TENDER
Great Northern Model. Two Fixed Cylinders, Cylinder Oilers, Flame Guard, Nickelled Wheels Oxydised Brass Boiler Steam Whistle, Safety Valve, Two Domes, Connecting Rod, Brass Hand Rails, Brass Buffers, with Reversing Gear, exhaust steam passing through the funnel, Lantern, Starting Cock with Hand Wheel, 22 in. long, including Tender. Gauge 2 (2½ inch). Price, without rails, **51/-.** Carriage Paid.





HOT-AIR MOTOR
Nickelled Fittings, Mounted on Wood Stand, with Metal Plate, 10½ in. long, **9/6.** Carriage Paid.



STEAM LOCOMOTIVE, WITH TENDER
Brass Boiler, Fixed Slide Valve Cylinders, Reverside Gear, Flange Wheels, Dome with Safety Valve, Hand Rail and Steam Whistle. Japanned Tender, elegantly finished; 15 in. long, including Tender. Gauge 1. **19/3.** Carriage Paid.

107 and 108 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

CHRISTMAS ROSES.

Christmas roses, pure as snow,
  Delicate as hoar-frost rime,
Yet, with golden hearts aglow,
  Shining in your virgin prime,
Fair as Charity you show
  In the churlish winter time.

Maids were ye in days gone by
  To the cloister dedicate,
There to wither, wane, and die;
  But, for pity of your fate,
Into flowers of January
  Changéd was your cold estate.

OLIVER GREY.

'TOASTING THE GALLOWS

From the picture by Fred Pegram

See "Sketches with the Black and White Artists"

A PRICE ON HIS HEAD.

A TALE OF THE GREAT NORTH ROAD

By TRAVACE REAY.

Illustrated by Lawson Wood

I.

THE "Lightning" Royal Mail Coach made many difficult, distressing journeys from London to the provinces during the course of its useful career, that of Christmas Eve, 179–, being among the weariest, for after two days of sullen snowstorm came a razor-fanged east wind, the one element punishing the teams, the other the passengers, so that, when the sweat-draggled, foam-flecked four dragged the vehicle to the door of the "Boar's Head" Inn at Little Repton, and Jake, the coachman, dropped from the box, stiff and solid as if he and his ice-hardened coat were all of a piece, it was a stiff-legged, sore-boned, wind-whipped lot that stumbled after him into the genial, holly-decked rooms of the hostelry.

"Rum 'ot, Missus Findlay," bawled Jake. "Lan' sakes, missus, what does you do to deserve such weather! Folks hereabout must be wicked. The nearer I gets North the thinner feels my great-coat. What's road like 'cross the moors?"

"Getting heavy," interrupted the stage-master, coming in from the stables. "I'm putting you in an extra pair, Jake, my lad, to help you over the dips."

"An' I'll see ye has summat comforting in yer bodies to fight the moor winds," added the mistress consolingly. "Why, what's this? a laddie! Come, my bit bairn, an' I'll get ye a dish o' tea wi' a dash o' peppermint in. I'se warrant yer about froze, though ye do look soncy wi' yer rosy cheeks and frosted coat—a little Father Christmas, sure!"

Jake guffawed good-humouredly as his merry eye caught the rosiness deepening on the cheeks of the "bit bairn," a sturdy lad of sixteen who had boarded the coach in state sixty miles back at Drayton, where the whole of Drayton Grammar School had trooped into the market-place to bid their hero god-speed. For Cyril Lamesley, the school captain, was leaving them for the last time, and, according to the time-honoured custom, not a single student started his own journey until he had paid respect to the departing leader. That was why Jake had laughed; the "bit bairn" had been a man there, and had made a speech, but Jake was merely jocular, having quite forgiven the snowballing meted out to him by the more mischievous of Cyril's adherents, unlike Bob the guard, who could not forget the labour entailed

in dislodging a well-aimed snowball from the bell of his horn.

Cyril drank the tea gratefully, however, and then made outside to watch "changing" operations. There, prominent on the post upholding the wooden boar's head, he discovered a nailed-up notice, undecipherable except for the two august initials, "G. R.," which even the snow had loyally hesitated to cover.

"That, young master, is what I calls ridding a nuisance on the cheap," remarked Jake. "They're offering a hundred pounds to anybody who'll be fool enough to do work they shies at"

"A nuisance?" repeated Cyril, puzzled.

"Meaning that that there is a portrait in words of a gentleman—'the Chevalier,' he's called—who's acquired the inconvenient habit of charging extra fare to the coach passengers."

"A highwayman!" exclaimed the lad excitedly.

"Mebbe he wouldn't like that name. Anyhow, I prefers the Chevalier—he deserves it better." Jake cast a hurried glance round to be certain none overheard. "He ain't a bad sort, that; he's never maimed any of we poor coachies; always gentlemanlike to us, and he'd give a man his purse back if he thought he was too poor to lose it. Why, it's true as I'm able to handle them six bloods there as easily as one old nag that last week he stopped Baines on the 'Arrow,' and cleaned 'em all out, among 'em being a poor farmer's widow who give up the money she'd just got from selling the farm, every penny she had in the world. 'Ow he learned it I don't know, but he tracked that poor woman for miles, and then, at the pistol's point, same as he took it from her, give it back, and more—interest for the loan, he called it. No; he's not half bad; 'sides, it does the world good to have the money shared about. Reckon old 'pleasant party' there has a good stocking full with him. It's only right he should spread it. Lor', now we're in for trouble he noses the notice."

And Jake moved discreetly to the horses, leaving the situation to his colleague, who had come up at that moment.

"See here, guard, what's this?" querulously snapped the person whom Jake had termed the "pleasant party"—an old gentleman hidden from head to heel in a huge travelling cloak. His face was muffled in an ample scarf, over which his eyes peeped shrewdly sharp; but, though his mouth was covered, his speech seemed to bite a way through the woollen folds.

"That, sir," explained Bob, resignedly, for the old gentleman had pestered him and all the coach ever since he limped aboard in Fleet Street, "that is the notice offering a hundred pounds for the 'Chevalier' highwayman, dead or alive."

"Highwayman!" declared the old fellow, irascibly. "What are the authorities about to allow such scoundrels to remain at large! Where is he met with?"

"On Rigby Moor, sir; we're about to cross it now."

"Then what preparations have been made to protect the lives and property of the passengers?"

"Company has armed the guard, sir," interjected Jake, pointing dramatically to a huge blunderbuss that poked a squat nozzle out of the boot; and, winking at Cyril, he added, "a piece o' ordnance out of the artillery, sir; can range the whole moor, that there weapon." And continued to Cyril alone, "When Bob has the pluck to fire it."

The "pleasant party," ignoring Jake's irony, returned to his victim. "Then, guard, if that villain appears, I hope you'll do your duty. Remember, I am well acquainted with the Superintendent of the Company, so if you don't do your part he shall know of it. If you do well, then I shall perhaps make you another present."

"Orl aboard," yelled Bob, disregarding threat and persuasion alike as he helped the old gentleman into the coach and slammed the door against the continuance of his complaining cajolery.

"Bob, my lad," chuckled Jake, "you've hit a prize. 'Ow much was it he give yer for lifting his luggage?"

"A groat," growled Bob, "and cannot forget the extravagance."

"Lor', lad, ye're 'eaping up wealth. Did yer spend it, or has Mother Findlay collared it toward wiping off yer score?"

"Think ye'd better get them cattle away, and let's be in Rigby with the light," grumbled Bob, as he climbed to his perch behind.

"Right, ostlers, let 'em go! Chuck! chuck!" And the six strained at their collars in unison, moving under Jake's experienced touch of whip and rein as though but a single animal hauled upon the harness. A short gallop; then the lumbering, overladen coach breasted the terrible traverse of Rigby Moor.

II.

WITHOUT exception, the passengers on top turned their backs to the gale like grazing cattle, snuggling in to whatever shelter the

heaped Yuletide baggage afforded, and inwardly assenting to the guard's desire for a speedy passage across that sea of snow. Cyril as eager as any, for highwaymen had no terrors for him, his pockets being empty. Rigby town meant the end of his journeying that day and the exchange of the bleak box of the stage coach for the cosy parlour of his father's friend, Dr. Lawson.

The steady rocking of the carriage and the new-found warmth of a handy hamper lulled him to a half-waking doze, from which he was at length aroused by the noise Jake made in rallying his team. It was then quite dark; Cyril, however, rightly inferred that the coach was charging up the last and heaviest slope on the road, the Bracken Hill, which humped its huge bulk against the heart of the moon. Jake was, to speak professionally, "fanning" them all he knew, which is to say that by whip and voice he was urging out every pound of pressure his horses could put against their collars. Slowly and stubbornly the coach crept up the rise, until, just at the crest, where a clump of larches and firs stood out in a bold and menacing manner, and where the road cut into the hill, creating the steepest stretch of the incline, as if by common consent the whole team staggered to a stop. Jake yelled frantically, and his whip slashed viciously from leaders to limbers, but in the same instant a ringing, commanding voice called out from the bankside: "Easy, coachie, let 'em stay; a breather will do them no hurt. Just lift up your hands that I may see them. And you, guard, drop that bomb-pelter into the snow—quick, now! Ah! that's better! Now come down and introduce me to your passengers. You gentlemen there, no tricks and I'll give none, but if any man show fight my barkers will belt a load of lead into his waistcoat."

"*The Chevalier!*" Cyril heard an affrighted passenger declare, and with boyish curiosity craned his head to catch a glimpse of the notoriety. A smart, soldierly figure was perched on the bank, raven-black against the snow, draped in riding-cloak and cape with wide-awake hat drawn close to his head, and a black mask shielding his face. In either hand he held a cocked pistol, while his head turned ceaselessly as he covered the passengers with his firearms. He was on foot and apparently alone.

At this moment Cyril suffered a curious mishap, which Fatty Green, his persistent rival and successor in the school captaincy, would have bluntly declared to have been occasioned by funk. Whatever the cause, however, Cyril, in worming about his perch, disturbed the balance of the luggage, with the result that he and his sheltering hamper rolled headlong into the snow. For a moment he lay there, not daring to move, but as luck had it the pertinent resistance of the "pleasant party" claimed all the attention of the highwayman.

"You scoundrel! You cheat-gallows! Rob us, would ye, on the King's highway! I'll have you taken if it cost me a thousand pounds!"

The Chevalier laughed heartily. "Come out, grandfather. Let me see your face. If it's half as cheery as your voice I'm in luck this Yuletide. Come along, now, ladies and gentlemen. Sorry to delay you, seeing that you're already late. He who gives quickly gives well. Just place in the guard's hat anything likely to meet my approval. Then I'll wish you the compliments of the season, with a pledge to drink your healths as soon as duty's done."

Cyril, attracted mostly by the jovial ring of the highwayman's tones, did what Master Green would never have summoned pluck to follow, for he actually crept round the coach to get a nearer view of the doughty dare-devil. The Chevalier had changed his position to supervise the collection of the spoil, and was now standing with his back turned to the boy and his legs astraddle. In truth, it was mischief, not bravery, that prompted Cyril's next act. The attitude of the highwayman being so temptingly similar to that which at school unfailingly invited the treatment of "tipping the coal-box," the unthinking lad became habit-driven, and, lowering his head, butted goat-like between the Chevalier's legs. The trick was never more neatly accomplished. Away sprawled the highwayman, both pistols exploding harmlessly in the air as his fingers instinctively clutched at their triggers for support. In the same instant the lean, scraggy head of the "pleasant party," looking uncannily hawkish, protruded from the coach window, preceded by a double-barrelled horse-pistol

"Clear away, boy," he screamed, and then a terrific detonation announced the fact that he had let fly a barrel. The Chevalier leaped to his feet with a cry of agony, nursing an arm amid bitter cursings; then, agile as an antelope, bounded up the bankside and disappeared into the plantation. As often happens to those placed in dangerous circumstances, Cyril's mind was moved by an insignificant detail—the fact that the rowel was missing from one of the Chevalier's spurs. Indeed, the jagged swan-neck had jabbed his hand during the tumble.

AWAY SPRAWLED THE HIGHWAYMAN, BOTH PISTOLS EXPLODING HARMLESSLY IN THE AIR.

Bob, by then, had found his lost courage. "Fire, sir, fire," he yelled valiantly.

"Not I," came the cool response. "I'm no shot. I'd miss, or waste upon tree shadows the good powder and ball that I bought out of my own pocket. Indeed, now I think of it, I must have discount on my fare to recompense me that outlay."

"You've winged him, sir, as it is," was Jake's first and almost regretful remark as he pointed to the tell-tale splashes in the snow.

"Maybe, but not finished him; likely he'll return, so get those cattle of yours to work again. And, guard, you lubbering coward, help this little man back to his seat—and give him the gun. George! he's more pluck than the whole of you grown-ups. It was tricky, and funny, too. He! he!" cackled the old fellow gaily. "George! boy, you deserve a present; yes, and I will give it."

He reluctantly plunged his hand into his pocket, returning it immediately when he found he had withdrawn a shilling, but the second attempt brought a sixpenny piece to light, and this he hastily handed to the astonished lad.

III.

On Christmas morning Dr. Lawson drove with Cyril in the gig ten miles across the snow-mantled fells to the boy's home at Lintz Mill, leaving the Rigby townsmen quite disappointed, for they had hoped to banquet the local hero. However, half an hour before the old table shouldered its weight of good cheer, Cyril alighted from the gig plump into a whirl of arms and lips. The Lamesley family, comprising several sisters, were naturally demonstrative in their welcomes, and to his credit, be it said, the eldest son on these occasions submerged his youthful distaste for kissing.

Mr. Lamesley's welcome was none the less cordial, but his son was quick to note a grave look in his eyes and a touch of sadness in his tones. The reason was soon his, for Mr. Lamesley at the first opportunity took his son alone into the parlour.

"My boy, I'm sorry to sadden your happiness, but I must, for you might ask me a question which to answer in the presence of the others would ruin our family holiday. That question is, my boy, why this should be your last term at Drayton School; the answer—because this must be our last Yuletide at Lintz Mill. I am a ruined man. You're aware that the mill and adjacent land has been our family possession since my grandfather's time, but you never knew that your grandfather was rashly extravagant. He heavily mortgaged everything. When times were good I could pay the interest with ease, but now, since the wars, farmers hold back the grain for famine prices, and by this, combined with bad seasons, our trade has been ruined. I cannot any longer meet the claims of Mr. Goodall, the mortgagee; consequently, he will seize the property. We must leave our home, to start afresh in the world. We cannot hope for clemency from our creditor. Mr. Goodall is a hard, grasping man, demanding his own to the last farthing."

Cyril was too astounded to interrupt as his father continued: "Cyril, you're man enough to help me. Begin by keeping this secret from the children, and be cheerful, for their holiday must not be spoilt. Come, I have a guest to introduce—a poor wounded gentleman whom I found staggering in the snow last night, his horse having foundered, another victim to your acquaintance, the Chevalier."

Mr. Danvers, who in the meantime had had his wounded arm dressed by Dr. Lawson, proved to be a smart, soldier-like man of a pleasing, confident countenance.

"Ah! this is the young hero who squared my account with the Chevalier? Many, many thanks." And Danvers held out his uninjured hand, which Cyril took silently, wondering why the voice should be familiar while the face was strange.

The announcement of dinner relieved an awkward meeting. Such a dinner! One of the old-fashioned sort, where luxury was nourishment. Mr. Lamesley set the example of cheeriness; no one would have dreamed that a cloud of desolation o'ershadowed him. Following his host's lead, Danvers made merry. Such a fund of story-telling, such anecdotes for the elders (he had both travelled and soldiered), such fairy-stories for the youngsters—a never-ending stock, as fresh at evening as at noon!

Cyril, however, remained silent and thoughtful against his will. At last an overpowering impulse drove him from the room to the kitchen in the rear. Here the household footwear was paraded in a snow-sodden battalion before the yule log embers, and among the serried rank he found that which made his fears facts—a pair of spurred riding-boots, the rowel and part of the swan-neck being missing from one. There could be no further doubt. *The Chevalier was the welcomed guest at Lintz Mill!* Wild thoughts raced through his brain. A price was on the man's head. Would not a hundred pounds help in the mending of his father's fortunes? His duty, too, as a citizen

"AND YET YOU DARE TELL ME THE FACT TO MY FACE?"

seemed to demand that he denounce the delinquent to the authorities.

Mr. Lamesley trained his family well, and in nothing so much as the unwritten laws of hospitality. The man had trustingly accepted the succour proffered him. Would it be an abuse of that sacred virtue to surrender him? Pondering that grave question, the lad returned to the company.

IV.

So well had the younger Lamesleys been entertained that at last, when their mother declared bedtime to have arrived, there was a chorus of doubt, though the candles had blinked in the room many hours since Dr. Lawson used the dying daylight to make safe return across the moor. But the good lady was decisive, and shortly quietness reigned throughout the household.

"You are no longer a schoolboy, Cyril," said his father kindly, "so sit with Mr. Danvers and me."

Mr. Lamesley, however, more from mental than physical weariness, soon pleaded fatigue, leaving his guest to conclude the night with his son.

With them alone, the conversation crumpled completely away, each feeling the grim truth to be known to the other. There was almost a challenging look in Danvers' eyes when he at last commenced a limping narrative of military adventure in which he suffered a miraculous escape while serving with a storming party.

"And yet, sir," remarked Cyril, in a meaning tone that came oddly from one so young, "that surely was not so narrow an escape as the one you had on Bracken Hill last night?"

Danvers' pipe dropped from his mouth, and he pinioned the lad with a look.

"I mean that if the old gentleman had been something of a shot, you and I would not have been chatting here together to-night."

Instantly the man's face changed, assuming an expression so terrible that Cyril's heart quailed, for the honest, good-humoured smile froze to a determined ferocity, the snarl of a beast driven to bay, the outlaw's instinct for liberty.

"By heaven, boy! you're shrewder than I thought. My story has not misled you. And yet you dare tell me the fact to my face. Have you counted the consequences? Such knowledge left loose and unmuzzled may cost me my life. I am a desperate man—but, yet, stay, I like your boyish candour, and for your father's sake I would not inflict a scratch upon his son. He is a gentleman; would God mine had been as he! Boy, I wonder whether you realise the blessing you have in him."

"Then you have a father still?" cried Cyril, interested.

"Aye, though years have passed since I saw him. Cruel as it may seem to say so, he is as much the cause of my present plight as my own folly. Yes; years ago, when I was a raw,

innocent lad, he bought me an ensign's commission—then grudged me the means of living. I fell into debt. He would not aid me. For, being a simple man of business, frugal in living, saving and careful, he was a bitter foe to all extravagance. So, then, I was fool enough to think the cards a way to recovery. One night there was trouble at the tables. Cheating had been done. I swear before heaven I was innocent, but, being friendless, the blame became mine and with it the disgrace. Driven from my regiment I sought refuge as a common soldier in another that had orders for service on the Continent. 'It was then I met with the experiences that have entertained you, and in passing through them I feel my country was well served. But there came a time when I fell sick and drifted home. Again my father repudiated me. He is a stern, conscientious being, hard and unforgiving. My shame had hurt him, nor would he share it further. I will not weary you with my striving after honesty. I failed, perhaps, because I was not sufficiently persevering. Then, some little while back, when fortune was in her cruellest mood, the temptation came. I took to the Road." The Chevalier laughed bitterly. "As an honest citizen I was worthless, even to my own father. Now—boy, you'd get a hundred golden sovereigns from the sheriff did you tell him what you've told me."

"Sir," replied Cyril, manfully, "you are my father's guest. I may do nothing while you remain so. I would tell him this, but he is sufficiently troubled; so I will spare him the pain of knowing how his hospitality has been abused."

"No, no; wicked as I am I shrink from that. I did intend slipping away quietly this morning, but the temptation to spend at least one Christmas amid a happy family circle a delight my youth never knew—caused me to linger. Ah! pray God you may never suffer the yearning its sweetness satisfied. I should have gone to-morrow, but now ——"

"Give me but your word to leave the countryside, and your secret is safe. I like your face, and, perhaps, all that is said is not truth."

"Young friend, I robbed only the rich; murder is down against me, though I never took life except when a sheriff's officer, more daring than his mates, found my refuge. It was fair fighting even then. And my word is all you ask?" he ended, in wonderment. "Would you take it—an outlaw's?"

"I will."

"Then it is given."

V.

THE Chevalier was in the very act of making his farewells next morning when to his and Cyril's alarm a post-chaise escorted by four mounted sheriff's officers arrived at the Mill. Mr. Lamesley hurried out to learn the cause, nor were his family kept long in suspense, for, with a rude air of proprietorship, Cyril's coach acquaintance, the "pleasant party," came into the house, attended by a couple of the officers.

"Mr. Goodall," gasped Cyril's father, painfully, "could you not trust me to relinquish the property without calling in the law to put me to shame?"

"No, no, Lamesley," came in the short barking tone that Cyril remembered well, "don't blame me yet. True, I come to claim my own. These gentlemen, however, are bound upon another duty altogether. It's your lad they're seeking, the one that travelled on the coach with me. And by George! sir, I grudge you him. If you'd half as much business ability as he has pluck——"

"And you, sir," interrupted Cyril, angrily, "if you had half my father's courtesy, would be a gentleman."

"Tut, tut! saucy, too, eh? quick in the tongue? Well, well! Here ye are, officers; this is the young coxcomb. Question him; his eyes are sharper than mine. He'll maybe tell you better what the miscreant was like."

"It's this way, young master," spoke up the chief of the officers. "We'll be obliged to you for a careful description of the man who attempted to rob the mail."

Cyril burned inwardly, for Danvers' safety made it imperative that he should say that which stabbed his conscience.

"Tall——" he began.

"Rubbish! Scarcely over the medium," retorted old Goodall, testily.

"Tall," repeated the lad, "and fair."

"Dark," came the correction.

"Fair, I said; and this gentleman shot him in the left hand."

"Right."

"Left."

"Drat it, boy, are you stupid? No, tut, tut; maybe 'tis I. My memory's muddled. Yes; it must be as you say."

Fortunately, the officers were too stolid to mark this curious ceasing of old Goodall's contention, but Cyril's quick perception had noted in wonder the look of agonised recognition which o'erspread the old man's face as his shrewd eyes for the first time rested upon the form of the Chevalier lounging in the shadows.

"YOUNG MAN, ASSIST ME TO THE CHAISE."

Thenceforward Goodall agreed implicitly with every detail of Cyril's false description.

It was Mr. Lamesley who unwittingly introduced the quarry to the pursuers. "And this gentleman, too," he said, "may assist you, for he was sorely mishandled by the same rascal."

The Chevalier most ably confirmed Cyril's imaginative account, and then Mr. Goodall seemed anxious to be rid of his retinue.

"There you are, officers, that is as much as we can give you. It's time you did *your* share. Scandalous, I think, so many indolent fellows kept at the public expense being defied by one man! Away you go; 'pon my word, I'll have something to say to my friend the State Secretary on my return to London."

There was a good deal more of similar scolding to follow, and the men, gulping down the liquor Mrs. Lamesley brought them, were glad to get astride their saddles and canter away over the moor.

"*You!*" snapped Goodall to the Chevalier, as the door closed upon the officers. Then for a time the two conversed in low tones.

Goodall finally addressed Mr. Lamesley. "This man and I," he said, "have met before; in fact, I've known him ever since he began to breathe. As a service to him"—"and to the country," he added under his breath—"I intend carting him to Rigby in the chaise. On my immediate return I shall be obliged if you will have all our papers ready. This mortgage business must be settled to-day, as I'm leaving for London again to-morrow."

Mr. Lamesley bowed his head in silent assent, accepting moodily and mechanically the fervent thanks of his departing guest, who meekly followed the old gentleman to the chaise. Cyril went with them. The three were then alone. Goodall turned upon Cyril with a queer look.

"Boy," he said, "you're a good liar. You've saved this man's neck, and the honour of my family. Nice contrast! The Guild to hang my head in oils upon the walls of 'Change, and the Law to hang my son on Tyburn Tree."

"Is this really your son, sir?" asked Cyril, though he had already assumed as much.

"Unfortunately," muttered the Chevalier.

"For *me*," put in the old man quickly.

"My most expensive investment—more outlay, I must export him now. Bid him good-bye; would he had been half like you!" he ended sadly, and then hid his regrets in a holloa for the post-boy to bring round the chaise.

As the strange pair took their leave, the old wild temptation to earn blood-money came raging upon Cyril. What more easy than to follow the chaise and denounce them? The old man especially deserved no mercy, for it was his declared intention to put the whole Lamesley family to the door. Yet compassion for the son's misfortunes withheld the boy.

Old Goodall returned promptly to the Mill when he had sent his son south by the mid-day mail. He at once called Mr. Lamesley to business, and at his request Cyril was present at the interview. For a while the old fellow merely rummaged among the parchment deeds, handling them lovingly; at length he raised his shrewd, sparkling eyes.

"See here, Lamesley, I'm still willing to abate my claim for a consideration. Money you have not got—your property's already mine—but you have an asset left which I covet. For that I'll forego the whole mortgage. Your boy there—make him over to me. Now, my lad what think you of it? Come with me, save your father, and I'll make you a gentleman."

Mr. Lamesley did not say a word, though his face whitened while he looked hungrily at his son. But the lad never hesitated.

"Mr. Goodall, you would not have me usurp the rights of your own flesh and blood? And if my father is in trouble, surely duty calls me to remain to his succour."

"Thank God," was all Mr. Lamesley said.

Goodall merely grunted. "As you will," he snapped, turning again to scratch a pen across the documents. "I shall not order you out for the present, Lamesley, though I am disposing of the property. Perhaps the new owner may make a tenancy arrangement. Young man, assist me to the chaise."

When Cyril had got him safely to his seat the old fellow thrust a bunch of parchment into his hands. "Here, boy, you showed mercy to me and mine, so will I to you and yours." And with such strange farewell, he departed.

On the threshold Cyril found his father softening the news to his weeping wife.

"Father," he interrupted, "what are these which Mr. Goodall has given me?"

Mr. Lamesley took the documents and hurriedly scanned them; then he broke into sobbing laughter.

"Father, father, what is wrong?"

"Nothing wrong now, my son; everything right. All Mr. Goodall has done is merely to substitute your name for mine on the title-deeds. So the mill and land are still ours. What can you have done to soften so hard a man?"

But Cyril loyally kept his word, never answering that question until long after the Chevalier had disappeared from the neighbourhood, and then only upon the arrival of a letter bearing a New England post-mark, wherein came the glad news that Goodall junior, lately the Chevalier, was at last prospering in an honest business.

HATS—AND THE MAN.

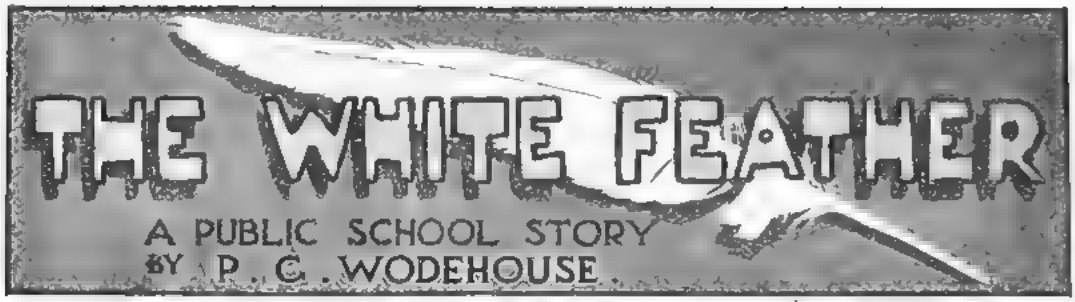
A SCOTCH hatter made some curious statements as to the varying sizes of hats.

The largest hats are asked for by military men who have served abroad; but the largest hat he ever sold was to the Archbishop of York, who wears an eight and three-quarters size.

The smallest hats sold are in Birmingham. However, the hatter was careful to say that Mr. Chamberlain wears a seven and one-eighth, or a full quarter less than Mr. Gladstone, whose head was the most difficult he ever had to fit.

Edinburgh men invariably require a seven or seven and a quarter; while in Glasgow a six and seven-eighths is usually sufficient.

Scotchmen require longer hats than Englishmen. The longheadedness of the Scot is thus a physical fact. Southampton runs Birmingham close for the smallest heads; and Whitechapel, he says, supplied the worst-shaped heads on earth.—*The Star.*



Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

SYNOPSIS.

At a time when Wrykyn School is at war with the "town" over a parliamentary election in which one of the school governors figures as a candidate, Sheen, a member of the Sixth Form, deliberately shows the "white feather" by not going to the aid of a number of Wrykinians who are hotly engaged with a gang of "townees" headed by one "Albert," a particularly tough antagonist. Sheen is thereafter "cut" by the school in general and by his chum Drummond, the best boxer at Wrykyn, in particular. Subsequently, Sheen, in a desperate attempt to retrieve his character, stands up to the formidable Albert, only to be knocked down for his pains. The pluck he displays, however, attracts the attention of Joe Bevan, an ex-champion pugilist, who consents to give him boxing-lessons at the "Blue Boar," a public-house up the river in the direction which, unfortunately for Sheen, has been placed out of bounds by the headmaster. Nevertheless, Sheen determines to keep his first appointment with Bevan.

CHAPTER IX.

SHEEN BEGINS HIS EDUCATION.

THE "Blue Boar" was a picturesque inn, standing on the bank of the river Severn. It was much frequented in the summer by fishermen, who spent their days in punts and their evenings in the old oak parlour, where a picture in boxing costume of Mr. Joe Bevan, whose brother was the landlord of the inn, gazed austerely down on them, as if it disapproved of the lamentable want of truth displayed by the majority of their number. Artists also congregated there to paint the ivy-covered porch. At the back of the house were bedrooms, to which the fishermen would make their way in the small hours of a summer morning, arguing to the last as they stumbled upstairs. One of these bedrooms, larger than the others, had been converted into a gymnasium for the use of mine host's brother. Thither he brought pugilistic aspirants who wished to be trained for various contests, and it was the boast of the "Blue Boar" that it had never turned out a loser. A reputation of this kind is a valuable asset to an inn, and the boxing world thought highly of it in spite of the fact that it was out of the beaten track. Certainly the luck of the "Blue Boar" had been surprising.

Sheen pulled steadily up stream on the appointed day, and after half an hour's work found himself opposite the little landing stage at the foot of the inn lawn.

His journey had not been free from adventure. On his way to the town he had almost run into Mr. Templar, and but for the lucky accident of that gentleman's short sight must have been discovered. He had reached the landing-stage in safety, but he had not felt comfortable until he was well out of sight of the town. It was fortunate for him in the present case that he was being left so severely alone by the school. It was an advantage that nobody took the least interest in his goings and comings.

Having moored his boat and proceeded to the inn, he was directed upstairs by the landlord, who was an enlarged and coloured edition of his brother. From the other side of the gymnasium door came an unceasing and mysterious shuffling sound.

He tapped at the door, and went in.

He found himself in a large, airy room, lit by two windows and a broad skylight. The floor was covered with linoleum. But it was the furniture that first attracted his attention. In a further corner of the room was a circular wooden ceiling, supported by four narrow pillars. From the centre of this hung a ball, about the size of an ordinary football. To the left, suspended from a beam, was an enormous leather bolster. On the floor, underneath a table bearing several pairs of boxing-gloves, a skipping-rope, and some wooden dumb-bells, was something that looked like a dozen Association footballs rolled into one. All the rest of the room, a space some few yards square, was bare of furniture. In this space

a small sweater-clad youth, with a head of light hair cropped very short, was darting about and ducking and hitting out with both hands at nothing with such a serious, earnest expression on his face that Sheen could not help smiling. On a chair by one of the windows Mr. Joe Bevan was sitting with a watch in his hand.

As Sheen entered the room the earnest young man made a sudden dash at him. The next moment he seemed to be in a sort of heavy shower of fists. They whizzed past his ear, flashed up from below within an inch of his nose, and tapped him caressingly on the waistcoat. Just as the shower was at its heaviest his assailant darted away again, side-stepped an imaginary blow, ducked another, and came at him once more. None of the blows struck him, but it was with more than a little pleasure that he heard Joe Bevan call "Time!" and saw the active young gentleman sink panting into a seat.

"You and your games, Francis!" said Joe Bevan, reproachfully. "This is a young gentleman from the college come for tuition."

"Gentleman — won't mind—little joke—take it in spirit which is—meant," said Francis, jerkily.

Sheen hastened to assure him that he had not been offended.

"You take your two minutes. Francis," said Mr. Bevan, "and then have a turn with the ball. Come this way, Mr.——"

"Sheen."

"Come this way, Mr. Sheen, and I'll show you where to put on your things."

Sheen had brought his football clothes with him. He had not put them on for a year.

"That's the lad I was speaking of. Getting on prime, he is. Fit to fight for his life, as the saying is."

"What was he doing when I came in?"

"Oh, he always has three rounds like that every day. It teaches you to get about quick. You try it when you get back, Mr. Sheen. Fancy you're fighting me."

"Are you sure I'm not interrupting you in the middle of your work?" asked Sheen.

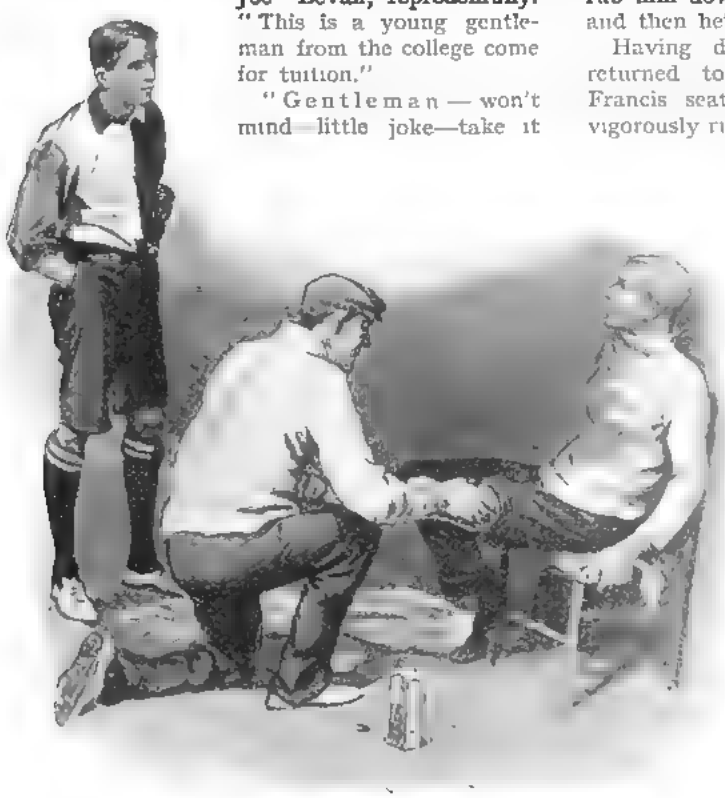
"Not at all, sir, not at all. I just have to rub him down and give him his shower bath, and then he's finished for the day."

Having donned his football clothes and returned to the gymnasium, Sheen found Francis seated in a chair, having his left leg vigorously rubbed by Mr. Bevan.

"You fon' of dargs?" inquired Francis affably, looking up as he came in.

Sheen replied that he was, and indeed, was possessed of one. The admission stimulated Francis, whose right leg was now under treatment, to a flood of conversation. He, it appeared, had always been one for dargs. Owned two. Answering to the names of Tim and Tom. Beggars for rats, yes. And plucked 'uns? Well—he would like to see, would Francis, a dog that Tim or Tom would not stand up to. Clever, too. Why, once——

Joe Bevan cut his soliloquy short at this point by leading him off to another room for his shower-bath; but before he went he expressed a desire to talk further with Sheen on the subject of dogs, and, learning that Sheen would be there every day, said he was glad



"YOU FON' OF DARGS?" INQUIRED FRANCIS AFFABLY.

to hear it. He added that for a brother dog-lover he did not mind stretching a point, so that, if ever Sheen wanted a couple of rounds any day, he, Francis, would see that he got them. This offer, it may be mentioned, Sheen accepted with gratitude, and the extra practice he acquired thereby was subsequently of the utmost use to him. Francis, as a boxer, excelled in what is known in pugilistic circles as shiftiness. That is to say, he had a number of ingenious ways of escaping out of tight corners; and these he taught Sheen, much to the latter's profit.

But this was later, when the Wrykinian had passed those preliminary stages on which he was now to embark.

The art of teaching boxing really well is a gift, and it is given to but few. It is largely a matter of personal magnetism, and, above all, sympathy. A man may be a fine boxer himself, up to every move of the game and a champion of champions, but for all that he may not be a good teacher. If he has not the sympathy necessary for the appreciation of the difficulties experienced by the beginner, he cannot produce good results. A boxing instructor needs three qualities, skill, sympathy, and enthusiasm. Joe Bevan had all three, particularly enthusiasm. His heart was in his work, and he carried Sheen with him. "Beautiful, sir, beautiful," he kept saying, as he guarded the blows; and Sheen, though too clever to be wholly deceived by the praise, for he knew perfectly well that his efforts up to the present had been anything but beautiful, was nevertheless encouraged, and put all he knew into his hits. Occasionally Joe Bevan would push out his left glove. Then, if Sheen's guard was in the proper place and the push did not reach its destination, Joe would mutter a word of praise. If Sheen dropped his right hand, so that he failed to stop the blow, Bevan would observe, "Keep that guard up, sir!" with almost a pained intonation, as if he had been disappointed in a friend.

The constant repetition of this maxim gradually drove it into Sheen's head, so that towards the end of the lesson he no longer lowered his right hand when he led with his left; and he felt the gentle pressure of Joe Bevan's glove less frequently. At no stage of a pupil's education did Joe Bevan hit him really hard, and in the first few lessons he could scarcely be said to hit him at all. He merely rested his glove against the pupil's face. On the other hand, he was urgent in imploring the pupil to hit *him* as hard as he could.

"Don't be too kind, sir," he would chant. "*I* don't mind being hit. Let me have it. Don't flap. Put it in with some weight behind it." He was also fond of mentioning that extract from Polonius' speech to Laertes, which he had quoted to Sheen on their first meeting.

Sheen finished his first lesson feeling hotter than he had ever felt in his life.

"Hullo, sir, you're out of condition," commented Mr. Bevan. "Have a bit of rest."

Once more Sheen had learnt the lesson of his weakness. He could hardly realise that he had only begun to despise himself in the last fortnight. Before then, he had been, on the whole, satisfied with himself. He was brilliant at work, and would certainly get a scholarship at Oxford or Cambridge when the time came; and he had specialised in work to the exclusion of games. It is bad to specialise in games to the exclusion of work, but of the two courses the latter is probably the less injurious. One gains at least health by it.

But Sheen now understood thoroughly, what he ought to have learned from his study of the Classics, that the happy mean was the thing at which to strive. And for the future he meant to aim at it. He would get the Gotford, if he could, but also would he win the house boxing at his weight.

After he had rested he discovered the use of the big ball beneath the table. It was soft, but solid and heavy. By throwing this—the medicine-ball, as they call it in the profession—at Joe Bevan, and catching it, Sheen made himself very hot again, and did the muscles of his shoulders a great deal of good.

"That'll do for to-day, then, sir," said Joe Bevan. "Have a good rub-down to-night, or you'll find yourself very stiff in the morning."

"Well, do you think I shall be any good?" asked Sheen.

"You'll do fine, sir. But remember what Shakespeare says."

"About vaulting ambition?"

"No, sir, no. I meant what Hamlet says to the players. 'Nor do not saw the air too much, with your hand, thus, but use all gently.' That's what you've got to remember in boxing, sir. Take it easy. Easy and cool does it, and the straight left beats the world."

Sheen paddled quietly back to the town with the stream, pondering over this advice. He felt that he had advanced another step. He was not foolish enough to believe that he knew anything about boxing as yet, but he felt that it would not be long before he did.

CHAPTER X.

SHEEN'S PROGRESS.

SHEEN improved. He took to boxing as he had taken to fives. He found that his fives helped him. He could get about on his feet quickly, and his eye was trained to rapid work.

His second lesson was not encouraging. He found that he had learned just enough to make him stiff and awkward, and no more. But he kept on, and by the end of the first week Joe Bevan declared definitely that he would do, that he had the root of the matter in him, and now required only practice.

"I wish you could see like I can how you're improving," he said at the end of the sixth lesson, as they were resting after five minutes exercise with the medicine-ball. "I get four blows in on some of the gentlemen I teach to one what I get in on you. But it's like riding. When you can trot, you look forward to when you can gallop. And when you can gallop, you can't see yourself getting on any further. But you're improving all the time."

"But I can't gallop yet?" said Sheen.

"Well no, not gallop exactly, but you've only had six lessons. Why, in another six weeks, if you come regular, you won't know yourself. You'll be making some of the young gentlemen at the college wish they had never been born. You'll make babies of them, that's what you'll do."

"I'll bet I couldn't, if I'd learnt with some one else," said Sheen, sincerely. "I don't believe I should have learnt a thing if I'd gone to the school instructor."

"Who is your school instructor, sir?"

"A man named Jenkins. He used to be in the army."

"Well, there, you see, that's what it is. I know old George Jenkins. He used to be a pretty good boxer in his time, but, there! boxing's a thing, like everything else, that moves with the times. We used to go about in iron trucks. Now we go in motor-cars. Just the same with boxing. What you're learning now is the sort of boxing that wins championship fights nowadays. Old George, well, he teaches you how to put your left out, but, my golly, he doesn't know any tricks. He hasn't studied it same as I have. It's the ring-craft that wins battles. Now, sir, if you're ready."

They put on the gloves again. When the round was over, Mr. Bevan had further comments to make.

"You don't hit hard enough, sir," he said. "Don't flap. Let it come straight out with some weight behind it. You want to be earnest in the ring. The other man's going to do his best to hurt you, and you've got to stop him. One good punch is worth twenty taps. You hit him. And when you've hit him, don't you go back; you hit him again. They'll only give you three rounds in any competition you go in for, so you want to do the work you can while you're at it."

As the days went by, Sheen began to imbibe some of Joe Bevan's rugged philosophy of life. He began to understand that the world is a place where every man has to look after himself, and that it is the stronger hand that wins. That sentence from Hamlet which Joe Bevan was so fond of quoting practically summed up the whole duty of man—and boy, too. One should not seek quarrels, but, "boing in," one should do one's best to ensure that one's opponent thought twice in future before seeking them. These afternoons at the "Blue Boar" were gradually giving Sheen what he had never before possessed—self-confidence. He was beginning to find that he was capable of something after all, that in an emergency he would be able to keep his end up. The feeling added a zest to all that he did. His work in school improved. He looked on the Gotford no longer as a prize which he would have to struggle to win. He felt that his rivals would have to struggle to win it from him.

After his twelfth lesson, when he had learned the ground work of the art, and had begun to develop a style of his own, like some nervous batsman at cricket who does not show his true form till he has been at the wickets for several overs, the dog-loving Francis gave him a trial. This was a very different affair from his spars with Joe Bevan. Frank Hunt was one of the cleverest boxers at his weight in England, but he had not Joe Bevan's gift of hitting gently. He probably imagined that he was merely tapping, and certainly his blows were not to be compared with those he delivered in the exercise of his professional duties: but nevertheless Sheen had never felt anything so painful before, not even in his passage of arms with Albert. He came out of the encounter with a swollen lip and a feeling that one of his ribs was broken, and he had not had the pleasure of landing a single blow upon his slippery antagonist, who flowed about the room like quicksilver. But he had not flinched, and the statement of Francis, as they shook hands, that he had "done varry well," was as balm. Boxing is one of the few sports

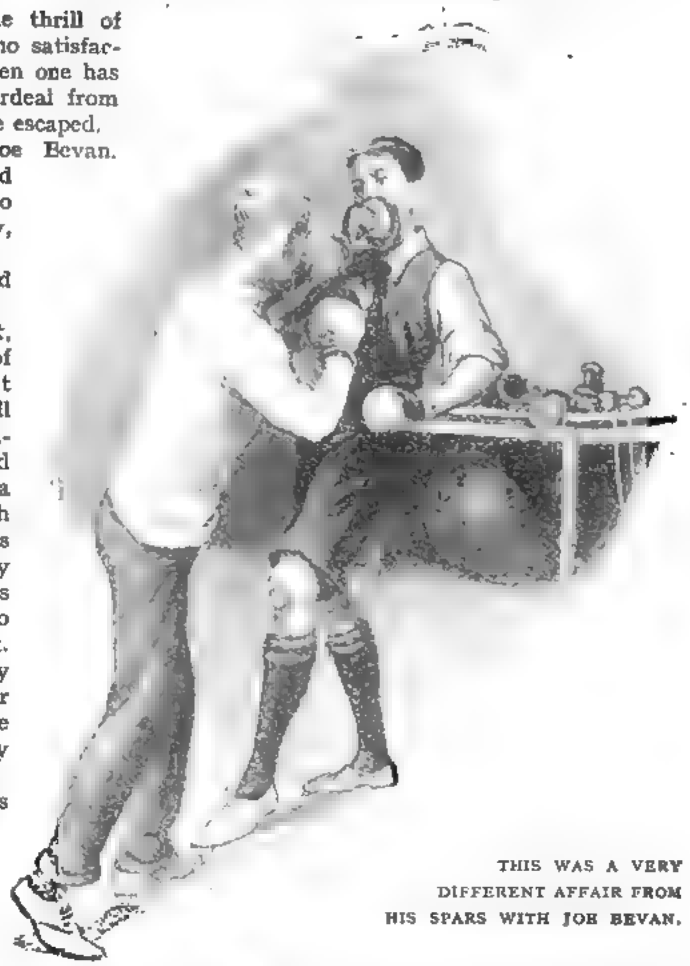
where the loser can feel the same thrill of triumph as the winner. There is no satisfaction equal to that which comes when one has forced oneself to go through an ordeal from which one would have liked to have escaped.

"Capital, sir, capital," said Joe Bevan. "I wanted to see whether you would lay down or not when you began to get a few punches. You did capitally, Mr. Sheen."

"I didn't hit him much," said Sheen with a laugh.

"Never mind, sir, you got hit, which was just as good. Some of the gentlemen I've taught wouldn't have taken half that. They're all right when they're on top and winning, and to see them shape you'd say to yourself, By George, here's a champion. But let 'em get a punch or two, and hullo! says you, what's this? They don't like it. They lay down. But you kept on. There's one thing, though, you want to keep that guard up when you duck. You slip him that way once. Very well. Next time he's waiting for you. He doesn't hit straight. He hooks you, and you don't want many of those."

Sheen enjoyed his surreptitious visits to the "Blue Boar." Twice he escaped being caught in the most sensational way; and once Mr. Spence, who looked after the Wrykyn cricket and gymnasium, and played everything equally well, nearly caused complications by inviting Sheen to play fives with him after school. Fortunately the Gotford afforded an excellent excuse. As the time for the examination drew near, those who had entered for it were accustomed to become hermits to a great extent, and retired after school to work in their studies.



THIS WAS A VERY DIFFERENT AFFAIR FROM HIS SPARS WITH JOE BEVAN.

"You mustn't overdo it, Sheen," said Mr. Spence. "You ought to get some exercise."

"Oh, I do, sir," said Sheen. "I still play fives, but I play before breakfast now."

He had had one or two games with Harrington of the School House, who did not care particularly whom he played with so long as his opponent was a useful man. Sheen being one of the few players in the school who were up to his form, Harrington ignored the cloud under which Sheen rested. When they met in the world outside the fives-courts Harrington was polite, but made no overtures of friendship. That, it may be mentioned, was the attitude of every one who did not actually cut Sheen. The exception was Jack Bruce, who had constituted himself audience to Sheen, when the latter was practising the piano, on two further occasions. But then Bruce was so silent by nature that for all practical purposes he might just as well have cut Sheen like the others.

"We might have a game before breakfast some time, then," said Mr. Spence.

He had noticed, being a master who did notice things, that Sheen appeared to have few friends, and had made up his mind that he would try and bring him out a little. Of the real facts of the case, he knew, of course, nothing.

"I should like to, sir," said Sheen.

"Next Wednesday?"

"All right, sir."

"I'll be there at seven. If you're before me, you might get the second court, will you?"

The second court from the end nearest the boarding-house was the best of the half-dozen fives-courts at Wrykyn. After school sometimes you would see fags racing across the gravel to appropriate it for their masters. The rule was that whoever first pinned to the door a piece of paper with his name on it was the legal owner of the court—and it was a stirring sight to see a dozen fags fighting to get at the door. But before breakfast the court might be had with less trouble.

Meanwhile, Sheen paid his daily visits to the "Blue Boar," losing flesh and gaining toughness with every lesson. The more he saw of Joe Bevan the more he liked him, and appreciated his strong, simple outlook on life. Shakespeare was a great bond between them. Sheen had always been a student of the Bard, and he and Joe would sit on the little verandah of the inn, looking over the river, until it was time for him to row back to the town, quoting passages at one another. Joe Bevan's knowledge of the plays, especially the tragedies, was wide, and at first inexplicable to Sheen. It was strange to hear him declaiming long speeches from *Macbeth* or *Hamlet* and to think that he was by profession a pugilist. One evening he explained his curious erudition. In his youth, before he took to the ring in earnest, he had travelled with a Shakespearean repertory company. "I never played a star part," he confessed, "but I used to come on in the Battle of Bosworth and in Macbeth's castle and what not. I've been First Citizen sometimes. I was the carpenter in 'Julius Cæsar.' That was my biggest part. 'Truly sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.' But somehow the stage—well . . . *you* know what it is, sir. Leeds one week, Manchester the next, Brighton the week after, and travelling all Sunday. It wasn't quiet enough for me."

The idea of becoming a professional pugilist for the sake of peace and quiet tickled Sheen. "But I've always read Shakespeare ever since then," continued Mr. Bevan, "and I always shall read him."

It was on the next day that Mr. Bevan made a suggestion which drew confidences from Sheen, in his turn.

"What you want now, sir," said he, "is to practise on some one of about your own form, as the saying is. Isn't there some gentleman friend of yours at the college who would come here with you?"

They were sitting on the verandah when he asked this question. It was growing dusk, and the evening seemed to invite confidences. Sheen, looking out across the river and avoiding his friend's glance, explained just what it was that made it so difficult for him to produce a gentleman friend at that particular time. He could feel Mr. Bevan's eye upon him, but he went through with it till the thing was told—boldly, and with no attempt to smooth over any of the unpleasant points.

"Never you mind, sir," said Mr. Bevan consolingly, as he finished. "We all lose our heads sometimes. I've seen the way you stand up to Francis, and I'll eat—I'll eat the medicine-ball if you're not as plucky as any one. It's simply a question of keeping your head. You wouldn't do a thing like that again, not you. Don't you worry yourself, sir. We're all alike when we get bustled. We don't know what we're doing, and by the time we've put our hands up and got into shape, why, it's all over, and there you are. Don't you worry yourself, sir."

"You're an awfully good sort, Joe," said Sheen gratefully.

CHAPTER XI.

A SMALL INCIDENT.

FAILING a gentleman friend, Mr. Bevan was obliged to do what he could by means of local talent. On Sheen's next visit he was introduced to a burly youth of his own age, very taciturn and apparently ferocious. He, it seemed, was the knife and boot boy at the "Blue Boar," "did a bit" with the gloves, and was willing to spar with Sheen provided Mr. Bevan made it all right with the guv'nor; saw, that is to say, that he did not get into trouble for passing in unprofessional frivolity moments which should have been sacred to knives and boots. These terms having been agreed to, he put on the gloves.

For the first time since he had begun his lessons Sheen experienced an attack of his old shyness and dislike of hurting other people's feelings. He could not resist the thought that he had no grudge against the warden of the knives and boots. He hardly liked to hit him.

The other, however, did not share this prejudice. He rushed at Sheen with such determination that almost the first warning the latter

ATTELL WAS PETRIFIED.

had that the contest had begun was the collision of the back of his head with the wall. Out in the middle of the room he did better, and was beginning to hold his own, in spite of a rousing thump on his left eye, when Joe Bevan called "Time!" A second round went off in much the same way. His guard was more often in the right place, and his leads less wild. At the conclusion of the round pressure of business forced his opponent to depart, and Sheen wound up his lesson with a couple of minutes at the punching-ball. On the whole he was pleased with his first spar with some one who was really doing his best and trying to hurt him. With Joe Bevan and Francis there was always the feeling that they were playing down to him. Joe Bevan's gentle taps, in particular, were a little humiliating. But with his late opponent all had been serious. It had been a real test, and he had come through it very fairly. On the whole he had taken more than he had given—his eye would look curious to-morrow—but already he had thought out a way of foiling the burly youth's rushes. Next time he would really show his true form.

The morrow, on which Sheen expected his eye to look curious, was the day he had promised to play fives with Mr. Spence. He hoped that at the early hour at which they had arranged to play it would not have reached its worst stage; but when he looked in the glass at a quarter to seven, he beheld a small ridge of purple beneath it. It was not large, nor did it interfere with his sight, but it was very visible. Mr. Spence, however, was a sportsman, and had boxed himself in his time, so that there was a chance that nothing would be said.

It was a raw, drizzly morning. There would probably be few fives-players before breakfast, and the capture of the second court should be easy. So it turned out. Nobody was about when Sheen arrived. He pinned his slip of paper to the door, and, after waiting for a short while for Mr. Spence and finding the process chilly, went for a trot round the gymnasium to pass the time.

Mr. Spence had not arrived during his absence, but somebody else had. At the door of the second court, gleaming in first-fifteen blazer, sweater, stockings, and honour-cap, stood Attell.

Sheen looked at Attell, and Attell looked through Sheen.

It was curious, thought Sheen, that Attell should be standing in the very doorway of court two. It seemed to suggest that he claimed some sort of ownership. On the other hand there was his, Sheen's, paper on the. . . . His eye happened to light on the cement flooring in front of the court. There was a crumpled ball of paper there.

When he had started for his run, there had been no such ball of paper.

Sheen picked it up and straightened it out. On it was written "R. D. Sheen."

He looked up quickly. In addition to the far-away look, Attell's face now wore a faint

smile, as if he had seen something rather funny on the horizon. But he spake no word.

A curiously calm and contented feeling came upon Sheen. Here was something definite at last. He could do nothing, however much he might resent it, when fellows passed him by as if he did not exist; but when it came to removing his landmark. . . .

"Would you mind shifting a bit?" he said very politely. "I want to pin my paper on the door again. It seems to have fallen down."

Attell's gaze shifted slowly from the horizon and gradually embraced Sheen.

"I've got this court," he said.

"I think not," said Sheen silkily. "I was here at ten to seven, and there was no paper on the door then. So I put mine up. If you'll move a little, I'll put it up again."

"Go and find another court, if you want to play," said Attell, "and if you've got anybody to play with," he added with a sneer. "This is mine."

"I think not," said Sheen.

Attell resumed his inspection of the horizon.

"Attell!" said Sheen.

Attell did not answer.

Sheen pushed him gently out of the way, and tore down the paper from the door.

Their eyes met. Attell, after a moment's pause, came forward, half menacing, half irresolute; and as he came Sheen hit him under the chin in the manner recommended by Mr. Bevan.

"When you upper-cut," Mr. Bevan was wont to say, "don't make it a swing. Just a half-arm jolt's all you want."

It was certainly all Attell wanted. He was more than surprised. He was petrified. The sudden shock of the blow, coming as it did from so unexpected a quarter, deprived him of speech: which was, perhaps, fortunate for him, for what he would have said would hardly have commended itself to Mr. Spence, who came up at this moment.

"Well, Sheen," said Mr. Spence, "here you are. I hope I haven't kept you waiting. What a morning! You've got the court, I hope?"

"Yes, sir," said Sheen.

He wondered if the master had seen the little episode which had taken place immediately before his arrival. Then he remembered that it had happened inside the court. It must have been over by the time Mr. Spence had come upon the scene.

"Are you waiting for somebody, Attell?" asked Mr. Spence. "Stanning? He will be here directly. I passed him on the way."

Attell left the court, and they began their game.

"You've hurt your eye, Sheen," said Mr. Spence, at the end of the first game. "How did that happen?"

"Boxing, sir," said Sheen.

"Oh," replied Mr. Spence, and to Sheen's relief he did not pursue his inquiries.

Attell had wandered out across the gravel to meet Stanning.

"Got that court?" inquired Stanning.

"No."

"You idiot, why on earth didn't you? It's the only court worth playing in. Who's got it?"

"Sheen."

"Sheen!" Stanning stopped dead. "Do you mean to say you let a fool like Sheen take it from you! Why didn't you turn him out?"

"I couldn't," said Attell. "I was just going to when Spence came up. He's playing Sheen this morning. I couldn't very well bag the court when a master wanted it."

"I suppose not," said Stanning. "What did Sheen say when you told him you wanted the court?"

This was getting near a phase of the subject which Attell was not eager to discuss.

"Oh, he didn't say much," he said.

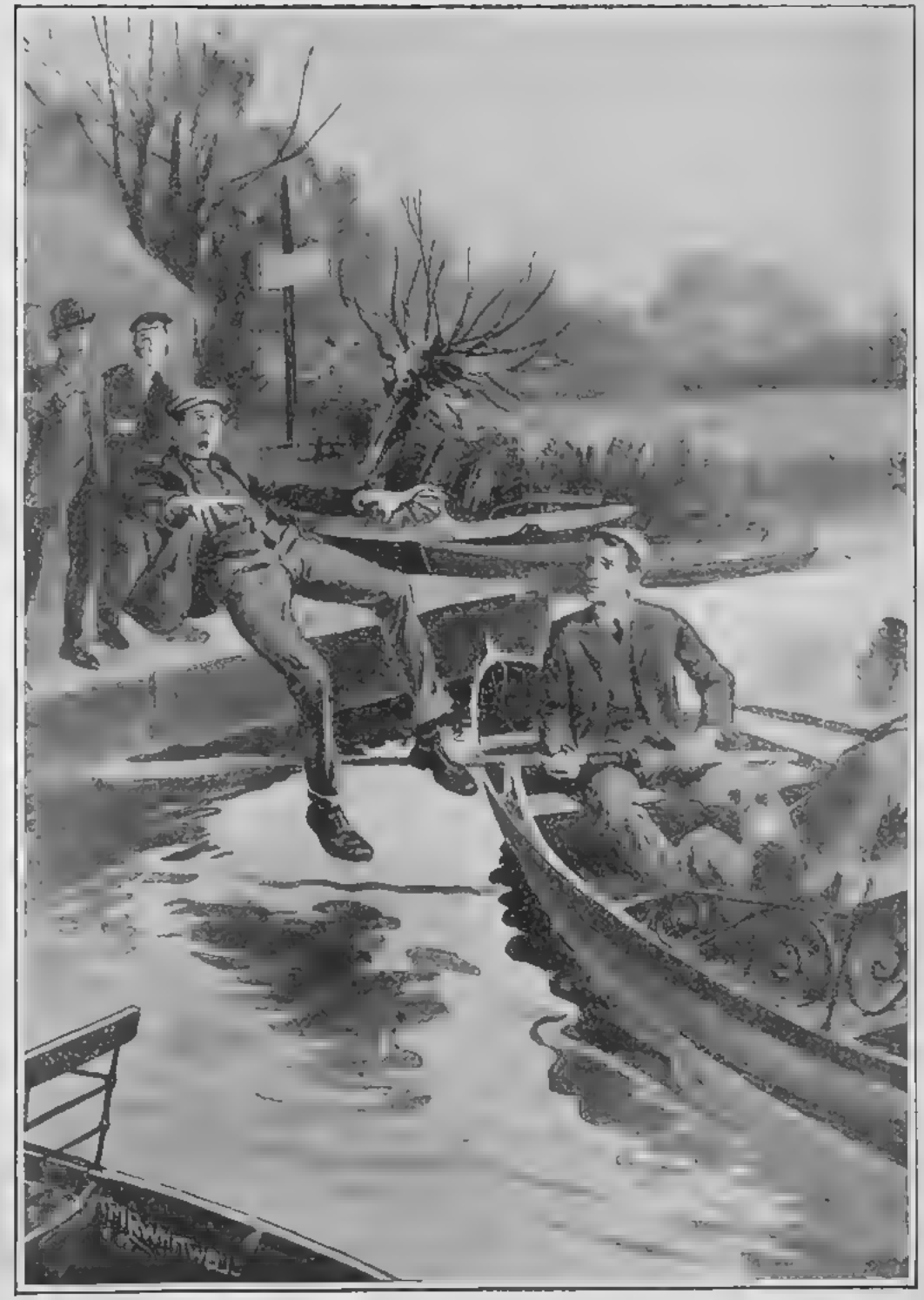
"Did you do anything?" persisted Stanning.

Attell suddenly remembered having noticed that Sheen was wearing a black eye. This was obviously a thing to be turned to account.

"I hit him in the eye," he said. "I'll bet it's coloured by school-time."

And sure enough, when school-time arrived, there was Sheen with his face in the condition described, and Stanning hastened to spread abroad this sequel to the story of Sheen's failings in the town battle. By the end of preparation it had got about the school that Sheen had cheeked Attell, that Attell had hit Sheen, and that Sheen had been afraid to hit him back. At the precise moment when Sheen was in the middle of a warm two-minute round with Francis at the "Blue Boar," an indignation meeting was being held in the senior day-room at Seymour's to discuss this latest disgrace to the house.

"This is getting a bit too thick," was the general opinion. Moreover, it was universally agreed that something ought to be done. The feeling in the house against Sheen had been stirred to a dangerous pitch by this last episode. Seymour's thought more of their reputation than any house in the school. For years past the house had led on the cricket and football field and off it. Sometimes other houses would actually win one of the cups, but, when this happened, Seymour's was always their most



ALBERT, FAILING TO OBTAIN A FOOTHOLD ON THE BOAT FELL BACK.

dangerous rival. Other houses had their ups and downs, were very good one year and very bad the next; but Seymour's had always managed to maintain a steady level of excellence. It always had a man or two in the School eleven and fifteen, generally supplied one of the School Racquets pair for Queen's Club in the Easter vac., and when this did not happen always had one or two of the Gym. Six or Shooting Eight, or a few men who had won scholarships at the 'Varsities. The pride of a house is almost keener than the pride of a school. From the first minute he entered the house a new boy was made to feel that, in coming to Seymour's, he had accepted a responsibility, that his reputation was not his own, but belonged to the house. If he did well, the glory would be Seymour's glory. If he did badly he would be sinning against the house.

This second story about Sheen, therefore, stirred Seymour's to the extent of giving the house a resemblance to a hornets' nest into which a stone had been hurled. After school that day the house literally hummed. The noise of the two day-rooms talking it over could be heard in the road outside. The only bar that stood between the outraged Seymourites and Sheen was Drummond. As had happened before, Drummond resolutely refused to allow anything in the shape of an active protest, and no argument would draw him from this unreasonable attitude, though why it was that he had taken it up he himself could not have said. Perhaps it was that rooted hatred a boxer instinctively acquires of anything in the shape of unfair play that influenced him. He revolted against the idea of a whole house banding together against one of its members.

So even this fresh provocation did not result in any active interference with Sheen; but it was decided that he must be cut even more thoroughly than before.

And about the time when this was resolved, Sheen was receiving the congratulations of Francis on having positively landed a blow upon him. It was an event which marked an epoch in his career.

CHAPTER XII.

DUNSTABLE AND LINTON GO UP THE RIVER.

THERE are some proud, spirited natures which resent rules and laws on principle as attempts to interfere with the rights of the citizen. As the Duchess in the play said of her son, who had had unpleasantness with the authorities at Eton because they had been trying to teach him things, "Silwood is a sweet boy, but he will not stand the bearing-rein." Dunstable was also a sweet boy, but he, too, objected to the bearing-rein. And Linton was a sweet boy, and he had similar prejudices. And this placing of the town out of bounds struck both of them simultaneously as a distinct attempt on the part of the headmaster to apply the bearing-rein.

"It's all very well to put it out of bounds for the kids," said Dunstable firmly, "but when it comes to Us—why, I never heard of such a thing."

Linton gave it as his opinion that such conduct was quite in a class of its own as regarded cool cheek.

"It fairly sneaks," said Linton, with forced calm, "the Garibald."

"Kids," proceeded Dunstable judicially, "are idiots, and can't be expected to behave themselves down town. Put the show out of bounds for them if you like. But We——"

"We!" echoed Linton.

"The fact is," said Dunstable, "it's a beastly nuisance, but we shall have to go down town and up the river just to assert ourselves. We can't have the thin end of the wedge coming and spoiling our liberties. We may as well chuck life altogether if we aren't able to go to the town whenever we like."

"And Albert will be pining away," added Linton.

"Hullo, young gentlemen," said the town boatman, when they presented themselves to him, "what can I do for you?"

"I know it seems strange," said Dunstable, "but we want a boat. We are the Down-trodden British Schoolboys' League for Demanding Liberty and seeing that We Get It. Have you a boat?"

The man said he believed he had a boat. In fact, now that he came to think of it, he rather fancied he had one or two. He proceeded to get one ready, and the two martyrs to the cause stepped in.

Dunstable settled himself in the stern, and collected the rudder-lines.

"Hullo," said Linton, "aren't you going to row?"

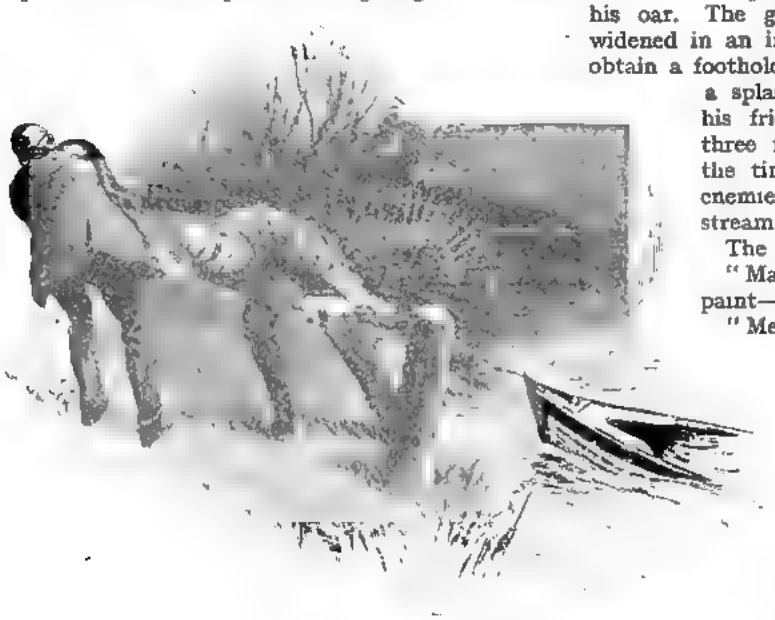
"It may be only my foolish fancy," replied Dunstable, "but I rather think you're going to do that. I'll steer."

"Beastly slacker," said Linton. "Anyhow, how far are we going? I'm not going to pull all night."

"If you row for about half an hour without exerting yourself—and I can trust you not to do that—and then look to your left, you'll see a certain hostelry, if it hasn't moved since I was last there. It's called the 'Blue Boar.' We will have tea there, and then I'll pull gently back, and that will end the programme."

"Except being caught in the town by half the masters," said Linton. "Still, I'm not grumbling. This had to be done. Ready?"

"Not just yet," said Dunstable, looking past Linton and up the landing-stage. "Wait just one second. Here are some friends of ours."



UP CAME THE NOSE OF THE BOAT.

Linton looked over his shoulder.

"Albert!" he cried.

"And the blighter in the bowler who struck me divers blows in sundry places. Ah, they've sighted us."

"What are you going to do? We can't have another scrap with them."

"Far from it," said Dunstable gently. "Hullo, Albert. *And* my friend in the moth-eaten bowler! This is well met."

"You come out here," said Albert, pausing on the brink.

"Why?" asked Dunstable.

"You see what you'll get."

"But we don't want to see what we'll get. You've got such a narrow mind, Albert—may I call you Bertie? You seem to think that nobody has any pleasures except vulgar brawls. We are going to row up the river, and think beautiful thoughts."

Albert was measuring with his eye the distance between the boat and landing-stage. It was not far. A sudden spring. . . .

"If you want a fight, go up to the school and ask for Mr. Drummond. He's the gentleman who sent you to hospital last time. Any time you're passing I'm sure he'd——"

Albert leaped.

But Linton had had him under observation, and, as he sprung, pushed vigorously with his oar. The gap between boat and shore widened in an instant, and Albert, failing to obtain a foothold on the boat, fell back, with a splash that sent a cascade over his friend and the boatman, into three feet of muddy water. By the time he had scrambled out his enemies were moving pensively upstream.

The boatman was annoyed.

"Makin' me wet and spoilin' my paint—what yer mean by it?"

"Me and my friend here we want a boat," said Albert, ignoring the main issue.

"Want a boat! Then you'll not get a boat. Spoil my cushions, too, would you? What next, I wonder! You go to Smith and ask *him* for a boat. Perhaps he ain't so particular about having his cushions——"

"Orl right," said Albert, "*orl* right."

Mr. Smith proved more complaisant, and a quarter of an hour after Dunstable and Linton had disappeared, Albert and his friend were on the water. Moist outside, Albert burned within with a desire for Revenge. He meant to follow his men till he found them. It almost seemed as if there would be a repetition of the naval battle which had caused the town to be put out of bounds. Albert was a quick-tempered youth, and he had swallowed fully a pint of Severn water.

Dunstable and Linton sat for some time in the oak parlour of the "Blue Boar." It was late when they went out. As they reached the water's edge Linton uttered a cry of consternation.

"What's up?" asked Dunstable. "I wish you wouldn't do that so suddenly. It gives me a start. Do you feel bad?"

"Great Scott! it's gone."

"The pain?"

"Our boat. I tied it up to this post."

"You can't have done. What's that boat over there? That looks like ours."

"No, it isn't. That was there when we came. I noticed it. I tied ours up here, to this post."

"This is a shade awkward," said Dunstable thoughtfully. "You must have tied it up jolly rottenly. It must have slipped away and gone down stream. This is where we find ourselves in the cart. Right among the rib-stons, by Jove. I feel like that Frenchman in the story, who lost his glasses just as he got to the top of the mountain, and missed the view. Altogezzer I do not vish I 'ad kom."

"I'm certain I tied it up all right. And —why, look! here's the rope still on the pole, just as I left it."

For the first time Dunstable seemed interested.

"This is getting mysterious. Did we hire a rowing-boat or a submarine? There's something on the end of this rope. Give it a tug, and see. There, didn't you feel it?"

"I do believe," said Linton in an awed voice, "the thing's sunk."

They pulled at the rope together. The waters heaved and broke, and up came the nose of the boat, to sink back with a splash as they loosened their hold.

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth—" said Dunstable, wiping his hands. "If you ask me, I should say an enemy hath done this. A boat doesn't sink of its own accord."

"Albert!" said Linton. "The blackguard must have followed us up and done it while we were at tea."

"That's about it," said Dunstable. "And now—how about getting home?"

"I suppose we'd better walk. We shall be hours late for lock-up."

"You," said Dunstable, "may walk if you are fond of exercise and aren't in a hurry. Personally, I'm going back by river."

"But——"

"That looks a good enough boat over there. Anyhow, we must make it do. One mustn't be particular for once."

"But it belongs—what will the other fellow do?"

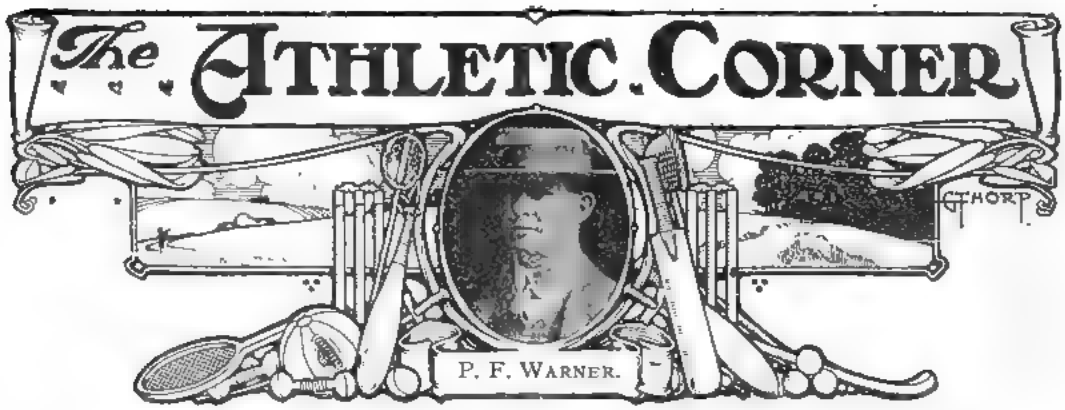
"I can't help *his* troubles," said Dunstable mildly, "having enough of my own. Coming?"

It was about ten minutes later that Sheen, approaching the waterside in quest of his boat, found no boat there. The time was a quarter to six, and lock-up was at six-thirty.

(To be continued.)

BOYS' CLUBS.

AN excellent plan for promoting systematic reading amongst the boys is to organise reading circles in connection with the library. Hold monthly or fortnightly meetings. Take, in turn, the great writers. Tell the story of their lives, and illustrate your talks with photographs or other pictures, or, better still, with lantern slides. This method will be found of great value in getting boys to read the great authors, and just as you will obtain their sympathies through the medium of the recreation-room for greater things, so you may take advantage of the average boy's natural love of fiction, and guide him through the influence of these little meetings to study other subjects. Let history, science, nature, and poetry be well represented on the library shelves. Appeal also to the healthy love which every boy has for hobbies, and let him find in the library all the help he wants in order to specialise. All the best school tales should find a place on the shelves, headed by "Tom Brown," and including without exception all the stories from the pen of the late Talbot Baines Reed, which in their own special sphere are matchless.—From *Problems of a Scottish Provincial Town*, by J. H. WHITEHOUSE.



OUR TEAM FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

THE days have long gone by since England was the only country in which cricket flourished; for the game is played, and played well, too, in every corner of the British Empire. It has been my good fortune to play cricket not only on all the principal grounds in England but also in a good many quarters of the globe—in the West Indies, in the United States, in Canada, in South Africa, in New Zealand, in Australia, and even in Portugal. In the course of seven tours I have covered over 130,000 miles by land and sea, and by the time this article appears in THE CAPTAIN I shall have started on my eighth tour, this time as a member of the Marylebone Club team for South Africa; indeed, Mr. Aflalo has called me "The Odysseus of Cricket."

HOW WE SHALL AMUSE OURSELVES DURING THE VOYAGE.

Hitherto English elevens for South Africa have been engineered by some prominent individual cricketer—Lord Hawke, for example—but that the M.C.C. are the proper body to manage such a tour will be pretty generally conceded. Until they sent out a team to Australia in September 1903, the M.C.C. took no practical interest in these expeditions abroad; and it is a sign of the times that they have awakened to an interest in the game outside England; otherwise their claim to be the leading cricket organisation in the world would seem to be merely local.

In any review of South African cricket the first thing to be remembered is that there is not a grass wicket to be seen from the Cape to the Zambesi, cocoa-nut matting being used everywhere. On the Newlands ground, Cape Town, and also at Port Elizabeth, the matting is stretched on a rough coarse weed, called by courtesy grass—but which is a mere apology for what we call grass in England—and this makes a wicket on which a bowler ought always to be able to make the ball turn. Haigh brought off some great feats on this kind of wicket for Lord Hawke's eleven in the winter of 1898–1899, for he thought nothing of pitching 6 in. outside the off stump and then hitting the leg stump.

Cape Town and Port Elizabeth and, I believe, Durban, are the only cricket grounds in South Africa which can boast of a grass out-field; all the other grounds are innocent of a blade of grass, being nothing, indeed, but a reddish-brown sand—very similar to the sand on the seashore—rolled into a flat hard surface. The

J. H. SINCLAIR.
The best all-round cricketer in South Africa.
Photo. T. G. Foster.

matting, which is usually dyed green or peacock blue, is stretched on this sand, being kept in its place by pins at the ends and sides, and this makes a very fast and true wicket, while there is little chance of saving the boundary if the ball gets past a fielder. This sort of wicket favours the batsman when he becomes accustomed to it, for though at first the pace of the ball off the matting is apt to put him off, once he has got his eye in he can make any amount of forcing strokes on both sides of the wicket, for the ball does not often hang on the pitch. But even on this kind of wicket a bowler with plenty of finger-spin, like Blythe or Haigh, ought to be able to make the ball break, and R. O. Schwarz, it is said, often breaks more than the width of the wicket; so that batsmen and bowlers alike have a chance of distinguishing themselves.

The difficulty which frequently besets a captain on turf wickets, as to which roller he shall put on at the commencement of his side's innings, or at the beginning of the day's play, is removed, for no rolling of the matting is necessary. Towards the end of an innings the matting is apt to become a trifle loose, and in this case the last few batsmen have the worst of the wicket. Winning or losing the toss, of course, makes no difference, and rain, too, has little or no effect on the state of the pitch. I have seen the Wanderers' ground at Johannesburg under water and resembling a lake, and yet play has been in progress three-quarters of an hour after the rain had stopped.

A captain may if he desires—and it is wisest to do so—have the matting stretched tight before his side goes in to bat. In that case the pins are removed from the matting, which is then pulled tight and firmly pinned into the ground. As a rule, however, merely the end pins are removed, the matting given a pull, the pins replaced, and the matting swept, for pieces of grit and sand are apt to collect on the matting. The length of the matting varies—or used to vary—on different grounds, and one often found oneself standing at the wicket with both feet off the matting, at another time with both feet on, and at another with one foot off and the other on the matting; while at Cape Town the pins which kept the matting down were placed just where nine batsmen out of ten put their right leg. The inconvenience of this may well be imagined,

R. O. SCHWARZ.
Used to play for Middlesex. Now one of the best men in his adopted country. Might win a match with his slow bowling in half a dozen overs, and a dashing bat.
Photo. T. G. Foster

L. J. TANCRED.
The crack bat of South Africa.
Photo. T. G. Foster.

and it should be very easy to pass a law making the matting uniform throughout the country. The width of the matting varies between 9 and 10 ft., and the ordinary spikes one uses in England are quite useless and have to be replaced by a flat nail. These matting wickets undoubtedly improve one's batting, for to make runs consistently one must, beyond and above everything else, watch the ball; and I believe that C. B. Fry dates his improvement from an ordinarily good into a great batsman from the tour he made in South Africa with Lord Hawke's first team in the winter of 1895–96.

Speaking generally, cricket on a matting wicket is not such a good game as cricket on turf, but there are many advantages in playing on it, for runs, except at Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, always come fast; the wickets fall comparatively quickly, and there is seldom anything like excessive scoring. The bright, dazzling light is often trying, for, though it is excellent for batting, a high catch takes a lot of judging, though constant practice ought to remedy this.

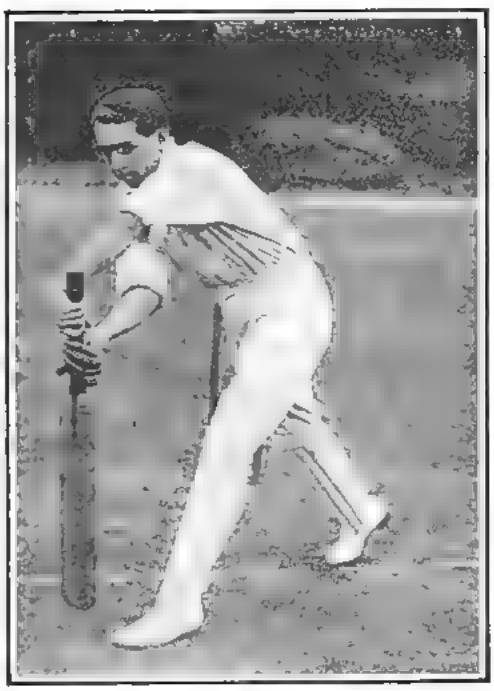
South African cricket is not at present up to the Australian standard, but the South African team showed such good all-round form in this country in the summer of 1904 that there is no reason why, in a few years, it should not attain to that standard. Captained by F. Mitchell, the old Cambridge and Yorkshire cricketer, who has made South Africa his home, they had a very good record, for they lost but three matches, and included in their thirteen victories was a splendid win over an England eleven at Lord's. Their strength consisted in the all-round excellence of three of their players—J. H. Sinclair, R. O. Schwarz, and G. C. White; and L. J. Tancred, F. Mitchell, and M. Halthorn were thoroughly good and reliable batsmen. J. J. Kotze showed himself a fine fast bowler who could keep up his great pace—and Kotze is as fast as Cotter—for a considerable time; and his work, combined with that of Sinclair and Schwarz, rendered the South Africans a strong bowling side. All these men, as well as E. A. Halliwell, one of the best wicket-keepers in the world, and W. A. Shalders, are pretty certain to play for South Africa again, though it is said that Mitchell has given up match-cricket; but, as he is constantly practising at the nets on the Wanderers' ground, he may be

J. J. KOTZE.
A great bowler—the Cotter of South Africa.
Photo. T. G. Foster.

induced to represent his adopted country once more.

However good the bowling opposed to them, the South Africans are bound to score freely at Johannesburg, as nine or ten of the test team will be Transvaal men who know their own wicket; indeed, the Transvaal eleven of to-day is, with the notable exception of Kotze, who comes from Cape Town, practically a test eleven; and our matches with the Transvaal, of which there are to be two, I believe, should be as interesting as the test matches.

Nowadays it is not easy to find men who can spare the time for a six months' trip abroad, and though the M.C.C. would doubtless have liked to have had some of the greatest reputations among our amateur cricketers on their side, they have, in spite of many disappointments, succeeded in collecting a very good eleven, as the following names will show. P. F. Warner (capt.), Capt. E. G. Wynyard, F. L. Fane, J. N. Crawford, L. J. Moon, H. D. Leveson-Gower, J. C. Hartley, Denton, Haigh, Board, Lees, Hayes, Blythe, and Relf. Particularly strong in quality and varied in style is the bowling with Blythe, Haigh, Lees, J. N. Crawford, Relf, and Hayes; and the batting cannot be weak when it is probable that Haigh will have to go in No. 9 in the test matches. But it is in bowling that our strength should lie. It is just a question, is it not, whether Rhodes is a better left-hander than Blythe?—some cricketers think the former is, some the latter. Haigh is almost the most difficult bowler in England on a sticky or crumbled wicket, and was immensely successful with Lord Hawke's second team in South Africa; Lees is Surrey's sheet-anchor, and a fine medium to fast right-handed bowler who never tires and who took more wickets than any other bowler in England last summer; Relf was the best all-round man in the Sussex eleven last summer, when he took over a hundred wickets and scored a thousand runs; Hayes bowls leg breaks with a deceptive action; and J. N. Crawford is the best public-school cricketer that has appeared since A. G. Steel was at Marlborough in 1877—and it may be doubted whether even Steel was as good an all-round cricketer then as Crawford is now. So much for the bowling of the side. What about the batting? Here I place special reliance on Denton, Hayes, and Capt. Wynyard. Denton was one of the greatest batsmen in England last season. He scored over two thousand runs, and came off in match after match with wonderful consistency. Then, he has long been famed as the best out-field in the world, a dead-sure catch, a fine return, and a fast runner. Hayes was only just outside one of the England elevens. A free and dashing hitter, whose guiding principle seems to be to attack the bowler and not to allow the bowler to attack him, he is, too, one of the most efficient slips in England. Capt. Wynyard has won nearly every honour the cricket-field can bestow. He has played for England in England; was invited by A. E. Stoddart to join his Australian team in 1897; has more than once represented the Gentlemen *v.* the Players; is the finest cricketer the Army has turned out; has scored three centuries in succession, and once made



G. C. WHITE.
Who made such a favourable impression when on tour in England.
Photo, T. G. Foster.

268 for Hampshire against Yorkshire. A close watcher of the ball, and therefore a strong defensive player, Capt. Wynyard is also a fine hitter and particularly skilful at forcing balls round on the on-side. F. L. Fane, the Essex captain, with his hard forward play and variety of off-side strokes, ought to be a useful man on the matting. With Lord Hawke's team in New Zealand he did very well, as also in the West Indies, and though he was not consistent in his scoring last season, he made a couple of hundreds for his county, one of them

DENTON.
One of the best batsmen in England last season and a wonderful field.
Photo. T. G. Foster.

HAYES.
An admirable all-round cricketer
Photo. T. G. Foster.

against the Yorkshire bowlers. Of the remaining amateurs. Moon has made a hundred against the Australians, and is a dangerous and attractive bat, though not a good starter; Leveson-Gower was one of the best captains Oxford ever had, and a batsman with a happy knack of rising to the occasion; and Hartley was in the Oxford eleven and a successful bowler for Sussex before he went into the Army and was lost to big cricket.

For a wicket-keeper we have Board, little, if at all, inferior to Lilley, and a good man for a long tour, as his hands last well. He brings off every now and then sensational saves on the leg-side. He is a capital and much-improved batsman. A few years ago he was too fond of the hook stroke; now he plays sound cricket, and made over a thousand runs last season. He is a keen and happy worker, and a good man in an eleven in more ways than one.

Finally, the fielding ought to be good, for there is no lack of slips and long-fielders, the most important positions apart from the wicket-keeper.

Readers of THE CAPTAIN may improve their knowledge of geography during the winter if they will follow us from place to place in South Africa. Arriving at Cape Town about November 28, we play against the Western Province eleven. Here we shall meet the redoubtable Kotze, but apart from him the Western Province are reported to be rather weak. We are due at Johannesburg for Christmas, and on the way there, a distance of 1000 miles from the Cape, we shall no doubt pitch stumps, probably at Bloemfontein. At Johannesburg we stay some time, the first test match being arranged for the first week in January; and from the Transvaal we pass Standerton, Newcastle, Ladysmith—through all the country in which the hardest fighting took place in the late war—to Maritzburg and Durban. Then to Port Elizabeth and Kimberley, then back to Johannesburg for the second test match, and eventually to Cape Town for the third and final England *v.* South Africa game. According to present arrangements we are not likely to go to Rhodesia, where Lord Hawke's team had a delightful time, but at Pretoria and Potchefstroom we are to meet elevens representing the Army in South Africa—games

which should be amongst the most interesting and enjoyable of the tour. An expedition to the Zambesi Falls depends on whether the visit to Rhodesia is arranged or not, though if there is time between the matches it may be possible to travel thither from Kimberley.

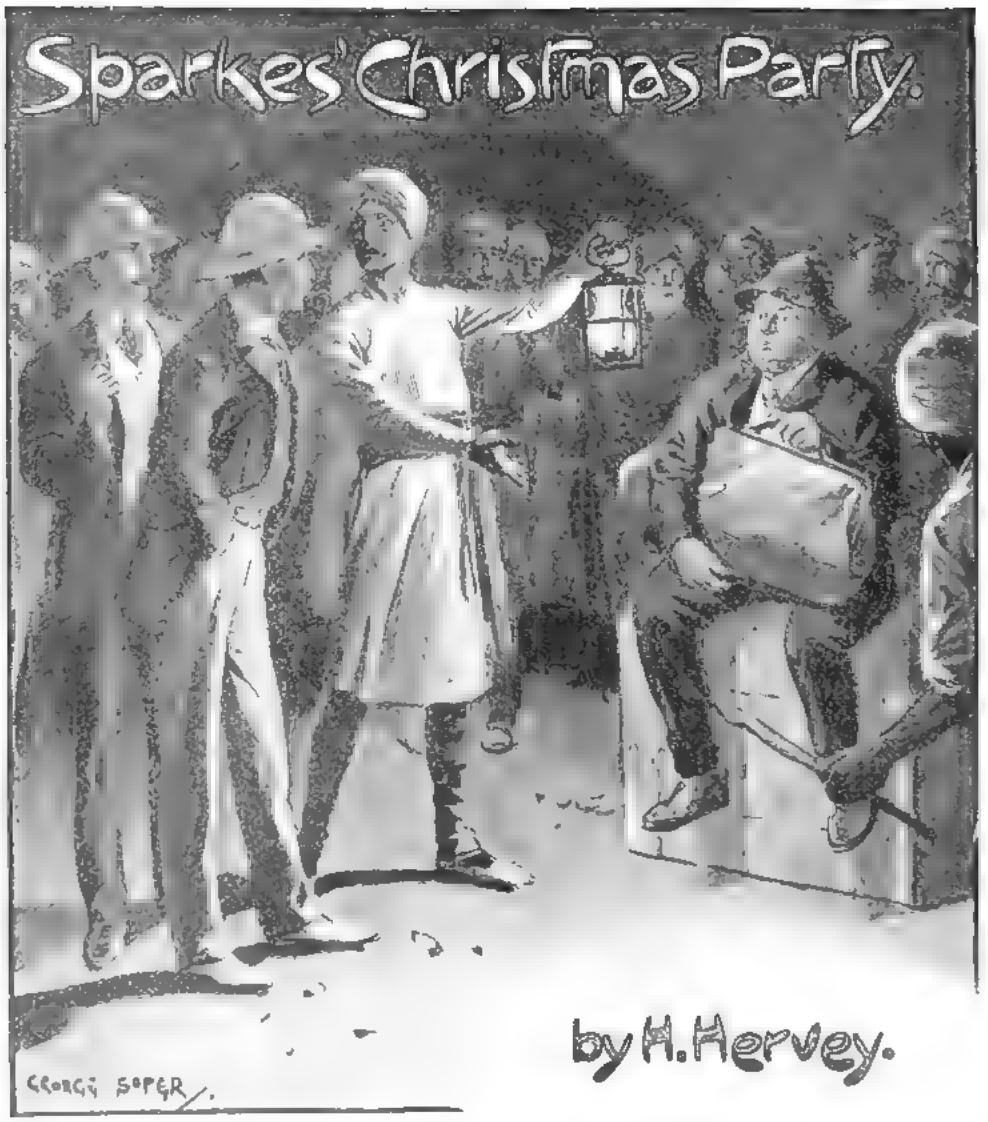
A comparison between Lord Hawke's eleven and the M.C.C. eleven may be interesting, and help us to forecast in some way the probable result of the tour.

Lord Hawke's XI., 1898–1899.—Lord Hawke, P. F. Warner, F. Mitchell, C. E. M. Wilson, F. W. Milligan, H. R. Bromley-Davenport, A. G. Archer, Haigh, Board, Trott, Cuttell, and Tyldesley.

M.C.C. Team, 1905–1906.—P. F. Warner, Capt. Wynyard, J. N. Crawford, F. L. Fane, H. D. Leveson Gower, L. J. Moon, J. C. Hartley, Haigh, Board, Blythe, Lees, Denton, Hayes, and Relf.

Lord Hawke had only twelve men—too few for a tour of twenty-five matches, lasting five and a half months. The M.C.C. are wisely sending out fourteen men—this number providing a wide margin against casualties. Lord Hawke's eleven did very well indeed, going through the tour unbeaten, though one of the test matches was a very near thing; but on paper, at all events, the M.C.C. combination is decidedly stronger—stronger in batting and stronger in bowling. At the same time it must be remembered that the South Africans have made great strides in recent years. Their visits to England in 1901 and 1904, and the short tour of the Australians in South Africa in 1902, did them a tremendous amount of good, and there can be no doubt that they are a difficult side to beat in their own country, as the Australians themselves discovered. Still, touring teams, from constantly playing together, have a way of welding themselves into a stronger and more harmonious whole than one expects to find them—the M.C.C. team in Australia affords a good example—and we ought to make our opponents go the whole way, though, in my opinion, it is just a shade of odds on the South Africans winning two out of the three test matches. As may be imagined, a ball spins much more quickly off a matting wicket than off a grass one, and as R. O. Schwarz and G. C. White are bowlers with a big break—Schwarz from the off, and White from leg—they are almost sure to be difficult to play on the matting. Here South Africa should have something of a pull, but I have a strong impression that most of our bowlers will be suited by the matting wickets, and that the South Africans will find runs by no means easy to get. On the whole, then, it may be said that the two elevens could not be better matched, and I shall be surprised if we do not have some highly exciting cricket.

Sparkes' Christmas Party.



by H. Hervey.

THE hero of this story is not unknown to CAPTAIN readers; he is my old chum, F. S. Sparkes, who has more than once been accorded the honour of figuring in these pages. Turn up your back volumes for 1899–1901, and you will find something about him.

We met again after an interval of several years, during which Sparkes had not moved; he was a railway company man—not like me, subject to governmental pitch-forkings from one end of the peninsula to the other. Anyhow, the latest of these propulsions landed me on familiar ground, and in the course of my first outing I stumbled across my friend at Jimmancherla, the identical spot where I first made his acquaintance. A transmogrified Jimmancherla, for since I saw it last a new State Railway had junctioned in; the existing buildings, now inadequate, were being substituted by new ones, and the work was approaching completion when I reappeared on the scene. Sparkes, still a bachelor, had just become Chief Traffic Officer, and as I recognised his well-known form near the new station and hastened towards him, I wondered whether he had altered as little inwardly as outwardly.

"Well, old chap," I cried, as we gripped hands, "what brings you to this one-horse hole now that you are your own boss?"

"Come up to inspect progress. How long are you here for?"

"As long as I choose. I'm not tied down to time now. Why?"

"I've a thing or two on, and shall be jolly glad of your help."

The old, old story! When had he *not* something on?

"Tiger?" I questioned pithily.

"No; I'm going to give a dance, and hunt out some cobras."

Dance-giving and cobra-hunting! Were two greater incongruities possible? True, the latter was in keeping with his leanings; as for the other, could anything be less suggestive of the man who hated all conventionalities?

"What do you mean?" I asked, gazing at him.

"Look at that!" was the reply, pushing open a door of the new station house. "I'm giving the hop before they put up the partitions. The women are everlastingly grumbling about the want of wood to caper on, and, though I'm no dancer, I bet you there's not a boarded floor like this anywhere out of Government House."

"Well?"

"Well, now that I'm able to do so, I'm just going to pay off at one fell swoop all my debts of hospitality to people up and down the line by giving a dinner and dance here."

"Hum. And what about the cobra-hunt?"

He pointed to a row of old buildings away across the main-line metals. "Those are the lock-ups and police lines. While the old goods shed was being demolished, they disturbed a heap of cobras. Our drivers and chaps killed some, but many escaped, and have taken possession of the police lines, where they have been seen sneaking about, and as the bobbies will not stay there we have had to put the beggars under canvas," indicating some small tents beyond.

"And has no one gone for the snakes?"

"Bless you—yes! Everything has been tried barring digging them out, which I shall do after the dance. They are as cunning as cats and I have not been able to squash one yet."

"When is the dance?" I inquired, still in a daze.

"Day after to-morrow. The drivers and fellows will jim up the place with flags and stuff while the grub, servants, and all the rest of it come in from the Bulhuri Club."

"And the guests?"

"From Paddakka, Bulhuri, Sandyal, and Tennigunta. Can't ask folks from too far, as there's no sleeping accommodation for them here yet. I did think of tents, but they wouldn't do in this weather; so the people will just run out by the evening and run home by the morning locals—which happen to fit."

"What about music?"

"The Gliederpuppes will supply that."

"Who are the Gliederpuppes?"

"Old German engineer chap on the State Railway, and his wife. They come in from Sandyal, bringing their instruments with them. Mrs. G. will thump the piano while he brays on his cornet. But come along to my tents for breakfast. You must put up with me."

We passed those two days talking over old times and perfecting arrangements for the fandango. Matters dovetailed nicely. The four evening and morning locals came in and left within a few minutes of each other, and, as the four night through mails would use the old platform, we would not be disturbed.

My chum's tents were pitched not far from the old station, and as we sat outside after dinner on the second night, the mail from Bombay came in between ten and eleven. When she had gone on we heard voices in altercation on the platform, and presently some one carrying a hand-lamp came towards us.

"Who are you?" demanded Sparkes, as the individual halted and *salaamed*.

"Moses Pillay, your honour, assistant station master. First this is occasion that I am privileged to address your excellence. I have studied up to B.A. standard, but failed for civil service, so——"

"Confound your B.A. standard!" growled Sparkes. "What's that row on the platform, my worthy classic?"

"For that only I am posting haste report to your honour. Sir, there is fierce contumacious European alighted from mail; he has unloaded vast box and one bag of drugget. He is speaking no any language that soul comprehends, sir; therefore, I am thinking that your honour may interpret cryptological jargon. He——"

"Stow your slack not so much phrase-mongering, please! Pity I did not know you before, or you'd not be such a dictionary-spouter. Where's the chap now?"

Moses Pillay, however, was not to be denied: he wished to show off the results of his education "up to B.A. standard," so continued, "On platform, your honour. He is holding all people in bay by unbridled ferocity of mien and threatening of the lumpéd fist-i-cuff. Already he has bestowed asasult with foot in

stomach of police sergeant: miserable heathen is suffering grief and pain."

"Not a Briton, by all accounts, eh? Come on, Hervey, we'll go and look."

We found a big, burly, shabbily dressed fellow seated on a large deal-wood case and hugging a carpet bag; the station people—many carrying lamps—had formed a ring round him, but at a respectful distance. The native police sergeant lay groaning on a bench, with the railway apothecary attending on him.

"Hey! Parley Frongsay?" queried Sparkes, mustering all the French he knew.

The stranger shrugged his shoulders.

"You try, Hervey," said my chum.

I did, but only to elicit a repetition of the shrug.

"Look here," exclaimed Sparkes, seizing the man by the arm and—big though he was—jumping him to his feet as if he were a child, "who are you at all?"

The fellow seemed to realise that his questioner must not be trifled with. "Parlate Italiana, signori?" he inquired civilly enough.

We shook our heads; he scratched his, and then, as if drumming up his stock of English, he said—disjointedly, "Two mansa—Napoli—oon mansa Inglezia speek—come two daysa," following this up by exhibiting a dirty piece of paper on which was scrawled "Tomaso Zanardi, Bulhuri, *via* Jimmancherla Junction."

"Humph! I see it," observed Sparkes. "One of those image-sellers you occasionally knock against in this country: the box contains his stock of saints and angels. He has come on ahead, and his English-speaking mate is following. So he kicked the police sergeant—did he?"

"Yes, your honour," replied Moses Pillay, who had constituted himself spokesman. "As soon as the guard put him and his luggage down, sir, he showed ticket and cried many times, 'Bulhuri! Bulhuri!' and when we tried by medium of symbol to explain that he must wait for morning local, and that he better go to sleep on bench, he bounced all sides, sir, and abused us—I think—in foreign lingo. We all got afraid, and when police sergeant screwed courage and went near to coerce him, the passenger kicked poor man in stomach."

"Well, to prevent his doing more mischief we'll put him in quod till his pal turns up, and then lug him before the sub-magistrate for assaulting the police. No use speaking to the fellow without an interpreter of some kind. Come along, you," said Sparkes, signing to the Italian, who followed quite docilely, for no doubt he recognised more than his match in the tall Englishman who had just given him a taste of his muscles. We put him and his traps into the cleanest lock-up; we gave him a *charpoy* or native bed to lie on, and, furnishing him with some eatables and a jug of water obtained from the refreshment-room, left the image merchant under charge of the police.

In the morning we visited Zanardi, when the police corporal reported that he had given no trouble. The refreshment-room people were ordered to feed him regularly, and we awaited the arrival of his companion to go into the case.

The day wore on. The decorations were completed, and finishing touches put to the floor. The good things for dinner and supper, in charge of a posse of club servants, arrived from Bulhuri by the afternoon local, and the sun went down. As the guests would soon be coming in, we two donned our dress clothes—to be ready to receive them for 7.30 dinner.

"The State local is about due," observed Sparkes, glancing at his watch as we paced the new platform. As he spoke, a porter handed him a telegram.

"Who the dickens is this from?" he muttered, moving towards the nearest hanging lamp. He opened the missive, perused it, and then relieved his feelings with a few well-chosen words which were rendered all the more expressive by the grim quietude of his tone.

"What's the row?" I inquired.

"What's the row? Read that!" fumed Sparkes, holding the paper before my eyes.

It was a cry-off from the Ghederpuppes, who could not come!

"That's unfortunate!" I exclaimed, genuinely sympathising with the poor chap, "What will you do?"

"Turn it into a Christmas-game party, unless I can unearth something the way of music here. Confound those Ghederpuppes! Why didn't they send their piano, at all events, on the chance of some fool being here to bang it? Gapps!"

Gapps was a driver, converted for the nonce into gentlemen's cloak-room attendant. Mrs. Gapps was to control the tea and coffee and light refreshments. Both were in their places.

"Yessir!" said Gapps, doubling up.

"Any pianists here?"

"My wife plays, sir."

"Good! and have you a piano?"

"No, sir; we sold it some months ago. I can play the bones and tambourine, sir," added Gapps, modestly.

"Hang your bones and tambourine!" shouted Sparkes. "Is—there—a—piano—in—the—place?"

"No, sir."

"Of course not! Well, can you muster any musical instrument with some one to play it? Cornet, flute, fiddle, concertina?"

"Pedroza has an accordion, sir, but a mouse damaged it."

"Bless that mouse! Well, no others?"

"Only O'Shamus, who has a musical box, sir, but it is broken," replied Gapps, suppressing an inclination to grin.

"Can you whistle, Gapps?" queried Sparkes, presently.

"Oh, yes, sir."

"How many of you drivers are off duty now?"

"Including the State men, about seven, sir."

"Can any of them whistle?"

"Oh, yes, all of them, sir," answered Gapps confidently.

"Dance music? in tune? together?"

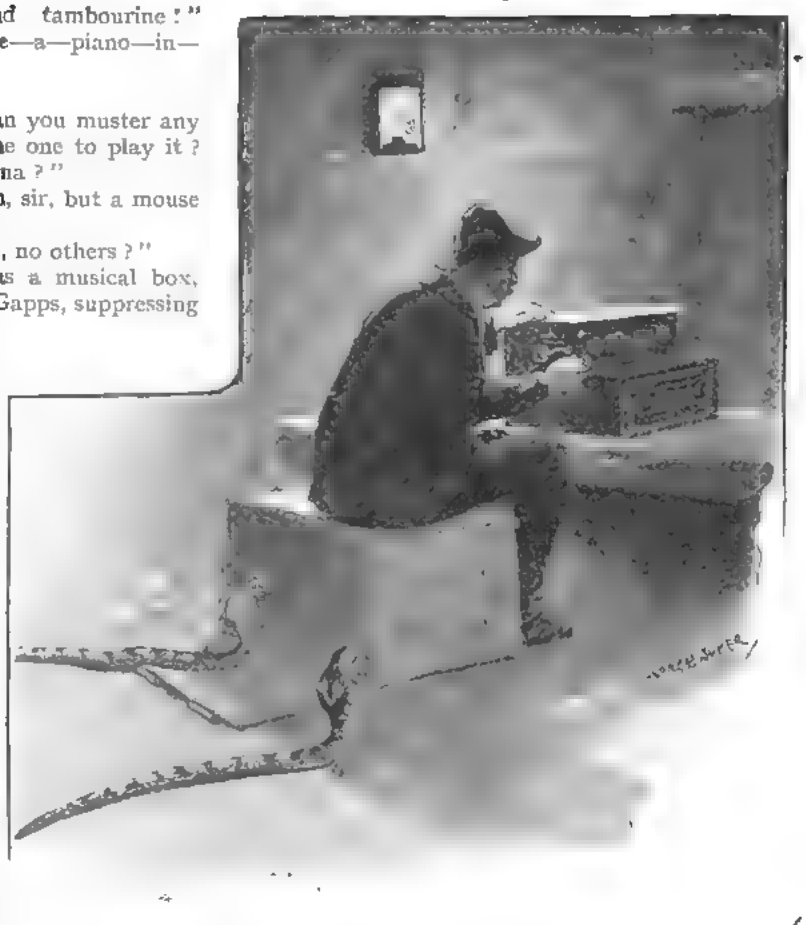
Gapps' jaw dropped. "N-no, sir, I think not; leastaways, we've never tried. I thought you meant engine-whistling, sir."

Sparkes stared at the man, and then, in spite of his vexation, burst out laughing, in which I joined.

"You're a fat-head to think anything of the kind. Come on, Hervey," hooking my arm; "here's the up local. Back me in facing the folks: they'll be wild—I'm afraid."

But the anticipation was worse than the reality. The four trains bringing the guests came up within a short space of each other: Sparkes—aided by me—explained the quandary and apologised profusely for disappointing them; they all took it very good-naturedly, and agreed to the Christmas games as a happy *pis aller*. We had a cheery dinner, after which the company adjoined to the "ball"-room, and my poor friend looked disconsolately on while several couples dumbshowed a waltz, and pronounced the floor perfection.

"Never mind, Mr. Sparkes," said a lady soothingly, "the floor will do just as well for romping, won't it?" appealing in general.



TWO LARGE COBRAS WERE CLOSE BEHIND THE UNCONSCIOUS ITALIAN!

A chorus of assent, and it was decided to commence with a game of General Post.

We were taking up positions when a man bawled across the room, "I say, Sparkes! you're wanted."

Glancing towards the end doors I observed a group of constables, who, judging from their affrighted looks, had seen a ghost or Holofernes himself. Moses Pillay—bearing a lamp—headed them. I followed my chum to the doors and the guests crowded round.

"Well, you talking-machine, what's the matter now?" inquired Sparkes.

"Your honour," commenced Moses Pillay, on his mettle at this unprecedented opportunity of airing his English, and contemptuously waving his lamp at the cowering policemen, "these effete legal limbs have deserted ward, averring that fearful European is indulging in furious bombast within confinement hold,

which has so bereft police of mother wits that they took heel and reported to Mr. Alvarez the station master that European has metamorphosed to ancient Nicholas. Mr. Alvarez has ordered me to bring recreant sops to you, our chief superior on spot."

The "chief superior on spot" eyed Moses Pillay as if he would have liked to eat the fellow, and would, no doubt, have let loose on him even in the presence of the ladies had I not cut in by asking the police in the vernacular to explain.

"The man kept quiet, sir," faltered the trembling corporal, "till after his dinner at eight o'clock, when we heard him moving his box about the room. We deemed this no harm, so did not interfere; but presently, sir, there came such fearful noises that we fled to the station master and told him that we could not guard a demon."

"Describe the noises," I demanded, after translating the above for the behoof of those ignorant of the language.

"Squeaks, groans, bellows, sir, all mixed up together!"

"Let's go and see," suggested Sparkes, whereupon several of us men, taking sticks and hand-lamps, set out for the lock-up. Not a native followed.

"I say, what the thingamy is that?" exclaimed Sparkes, halting as an unusual droning noise fell indistinctly on our ears.

"Your prisoner at his 'furious bombast'" chuckled a man.

We hurried on.

"Sounds uncommonly like the Valentine Galop to me," observed one of the party as we again paused and regarded each other inquiringly.

"It's a harmonium or something somewhere," asserted another, after we had again moved forward.

I also recognised the Valentine, and then, when it was succeeded by the Guards' Waltz, the truth flashed upon me.

"Tell you what, Sparkes," I cried exultingly, "he's no more an image merchant than you are. That box contained a reed organ, which the fellow is amusing himself with. He'll provide the dance music, or I'm a Dutchman!"

"If he does, I'll see him through his scrape with the police," replied my chum. "Come on; let's squint through the rear loophole before we trot the beggar and his machine over to the room."

Advancing gingerly, we made for the small barred window at the back of the cell, through which the strains of a polka mazurka were now floating into the night air. The aperture was about five feet from the ground; we crowded to it, and with difficulty controlled ourselves from laughing aloud. A lantern illumined the apartment; Zanardi was seated, with his profile towards us, on the now empty box, and on the *charpoy* stood a handsomely decorated, brand-new organ, which he was grinding. But our mirth was speedily cut short, for, as our eyes wandered about the cell, we saw the gruesome shapes of two large cobras—laid out straight on the floor—close behind the unconscious Italian! A slight effort on the part of either reptile would enable it to strike the man on almost any portion of his body; but it was quite plain that at that moment the snakes, lured into the room by the droning music, were under its charm! Those of us who knew anything of these infernal serpents realised the terribly dangerous position of the poor foreigner, for directly he discontinued grinding, the spell would cease, the man would make some movement, and in all probability the snakes would sting him; What was to be done?

"Look here," whispered Sparkes, as we shifted aside to consult, "we must get him out of that. Won't do to warn the beggar, for he'd stop grinding; he'd not spot the snakes at once; he'd not twig what we were saying, and the brutes would have their fangs into him to a certainty."

"Aye," said a man, "and the worst of it is he may stop at any moment of his own accord—with the same result."

"I know, and there's not a moment to lose. Two of you come with me; there's no room for more: we'll burst open the door, jump in all together, and spifficate the snakes—see?"

Without more words Sparkes, I, and Barry, an engineer, crept round to the front, and depositing our lamps on the ground prepared to act. The others followed—to help if necessary.

"Kick together when I raise my hand," admonished Sparkes.

The signal came; we kicked; the door gave; in we rushed, and almost before the startled Italian could move his fingers off the organ handle we three had fallen on those serpents and pounded their lives out.

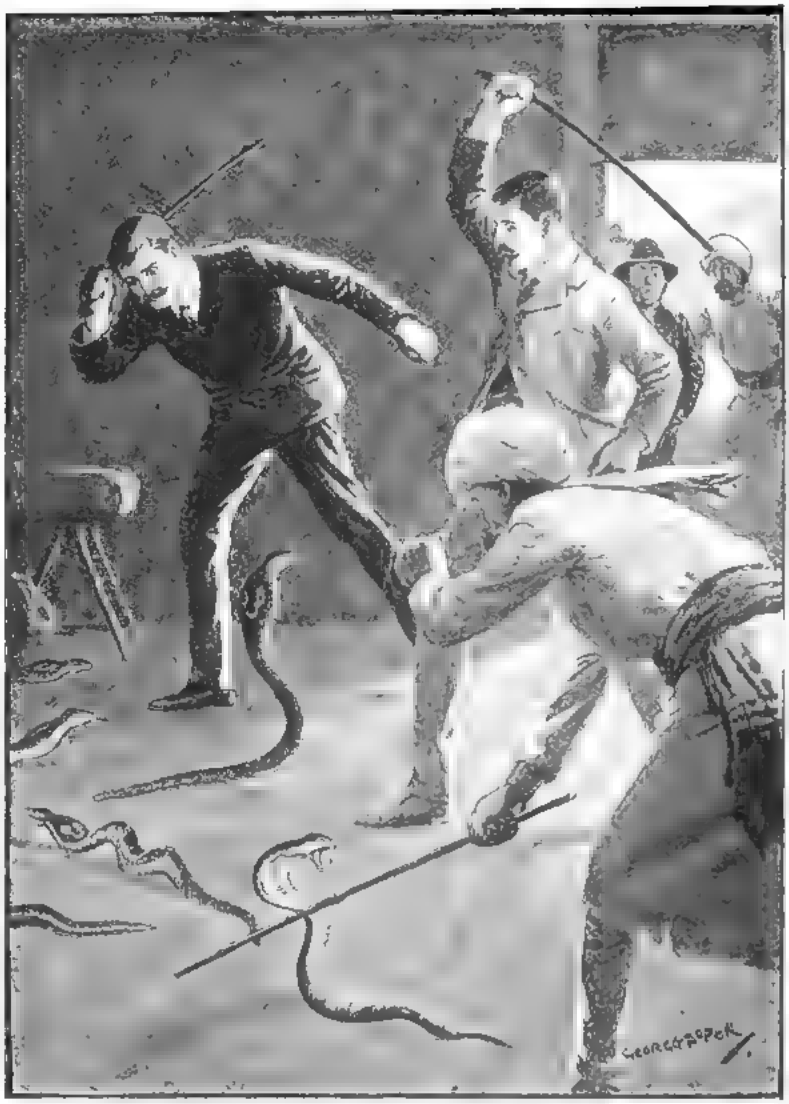
"Now then," panted the delighted Sparkes, slapping the still dumbfounded foreigner on the back, "you've done *your* term! You are just the fellow we want, so come along. Oh, that's all right," added my friend as the organ-man with tears in his eyes addressed us in voluble Italian. Though not comprehending a word, we understood that he was thanking us for saving him from the snakes, for our mode of dealing with those two reptiles must have

convinced him that they were of a highly dangerous species. We all tallied on, lifted the instrument, and returned in triumph to the new station, where, after appeasing the curiosity of the guests, Sparkes installed Zanardi at his machine in a corner of the ball-room, signed to him to grind away, and lo! dancing began forthwith. I have no space to describe that enjoyable night. The organ played only dance music of all kinds; it, indeed, proved a veritable god-send, and my chum's festivity, which had threatened to be a comparative fiasco so far as dancing was concerned, turned out an unqualified success.

Day dawned: like all things, the dance came to an end, and, in due course, we saw the guests off by their respective trains. Zanardi was left to hunker wherever he liked, while we, weary but happy, tumbled into bed, and slept till late.

On awaking in the afternoon we were informed that the police sergeant was better, also that another foreigner had arrived by the up-day train, and was now with Zanardi at the new station. Hurrying over breakfast we went across and found the two together. Zanardi must have told his story, for at our approach the new-comer swept the ground with his sombrero-like hat and said, "Gentilmans, my name ees Guiseppe Potterelli; I am ver soree that thees man deed trouble to you; I hope you weel pardon to heem."

"Of course!" replied Sparkes heartily. "The chap he kicked is all square, so I'll see there is no bother made. Your fellow 'quite atoned for his rumpus by furnishing the music for our dance."



SIMULTANEOUSLY WE BOUNDED IN AND THE FLOOR BECAME COVERED WITH MUTILATED SERPENTS.

"Ah, sare," resumed Potterelli with feeling, "he has told me the snayk! You gentilmans deed save hees life! I and he do pray Sancta Maria bless you!"

"Never mind that. Tell us what you chaps are doing here."

At this, Potterelli produced some papers from which—coupled with his own explanations—we gathered that the men were taking the organ to the Rajah of Chippuldroog, a small native state near Bulhuri. The Rajah had ordered the instrument of a Neapolitan firm, giving instructions that it should play English dance

tunes, and that two men should accompany the organ to India on a fixed salary under agreement for a year; one—which was Potterelli—to speak English, know all about the mechanism of the machine, and be capable of repairing and tuning it; the other—Zanardi—as an assistant to the former. Potterelli, who had been detained at Bombay, sent on Zanardi with the organ; he following later.

"I've heard of the beggar," observed Sparkes, alluding to the Chippuldroog Rajah. "He is a rich young ass, who has just succeeded his father, and is going in for entertaining Europeans, so he has supplied himself with ready-made dance music by importing this blessed thing."

"Have we permeession, sare, to go to our way?" now asked Potterelli.

"Hold on till to-morrow. I'll make it worth your while."

"Ver good, sare: weel you geeve anoder danze thees eveening?"

"You be shot—no!"

I wondered what was coming.

"Look here, Hervey," said Sparkes, taking me aside, "I want to chaw up those cobras."

"So you did, last night."

"Two; but I'm sure there are lots more of them."

"Most probably: there are holes enough."

"And if we give them another tune-up with the organ they'd come out and become obfuscated, like the two first. Easier than digging them out."

"Suppose so. What are you going to do?"

"Lug this thing back now to the lock-up, get one of these chaps to grind, and we go for the snakes as we did last night."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed angrily. "Do you think after the risk he unconsciously ran that Zanardi would incur it again—with his eyes open, he or the other fellow?"

"I'll ask them."

He put the question, and, as I expected, both men firmly refused to do the needful—for any money.

"Hang it then! I'll wind the machine if you'll nip in and help me to smash the varmints, Hervey."

I gazed at him, stupefied. I knew the man to be plucky to the verge of insanity; I knew him to be pig-headed to a degree; but in this instance he proposed out-heroding Herod. At the same time, I realised that nothing on earth would divert him from the foolhardy venture, and he had made up his mind for this one.

"All right," I said resignedly, for, it being practically an impossibility to prevent him from embarking on the escapade, the best thing to do was to share it with him. I had been obliged to adopt this course before.

To be brief, we had the organ toted back to that cell, the Italians remaining where they were. We carried stout bamboo sticks, and Sparkes' Mohammedan peon, whom I had enlisted for the enterprise, was similarly armed. Alvarez, Gapps, and others wanted to join, but my chum would have none of them: there would be no space for more than three. We placed the organ in the same position, and all the conditions resembled those of the previous night except that there was no door to break down, and we had day-light. I and the peon were to lurk close by outside within sight of Sparkes, and were to dash in as soon as he ceased winding. All ready, my chum commenced to grind, keeping to one tune over and over again lest he should cause a stoppage by bungling the changing gear. My eyes commanded most of the interior of that room, and I had not been staring into it for long ere I saw snake after snake slowly issuing from holes and crevices at the foot of the walls, and laying themselves straight on the ground! From where I stood I could count five; how many more were hidden from my view I could not tell. I anxiously awaited the cessation of the music: it would take us three all we knew to kill even five lethargised snakes before they recovered their wits. I trembled for my friend; but he sat on—turning the handle, and with such a grin of contentment on his face that I could have shied my stick at him. More snakes crawled out: how many there were altogether I dreaded to think: we must kill every one—though they numbered twenty, for, immediately the music stopped, the brutes would be all alive again. At last the music ceased; up jumped Sparkes with his stick; simultaneously I and the peon bounded in. "Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!" here, "Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!" there and everywhere: the floor became covered with mutilated serpents wriggling and whipping about in their death-throes. We hopped, we jumped, we skipped, we collided; but "Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!" we gave the finishing *coups de grâce*, and not till the last cobra lay motionless did we desist.

"Come, after that I vote we go and have some tea," remarked my friend—cool as a cucumber.

Can a leopard change his spots? Could Sparkes ever be any one but Sparkes? I trow not.

Fearing lest he should take it into his head to repeat the experiment, I quietly gave a hint to Potterelli to clear off without beat of drum by the night mail. He acted on that hint!

THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER.

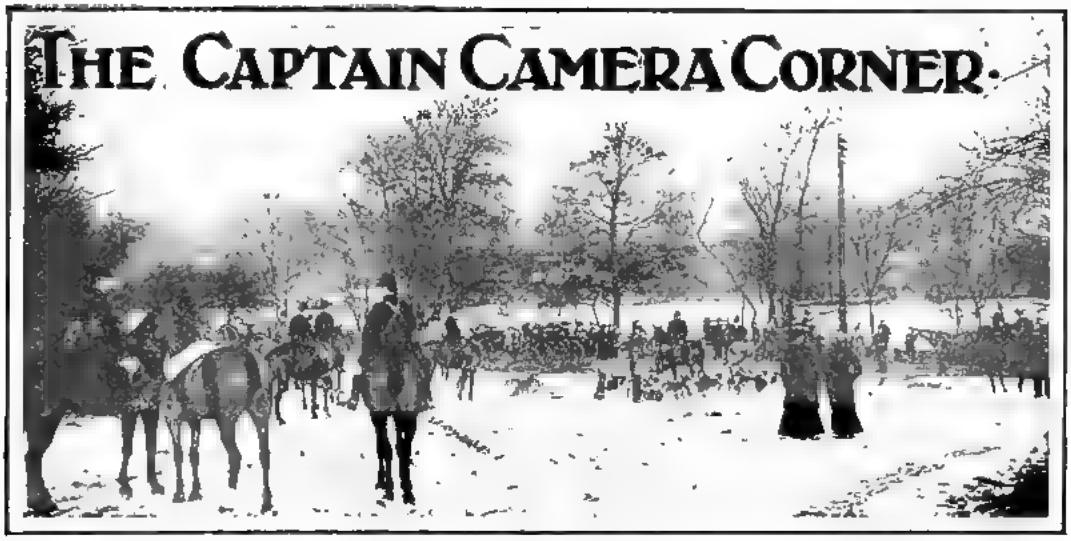


Photo. by "THE QUORN." C. C. Clutsom.

PLATINUM PRINTING.

AS we turn over the pages of the family album it comes home to us that the ordinary silver printing-out process is very far from perfect as judged by the standard of the durability of the photographic image. Portraits dating from the time when men wore baggy trousers and bowler hats of very curly brim, while the ladies did penance in tight skirts, are generally much the worse for keeping; and prints of equal age that have been exposed to daylight are often so faded as to be fit only for the bonfire. The fact is that, unless silver prints are *very carefully* washed, their life must be short; and since washing them properly is a lengthy, and sometimes troublesome, business, there are temptations to scamp it. Even professional work leaves a lot to be desired in this respect.

Now, though for many purposes silver P. O. Paper is excellent, it cannot compare with *platinum* paper in point of permanence of image. Pure platinum is the most unchangeable of metals. For photographic purposes it is combined with other elements which can easily be entirely removed; so that the finished print consists only of pure metal on pure paper. We have here no stubborn salts to deal with such as are formed when a silver image is fixed by hypophosphite of sodium. A platinum print might retain its freshness for

HUNDREDS OF YEARS

if the paper were protected from damp and other injurious influences.

Artistically, again, this medium is superior to silver P.O.P. The beautiful grey and black tones attainable have a delicate softness which even bromide paper cannot show; and the sepia platinum paper gives a fine range of browns. Really good platinum prints are, indeed, delightful to look upon.

The amateur will, during the darker months especially, appreciate another feature of platinum paper, viz., that it prints much more rapidly than P.O.P.—say, in half the time.

So much for the

ADVANTAGES OF PLATINUM.

To deal quite fairly with the subject I should mention that *unused platinum paper is easily destroyed by damp*, and therefore must be preserved most carefully in special tins, called "calcium tubes," divided by a perforated zinc plate into two compartments; the smaller to hold chloride (*not* carbide) of calcium, which greedily absorbs any moisture present in the tin; the larger, for the storage of paper. A cap fits on each end, and broad rubber bands (lengths cut from an old cycle inner tube act admirably, as I have said before) are kept over the joints to prevent the ingress of air.

CALCIUM TUBE FOR PLATINUM PAPER.

During printing also the paper

MUST BE PROTECTED FROM DAMP.

Not only should frame and negative be dry, but a water-

proof pad of rubber, celluloid or oiled paper must be placed between the paper and the back of the frame. In short, omit no precaution which may serve to keep the paper dry.

Platinum printing can hardly be recommended to the absolute beginner, since it requires a good deal of judgment; and a preliminary canter with P.O P. will, therefore, be useful. The image appears as a faint purple on the yellow background of the paper. Details are very faint, until after development. Experience alone will enable you to decide when the print is ready for removal from the frame: not but that such experience can soon be acquired.

Platinum paper is about

TWICE AS EXPENSIVE AS P.O.P.,

size for size. This is a further reason for taking special care of it.

Any one who has done much platinum printing will say that the *pros* outweigh the *cons*. The amateur desirous of keeping a record in album form of his best work should certainly for that purpose abjure P.O.P. in favour of platinum. For prints exposed to daylight it is even more valuable.

THE PROCESS OF PLATINUM PRINTING

differs from the methods used for P.O.P. and bromide papers, though it has features in common with both. It falls into three stages:

(1) *Printing* (by daylight).
(2) *Development* of the faint image in a solution of Oxalate of Potassium.
(3) *Clearing* of the iron salts from the paper in a bath of highly diluted Hydrochloric Acid.

From first to last the making and finishing of a platinum print may, under favourable circumstances, occupy less than an hour. The various operations will be described more fully in next month's issue.

THE OUTFIT FOR PLATINUM WORK.

Its completeness must, of course, depend on the means of the worker. The following is a pretty full list of necessaries for half-plate size. Prices are appended.

Calcium tube, 1*s.* 6*d.*

Chloride of Calcium, 3*d.*

Enamelled iron developing dish (deep), 7½ × 5 inches, 1*s.* 6*d.*

Three porcelain dishes (deep), for clearing. 7½ × 5 inches, 3*s.*

Special *thermometer* in wood casing for testing heat of solutions, 1*s.* 6*d.*

4-oz. *dropping bottle* for Hydrochloric Acid. 6*d.*

3 *wide-mouthed bottles* (40-oz.) for solution, 2*s.* 6*d.* *Rubber in backing-sheets* for printing frame, 1½*d.* each. Dishes and bottles should be labelled and reserved rigidly for their respective uses.

PLATINUM PAPER

is sold in sealed tins. The best makes are those of the Platinotype Co.; the Ilford Co. ("Platona"), and the Kodak Co. The first-named firm gives, perhaps, the widest choice—smooth or rough; thick or thin; black tones or sepia tones; hot-bath or cold-bath papers. It also sells sensitised muslin, linen, and sateen. I would recommend the beginner to select smooth, black-tone, cold-bath paper, ready-cut to the desired size.

CHEMICALS.

The proper developing salts are sold in packets. A quantity sufficient to make 32 oz. of solution costs about 1*s.* 3*d.* For those who prefer to mix their own solutions the following will prove a good formula for grey and black tones:

Oxalate of Potassium, 2 oz.
Phosphate of Potassium, ½ oz.
Water (distilled or filtered rain), 14 oz.

The only other chemicals necessary are *pure* hydrochloric acid and glycerine.

NOTE.—Correspondents using a *nom de plume* must always give their real names and addresses, since sometimes, owing to want of space, answers can be sent through the post only.

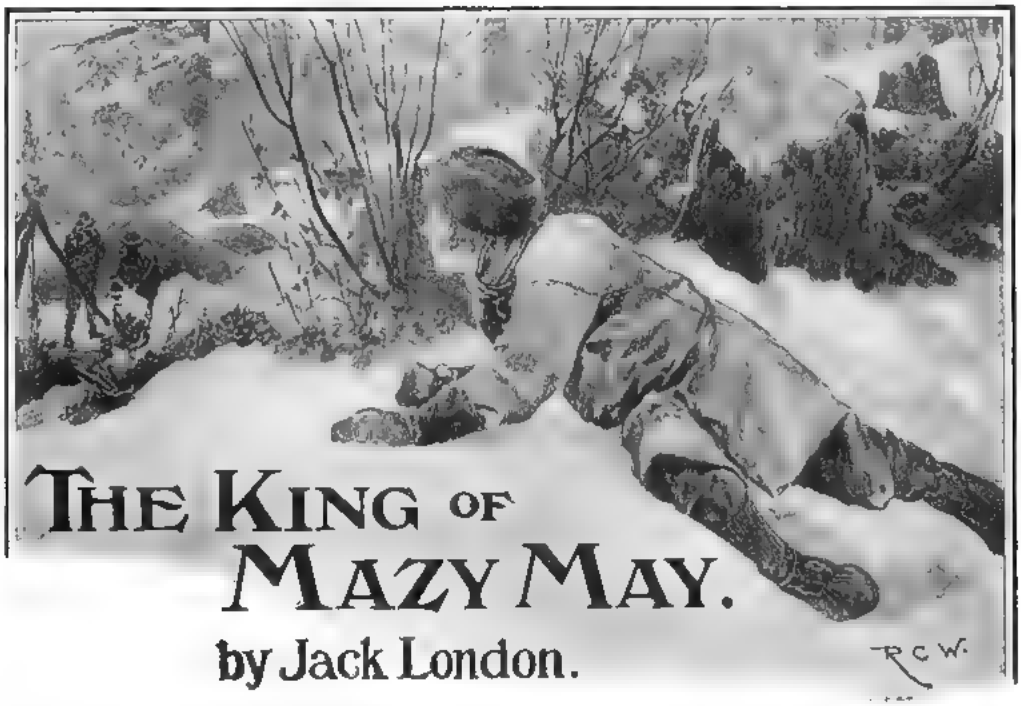
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Olubite."—Sorry I forgot to answer your query last month. Metol by itself is too rapid, giving a great deal of detail, but no density. It should, therefore, be used in conjunction with a slow agent giving good density. Hydrokinone is usually selected. You will have seen my remarks about Rodinal in our October issue, so I needn't refer to this developer here.

E. Vowles.—It is quite safe to have plenty of light if the light is really non-actinic. With orthochromatic plates, however, you should work with as little light as possible, since they are sensitive to yellow and red to a certain extent. What you want for a dark room is a good supply of light which can be easily controlled, since some plates will bear more illumination than this.

Inquirer.—No! it would be impossible to explain without a lot of verbiage or several diagrams how the iris stop works. Don't bother about it.

Black-and-Tan.—Remove films from camera and pack carefully in oiled paper. Develop with pyro-soda. There is no reason why results should not be satisfactory, though films do not keep so well as plates, and the sooner you tackle them after exposure the better. Photos enclosed are quite good, though underprinted. Exposure seems to have been correct.



THE KING OF MAZY MAY.

by Jack London.

A STORY OF THE KLONDIKE GOLDFIELDS. **Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.**

[The better to understand this story, the reader is advised, before starting it, to consult the Editorial paragraph on "Claim-Jumping."]

WALT MASTERS is not a very large boy, but there is manliness in his make-up, and he himself, although he does not know a great deal that most boys know, knows much that other boys do not know. He has never seen a train of cars nor an elevator in his life, and for that matter he has never once looked upon a corn-field, a plough, a cow, or even a chicken. He has never had a pair of shoes on his feet, nor gone to a picnic or a party, nor talked to a girl. But he has seen the sun at midnight, watched the ice-jams on one of the mightiest of rivers, and played beneath the northern lights, the one white child in thousands of square miles of frozen wilderness.

Walt has walked all the fourteen years of his life in sun-tanned, moose-hide moccasins, and he can go to the Indian camps and "talk big" with the men, and trade calico and beads with them for their precious furs. He can make bread without baking-powder, yeast, or hops, shoot a moose at three hundred yards, and drive the wild wolf-dogs fifty miles a day on the packed trail.

Last of all, he has a good heart, and is not afraid of the darkness and loneliness, of man or beast or thing. His father is a good man, strong and brave, and Walt is growing up like him.

Walt was born a thousand miles or so down the Yukon, in a trading-post below the Ramparts. After his mother died, his father and he came on up the river, step by step, from camp to camp, till now they are settled down on the Mazy May Creek in the Klondike country. Last year they and several others had spent much toil and time on the Mazy May, and endured great hardships; the creek, in turn, was just beginning to show up its richness and to reward them for their heavy labour. But with the news of their discoveries, strange men began to come and go through the short days and long nights, and many unjust things they did to the men who had worked so long upon the creek.

Si Hartman had gone away on a moose-hunt, to return and find new stakes driven and his claim jumped. George Lukens and his brother had lost their claims in a like manner, having delayed too long on the way to Dawson to record them. In short, it was the old story, and quite a number of the earnest, industrious prospectors had suffered similar losses.

But Walt Masters' father had recorded his

claim at the start, so Walt had nothing to fear now that his father had gone on a short trip up the White River prospecting for quartz. Walt was well able to stay by himself in the cabin, cook his three meals a day, and look after things. Not only did he look after his father's claim, but he had agreed to keep an eye on the adjoining one of Loren Hall, who had started for Dawson to record it.

Loren Hall was an old man, and he had no dogs, so he had to travel very slowly. After he had been gone some time, word came up the river that he had broken through the ice at Rosebud Creek and frozen his feet so badly that he would not be able to travel for a couple of weeks. Then Walt Masters received the news that old Loren was nearly all right again, and about to move on afoot for Dawson as fast as a weakened man could.

Walt was worried, however; the claim was liable to be jumped at any moment because of this delay, and a fresh stampede had started in on the Mazy May. He did not like the looks of the newcomers, and one day, when five of them came by with crack dog-teams and the lightest of camping outfits, he could see that they were prepared to make speed, and resolved to keep an eye on them. So he locked up the cabin and followed them, being at the same time careful to remain hidden.

He had not watched them long before he was sure that they were professional stampeders, bent on jumping all the claims in sight. Walt crept along the snow at the rim of the creek and saw them change many stakes, destroy old ones, and set up new ones.

In the afternoon, with Walt always trailing on their heels, they came back down the creek, unharnessed their dogs, and went into camp within two claims of his cabin. When he saw them make preparations to cook, he hurried home to get something to eat himself, and then hurried back. He crept so close that he could hear them talking quite plainly, and by pushing the underbrush aside he could catch occasional glimpses of them. They had finished eating and were smoking round the fire.

"The creek is all right, boys," a large, black-bearded man, evidently the leader, said, "and I think the best thing we can do is to pull out to-night. The dogs can follow the trail; besides, it's going to be moonlight. What say you?"

"But it's going to be beastly cold," objected one of the party. "It's forty below zero now."

"An' sure, can't ye keep warm by jumpin' off the sleds an' runnin' afther the dogs?" cried an Irishman. "An' who wouldn't? The creek's as rich as a United States mint! Faith, it's an ilegant chanst to be gettin' a run fer yer money! An' if ye don't run, it's mebbe you'll not get the money at all, at all."

"That's it," said the leader. "If we can get to Dawson and record, we're rich men; and there's no telling who's been sneaking along in our tracks, watching us, and perhaps now off to give the alarm. The thing for us to do is to rest the dogs a bit, and then hit the trail as hard as we can. What do you say?"

Evidently the men had agreed with their leader, for Walt Masters could hear nothing but the rattle of the tin dishes which were being washed. Peering out cautiously, he could see the leader studying a piece of paper. Walt knew what it was at a glance—a list of all the unrecorded claims on Mazy May. Any man could get these lists by applying to the gold commissioner at Dawson.

"Thirty-two," the leader said, lifting his face to the men. "Thirty-two isn't recorded, and this is thirty-three. Come on; let's take a look at it. I saw somebody had been working on it when we came up this morning."

Three of the men went with him, leaving one to remain in camp. Walt crept carefully after them till they came to Loren Hall's shaft. One of the men went down and built a fire on the bottom to thaw out the frozen gravel, while the others built another fire on the dump and melted water in a couple of gold-pans. This they poured into a piece of canvas stretched between two logs, used by Loren Hall in which to wash his gold.

In a short time a couple of buckets of dirt were sent up by the man in the shaft, and Walt could see the others grouped anxiously about their leader as he proceeded to wash it. When this was finished, they stared at the broad streak of black sand and yellow gold grains on the bottom of the pan, and one of them called excitedly for the man who had remained in camp to come.. Loren Hall had struck it rich, and his claim was not yet recorded. It was plain that they were going to jump it

Walt lay in the snow, thinking rapidly. He was only a boy, but in the face of the threatened injustice to old lame Loren Hall he felt that he must do something. He waited and watched, with his mind made up, till he saw the men begin to square up new stakes. Then he crawled away till out of hearing, and broke into a run for the camp of the stampeders. Walt's father had taken their own dogs with him prospecting, and the boy knew how impossible it was for him to undertake the seventy miles to Dawson without the aid of dogs.

Gaining the camp, he picked out, with an experienced eye, the easiest running sled and started to harness up the stampeders' dogs. There were three teams of six each, and from these he chose ten of the best. Realising how necessary it was to have a good head-dog, he strove to discover a leader amongst them; but he had little time in which to do it, for he could hear the voices of the returning men. By the time the team was in shape and everything ready, the claim-jumpers came into sight in an open place not more than a hundred yards from the trail, which ran down the bed of the creek. They cried out to Walt, but instead of giving heed to them he grabbed up one of their fur sleeping-robes which lay loosely in the snow, and leaped upon the sled.

"Mush! Hi! Mush on!" he cried to the animals, snapping the keen-lashed whip among them.

The dogs sprang against the yoke-straps, and the sled jerked under way so suddenly as to almost throw him off. Then it curved into the creek, poising perilously on one runner. He was almost breathless with suspense, when it finally righted with a bound and sprang ahead again. The creek bank was high and he could not see the men, although he could hear their cries and knew they were running to cut him off. He did not dare to think what would happen if they caught him; he just clung to the sled, his heart beating wildly, and watched the snow-rim of the bank above him.

Suddenly, over this snow-rim came the flying body of the Irishman, who had leaped straight for the sled in a desperate attempt to capture it; but he was an instant too late. Striking on the very rear of it, he was thrown from his feet, backward, into the snow. Yet, with the quickness of a cat, he had clutched the end of the sled with one hand, turned over, and was dragging behind on his breast, swearing at the boy and threatening all kinds of terrible things if he did not stop the dogs; but Walt cracked him sharply across the knuckles with the butt of the dog-whip till he let go.

OVER THE SNOW-RIM CAME THE FLYING BODY OF THE IRISHMAN.

It was eight miles from Walt's claim to the Yukon—eight very crooked miles, for the creek wound back and forth like a snake, "tying knots in itself," as George Lukens said. And because it was so crooked the dogs could not get up their best speed, while the sled ground

heavily on its side against the curves, now to the right, now to the left.

Travellers who had come up and down the Mazy May on foot, with packs on their backs, had declined to go round all the bends, and instead had made short cuts across the narrow necks of creek bottom. Two of his pursuers had gone back to harness the remaining dogs, but the others took advantage of these short cuts, running on foot, and before he knew it they had almost overtaken him.

WALT TURNED FIERCELY UPON THEM WITH HIS WHIP.

"Halt!" they cried after him. "Stop, or we'll shoot!"

But Walt only yelled the harder at the dogs, and dashed round the bend with a couple of revolver bullets singing after him. At the next bend they had drawn up closer still, and the bullets struck uncomfortably near to him; but at this point the Mazy May straightened out and ran for half a mile as the crow flies. Here the dogs stretched out in their long wolf-swing, and the stampeders, quickly winded, slowed down and waited for their own sled to come up.

Looking over his shoulder, Walt reasoned that they had not given up the chase for good, and that they would soon be after him again. So he wrapped the fur robe about him to shut out the stinging air, and lay flat on the empty sled, encouraging the dogs, as he well knew how.

At last, twisting abruptly between two river islands, he came upon the mighty Yukon sweeping grandly to the north He could not see from bank to bank, and in the quick-falling twilight it loomed a great white sea of frozen stillness. There was not a sound, save the breathing of the dogs, and the churn of the steel-shod sled.

No snow had fallen for several weeks, and the traffic had packed the main-river trail till it was hard and glassy as glare ice. Over this the sled flew along, and the dogs kept the trail fairly well, although Walt quickly discovered that he had made a mistake in choosing the leader. As they were driven in single file, without reins, he had to guide them by his voice, and it was evident the head-dog had never learned the meaning of "gee" and "haw." He hugged the inside of the curves too closely, often forcing his comrades behind him into the soft snow, while several times he thus capsized the sled.

There was no wind, but the speed at which he travelled created a bitter blast, and with the thermometer down to forty below, this bit through fur and flesh to the very bones. Aware that if he remained constantly upon the sled he would freeze to death, and knowing the practice of Arctic travellers, Walt shortened up one of the lashing-thongs, and whenever he felt chilled, seized hold of it, jumped off,

and ran behind till warmth was restored. Then he would climb on and rest till the process had to be repeated.

Looking back he could see the sled of his pursuers, drawn by eight dogs, rising and falling over the ice hummocks like a boat in a seaway. The Irishman and the black-bearded leader were with it, taking turns in running and riding.

Night fell, and in the blackness of the first hour or so Walt toiled desperately with his dogs. On account of the poor lead-dog, they were continually floundering off the beaten track into the soft snow, and the sled was as often riding on its side or top as it was in the proper way. This work and strain tried his strength sorely. Had he not been in such haste he could have avoided much of it, but he feared the stampeders would creep up in the darkness and overtake him. However, he could occasionally hear them yelling to their dogs, and knew from the sounds that they were coming up very slowly.

When the moon rose he was off Sixty Mile, and Dawson was only fifty miles away. He was almost exhausted, and breathed a sigh of relief as he climbed on the sled again. Looking back, he saw his enemies had crawled up within four hundred yards. At this space they remained, a black speck of motion on the white river-breast. Strive as they would, they could not shorten this distance, and strive as he would he could not increase it.

Walt had now discovered the proper lead-dog, and he knew he could easily run away from them if he could only change the bad leader for the good one. But this was impossible, for a moment's delay, at the speed they were running, would bring the men behind upon him.

When he was off the mouth of Rosebud Creek, just as he was topping a rise, the report of a gun and the ping of a bullet on the ice beside him, told him that they were this time shooting at him with a rifle. And from then on, as he cleared the summit of each ice-jam, he stretched flat on the leaping sled till the rifle-shot from the rear warned him that he was safe till the next ice-jam was reached.

Now it is very hard to lie on a moving sled, jumping and plunging and yawing like a boat before the wind, and to shoot through the deceiving moonlight at an object four hundred yards away on another moving sled performing equally wild antics. So it is not to be wondered at that the black-bearded leader did not hit him.

After several hours of this, during which, perhaps, a score of bullets had struck about him, their ammunition began to give out and their fire slackened. They took greater care, and only whipped a shot at him at the most favourable opportunities. He was also beginning to leave them behind, the distance slowly increasing to six hundred yards.

Lifting clear on the crest of a great jam off Indian River, Walt Masters met with his first accident. A bullet sang past his ears, and struck the bad lead-dog.

The poor brute plunged in a heap, with the rest of the team on top of him.

Like a flash Walt was by the leader. Cutting the traces with his hunting-knife, he dragged the dying animal to one side and straightened out the team.

He glanced back. The other sled was coming up like an express train. With half the dogs still over their traces, he cried "Mush on!" and leaped upon the sled just as the pursuing team dashed abreast of him.

The Irishman was just preparing to spring for him—they were so sure they had him that they did not shoot—when Walt turned fiercely upon them with his whip.

He struck at their faces, and men must save their faces with their hands. So there was no shooting just then. Before they could recover from the hot rain of blows, Walt reached out from his sled, catching their wheel-dog by the fore-legs in midspring, and throwing him heavily. This brought the whole team into a snarl, capsizing the sled and tangling his enemies up beautifully.

Away Walt flew, the runners of his sled fairly screaming as they bounded over the frozen surface. And what had seemed an accident, proved to be a blessing in disguise. The proper lead-dog was now to the fore, and he stretched low to the trail and whined with joy as he jerked his comrades along.

By the time he reached Ainslie's Creek, seventeen miles from Dawson, Walt had left his pursuers, a tiny speck, far behind. At Monte Cristo Island he could no longer see them. And at Swede Creek, just as daylight was silvering the pines, he ran plump into the camp of old Loren Hall.

Almost as quick as it takes to tell it, Loren had his sleeping-furs rolled up, and had joined Walt on the sled. They permitted the dogs to travel more slowly, as there was no sign of the chase in the rear, and just as they pulled up at the gold commissioner's office in Dawson, Walt, who had kept his eyes open to the last, fell asleep.

And because of what Walt Masters did on this night, the men of the Yukon have become very proud of him, and always speak of him now as the King of Mazy May.

LAMPS.

IN this, the darkest month of the year, the subject of lamps is a suitable one to treat. Thanks to the acetylene gas flame, which, on account of its small size, can be set at the focus of a small parabolic reflector, we have a light which utterly eclipses that of the old oil-lamp, and dispels the greatest inconvenience of night-riding, *i.e.*, being uncertain as to what is immediately ahead. The bluish acetylene rays pick out the grass on both sides of the road with astonishing clearness, show stones in relief, and puddles as dark patches, and enable us to see an object further off than the distance required to bring the cycle to rest. All this is effected by a flame of less than half a square inch in area, backed by a proper reflector.

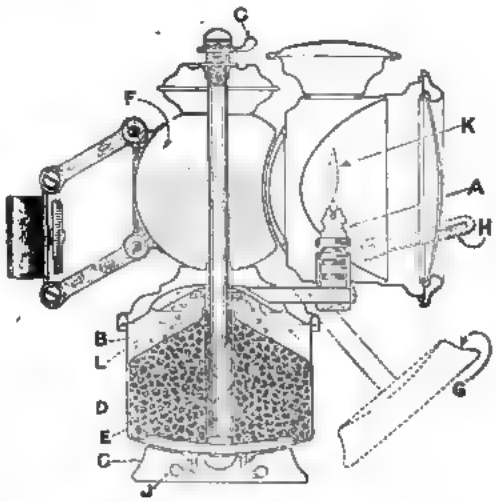
Oil *v.* Acetylene.

I don't suppose that my readers have any doubts about the superiority of the gas-lamp. In favour of oil-lamps may be urged (1) that they do not require attention so often; (2) that they are lighter; (3) that oil is more easily procurable anywhere than carbide of calcium. The first argument is discounted, however, by the fact that wicks become foul and oil becomes stale. The second need not be taken seriously, as no sensible person minds carrying a few ounces extra if they mean the difference between semi-darkness and proper illumination. The third will be increasingly weakened by the greater prevalence of acetylene lamps.

Under the head of cleanliness acetylene scores heavily. The messiness of an oil-lamp is horrible. With carbide one need scarcely soil one's fingers. Re-charging becomes, with habit, the matter of a minute or so. An old knife kept handy wherewith to remove the spent chemical, an old tooth-brush for cleaning up the wall of the carbide chamber, and a box to throw the rubbish into, is all you want to make the operation simple and speedy. An acetylene lamp, moreover, may be upset or deliberately laid on its side without causing oily troubles.

As Regards Light-giving Power

the oil-lamp is "nowhere." Quite recently I tested the acetylene lamp I habitually use against an oil-lamp that does duty on a friend's machine. I found by the simple oil-spot-on-a-screen method that my lamp was *one hundred and ten* times more effective than the other; which means that it would show an object ten yards away as easily as the other would show it at one yard! Of course, a new oil-lamp of a first-class pattern would be much more effective proportionately; but no rival of the acetylene.



SECTIONAL DIAGRAM OF AN ACETYLENE LAMP, SHOWING THE WATER CHAMBER F, VALVE C, AND CARBIDE CHAMBER D

The gas passes through the perforated plate B and a felt pad to the burner. The plate L and the spring attached keep the carbide from rattling about in the chamber

TROUBLES WITH ACETYLENE LAMPS usually arise from one of four causes:

(1) *A choked water-supply.*—This can be detected if the carbide chamber is removed and the valve turned on. If the drops do not fall regularly, remove the valve spindle, clean the tip, and also pass a fine wire through the seating, scraping the sides very lightly.

(2) *Clogged burner or gas channels.*—If the burner refuses to light, or gives a very feeble flame, and you hear the gas forcing its way through the water-valve and water, you may be sure that the burner or the gas channels need cleaning out. Sometimes only one hole in the burner is choked. The other then shoots out a long pencil of flame which is apt to damage the reflector. When over-hauling your lamp, detach the plate which forms the roof of the carbide holder, clean out all the perforations, and brush the pad which lies between it and the body of the lamp to act as a strainer. This pad should be replaced occasionally, as it becomes saturated with water and carbide. Some lamps have on the gas-pipe leading to the burner a nozzle to which an inflator can be attached to force air through the passages at high pressure. If a clogged burner cannot be cleaned out thus, it must be replaced; wherefore I advise you to carry a spare one always in your wallet.

(3) *Too large a charge of carbide.*—As the chemical unites with water it disintegrates and swells. So that, if the chamber is more than half filled with dry carbide, the air-space becomes contracted, and the flame burns unsteadily. Also, the action of water on the carbide becomes irregular.

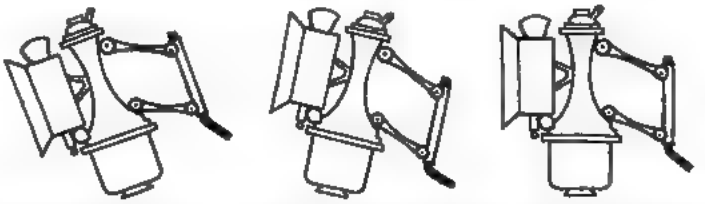
(4) A fourth possible trouble—not a frequent one, however,—is a leak in the chamber. This is easily discovered by allowing gas to generate and submerging the lamp in water till the chamber is covered.

ECONOMY IS CONSULTED by turning off the water some time before you mean to stop: and also by reducing the flame while walking up a hill, when the need for a strong light exists no longer. You will save your burners if you make it a practice to *blow out* the lamp, and *never allow it to burn out*, as a gradually dying flame deposits the products of imperfect combustion round and in the burner holes.

WHAT TO BUY.

There are so many acetylene lamps now on the market that the purchaser has a large choice. I am strongly of the opinion that, in the long run, it pays well to get a somewhat expensive lamp, by a good maker, because it is well made in the first instance, and also the parts can be bought whenever a renewal is necessary. With a cheap article the parts, if procurable, are often so expensive in proportion that the owner prefers to throw the old lamp away and get another. A capital lamp is Lucas's "Acetyphote." It costs 12*s.* 6*d.* (I quote Gamage's prices), and is rather heavy (2 lb.), but gives a brilliant light, employs a most efficient method of clamping the socket on the lamp bracket, and has removable reflector and front glass. When the former is burnt, or the latter broken, a new one can be inserted in a few seconds, at the cost of a few pence. After many unsuccessful efforts to keep a fixed reflector *bright* as well as clean, I much appreciate this convenience. Other good lamps are the "Perfecta Nova" (9*s.* 6*d.*); and the "Vincent" (7*s.* 6*d.*)—the reflector of this is also detachable. Lucas's "Aceta" (4*s.* 9*d.*) is good for the money, though, of course, no rival to the "Acetyphote."

LAMP BRACKETS are often very flimsy affairs. For a heavy lamp a much stouter fitting than is usually sold with a cycle should be got. A very strong bracket—halved, so as to be clipped to the steering pillar with screws—is sold by most dealers for 2*s.* The edges of the bracket should be rounded with a file, so as not to cut the string of parcels which you may have to hang on it from time to time. It is particularly important that the bracket be perpendicular, or so bent that the lamp rides vertically.



Many cyclists are careless about the position of the lamp on its bracket. Don't let it illuminate the front tyre, or point to the sky. You want the light straight ahead, as well as on the ground a little way in front, so make sure that your lamp rides quite vertically. Inattention to this detail means damage to the reflector, and great loss of efficiency.

A LEADING PART

BY STUART WISHING.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

"WELL, Mr. Goodhart," said the Head, "how is it going?"

"First-rate," was the reply. "We've only needed the prompter once to-day. The boys seem to know their lines very well, and have quite lost any trace of self-consciousness they may have shown in the early stages."

"I'm very glad to hear it. But let me introduce to you Mr. Wilkinson—our new recruit and manager."

We had noticed the entry of the Head and a stranger some ten minutes before; but, being in the thick of a rehearsal of *Bluebeard*, had not had time for a close scrutiny. It was the end of the Christmas term, you see, and we were busily preparing for our grand annual pantomime, with which we always wound up the year. Dr. Mollison—or "Molly," as we termed him—was very keen on amateur theatricals, and our present coach, Mr. Goodhart, one of the assistant masters, was equally fond of them. Fellows who took part in the panto were excused first lesson each day for the last fortnight of term, so you may imagine there was great competition for places in the company; and, as we were carefully drilled, the performance was always of a high-class standard. We depended entirely on ourselves—with one exception. Molly always got a professional actor down from London to take the leading part and generally pull us together a week before the performance. The new arrival, Mr. Wilkinson, was the pro who had just come down to give us the finishing touches.

"Capital little stage," said the newcomer, walking round and examining our arrangements. "I suppose you are very fond of acting, Dr. Mollison?"

"I was in my young days," said Molly, "but that is a long time ago. I used to go in for amateur theatricals a great deal when I was at Cambridge, but of late years I have confined myself merely to superintending the efforts of my colleagues. Mr. Goodhart here is responsible for most of the work now."

"And I'm sure it does you credit," remarked Wilks, as we had already dubbed him in our own minds. "I listened very attentively while you finished that last scene. The boys spoke their lines well, and did not seem at all nervous."

"We have got past that stage by this time, as we have been rehearsing for more than a week. But I don't know what they will feel like on the eventful evening. . . . I suppose you'll be ready to rehearse this afternoon at three?"

"Oh, yes. I know all I've got to say thoroughly. By the way, who is responsible for the book? I thought the words exceedingly clever."

"Mr. Goodhart," broke in Molly with a genial smile. "He is our talented dramatist and manager rolled into one."

"Really? I must congratulate you again. Have you ever tried your hand, Mr. Goodhart, at more ambitious work?"

And then they all started off a long conversation about the rotten words in most of the present-day pantos. Personally, I think all the shows I've ever seen, distinctly good;

but Goodhart and Wilks agreed they were too abject for words. The Head said much the same as the others, so we kept our opinions to ourselves.

"Well," said Molly, after about ten minutes' jaw, "I must run away now; and I dare say you'll be glad to retire to your quarters, Mr. Wilkinson, for a time. We shall rehearse again this afternoon."

As soon as they had disappeared we plied Goodhart with questions.

"Is he a good man, sir?" we asked. "Have you ever seen him anywhere?"

"No," replied Goodhart. "I don't even know his name; but Dr. Mollison said that he was strongly recommended by the agent, and is a first-class actor. At any rate, I've no doubt that he will be able to give all of us some hints as to what we must do and not do."

"He's taking Bluebeard, isn't he?"

"Of course—that's the chief part, you know, and you must be on your best behaviour before him. Don't forget all the tips I've given you—and above all things don't be nervous. If you do as well as you've done to-day, I shall be more than satisfied."

"We'll do our best, sir," we replied; for Goodhart is a thoroughly decent man and does his utmost to give a good show.

Well, the afternoon came, and our ordeal began. Naturally, we felt a bit shy before Wilks at first, but he soon put us at our ease by showing us a few tricks of make-up in the period before we started. He was a very good sort, and jolly smart at the game, changing himself from an old man to a young one, and from an absolute ruffian to a society swell, in a very few minutes. It was simply wonderful

"Would you fellows recognise me now?" he asked, after a particularly startling change.

"Rather not," we chorused, and it was perfectly true.

"Come along now," he said. "I've been wasting too much time. Ah! here's your regular manager."

The rehearsal began, and everything went off swimmingly. Wilks, of course, was letter-perfect in his part, and we got through without a mistake for the first time since we started. Goodhart was very pleased.

"That was splendid," said Wilks after Act I. "I don't think there is any need for comment on the way you've trained them. But perhaps I might suggest a little alteration in the grouping. Do you mind?"

"Not at all," said Goodhart. "Do exactly as you think best—remember we're only amateurs."

"You mustn't say that—I've never seen amateurs do better." And Goodhart simply glowed with joy.

"See here supposing we make Fatima stand here—and the slave *there*—or would you rather they remained as before?"

"It's a great improvement—the whole picture is much more effective," said Goodhart, after retiring to the other end of the room to get a better view.

"Ah! I thought so; and then here—" and he began a lot of changes. He certainly made the whole show a great deal better than it was before; but he did it so tactfully, asking Goodhart if he approved of this or that, half suggesting that *he* had proposed the change, that we didn't think him a bit sidey. He was such a pleasant chap, and didn't push himself forward at all, so that we liked him better than ever; and I heard both Molly and Goodhart say afterwards that they couldn't have chosen a more useful man than Wilks, which only shows how liable we all are to make mistakes.

* * * * * *

The great day—or rather evening—arrived. The people were all arranged in the Big School, packed away as tightly as possible; and a host of mothers, fathers, and relations were assembled to watch what the local paper calls "the efforts of our juvenile Thespians." Molly was there in all his glory, imposing and bland in a new dress-suit for the occasion. Mrs. Molly was moving about, seeing to the comfort of her guests and saying roughly three words to each in quick succession. The reporters were sharpening their pencils; Goodhart, who was to act as prompter and generally make himself useful, was whispering a few last words of advice and encouragement; and the rest of us were quaking with funk behind the scenes.

Wilks was as cheery as ever, and did his best to buck us up.

"Don't be so frightened," he said. "There's nothing to be alarmed about. Once you've said a couple of lines you'll be all right. Another good thing—you won't be able to see the audience when the lights are down in front and the stage lights are well on you. It's not at all dreadful."

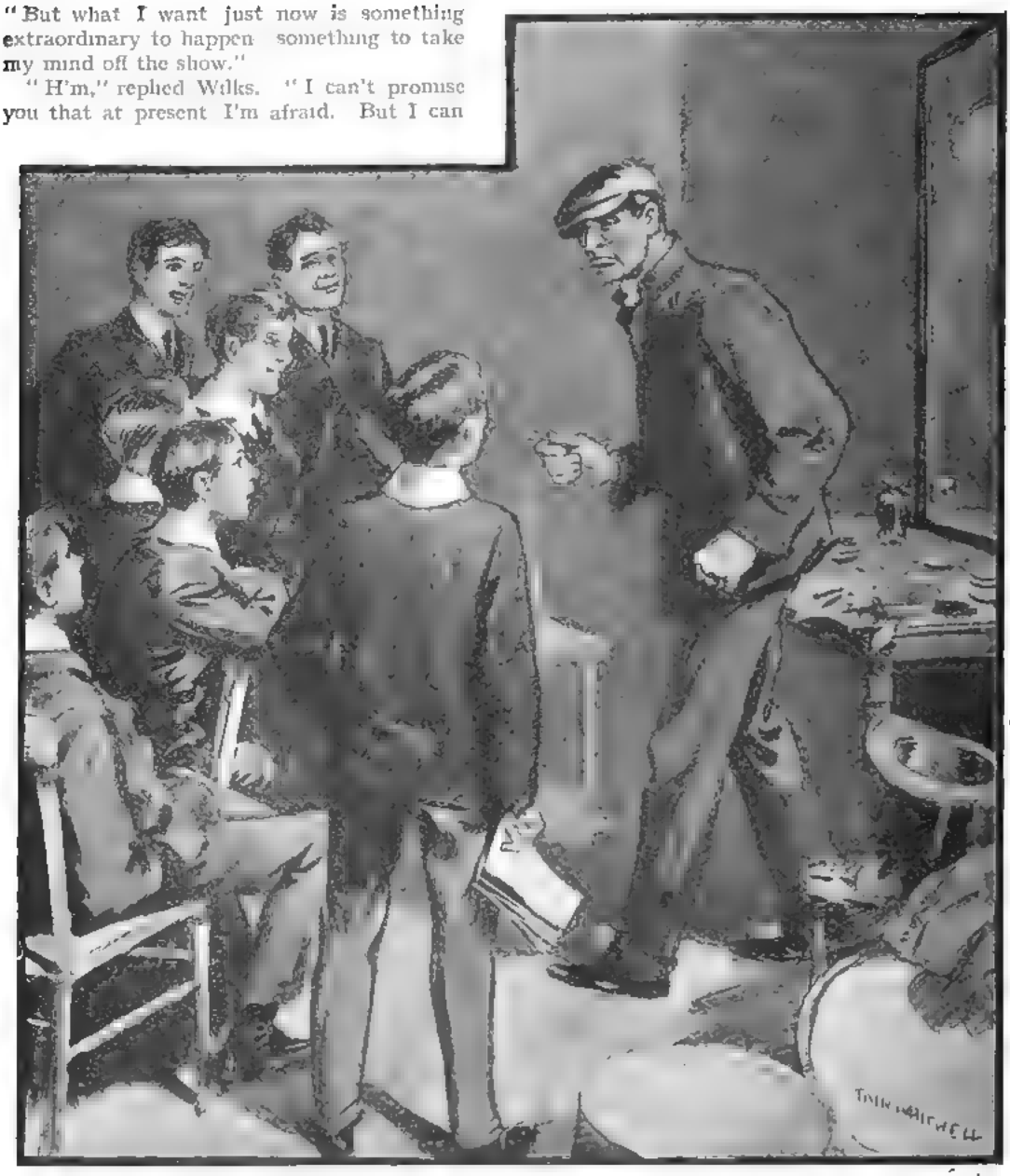
"I wish it was all over," said the funny man of the piece—Carruthers, who looked anything but funny just then. "I'm in a blue funk."

"There's no need for that: think of something jolly—think of something really humorous—the dinner you're going to eat on Christmas Day, for example—that ought to make you smile."

"That's true," said Carruthers laughing.

"But what I want just now is something extraordinary to happen something to take my mind off the show."

"H'm," replied Wilks. "I can't promise you that at present I'm afraid. But I can promise you one thing—you'll be jolly surprised before to-morrow morning."



"WOULD YOU FELLOWS RECOGNISE ME NOW?"

"How?"

"Oh! That's my secret," he laughed. "I mustn't tell you now, or it would spoil everything. It will do you good to be a little curious, and keep your thoughts off the splendid success you're going to have in your various parts."

"Do tell us," we begged.

"No—no! Just you wonder what it's going to be. Perhaps I'll stick in a few extra jokes during the evening: perhaps—but wait and see!"

And he made such a comical face that we all burst out laughing and felt ourselves again at once. That was just like the fellow—he could do anything he wanted.

The curtain was rung up, and the Castle of Bluebeard was disclosed. I won't bore you with a long description of the panto, which you have probably seen a good many times. It went very well, and though Carruthers had to be prompted in the very first line, no one noticed it, and he got his stage-legs almost immediately. The rest of us, encouraged by him and more jokes by Wilks, forgot to feel frightened. All the puns and gibes in the play went down very well; the audience seemed to see the point of the thing at once, and applauded us heartily. Wilks looked splendid in the part of Bluebeard, and—as he had promised—introduced some new jokes as he went along. It didn't muddle us in the least, as he always gave us the right cue. Indeed, he looked so happy and jolly, and seemed to be enjoying himself so much, that we fairly bucked along. The curtain went down after Act I. amid a storm of cheering.

"Excellent, Mr. Wilkinson," said Goodhart, looking as pleased as Punch. "This is the best performance we've ever had."

"So glad," answered Wilks. "These boys of yours are simply great—couldn't make a mistake if they tried, I believe. How long interval do we get?"

"Ten minutes: that's quite enough, isn't it?"

"Oh, rather; but I wish you'd send some one round to the front to get me a glass of water—I'm awfully thirsty."

"Certainly," said Goodhart; "here, Moorhouse—you'll do! Just go round through the Arcade to the school house and get Mr. Wilkinson a drink. Nobody will see you if you go that way."

"Thanks very much," said Wilks. "I feel quite fagged. There's no hurry, Moorhouse—you've plenty of time."

Off I ran, glad to be of use to such a jolly chap. I went out by the back door, and round the Big School through the Arcade—as we call the open space surrounded by arches just outside the School House. When I reached this point, I was astonished to see Molly talking to a policeman. I caught a few words as I passed.

"You're sure he's the man?" asked Molly.

"Positive, sir," said the policeman. "We've had very particular instructions from Scotland Yard this morning. There can be no mistake."

"Here, Moorhouse!" said the Head, catching sight of me. "I want you a minute—to ask you a question."

I approached in dire alarm—fearing that the bobby had got hold of a few stories of my childhood. Fortunately, my fears were groundless.

"This man," Molly went on, indicating the bobby, "has just informed me that Mr. Wilkinson is a professional thief—a clever scoundrel who has been wanted for some time."

I gasped.

"*What!*" I said. "Wilks a thief! Er—I mean——"

"Yes," said Molly gravely. "I'm afraid there is no doubt about it. But I want to be completely satisfied before taking steps, and that is why I have told you this. Have you noticed any particular mark on the man in question?"

I pondered deeply.

"Yes," I replied at last. "When he was making up the other day he showed us a small snake tattooed on his neck. He told us how a Japanese artist had——"

"More likely done in London," broke in the policeman, with a grim smile. "And has he got a bit taken out of his left ear, young gentleman?"

"Rather," I replied, fearfully excited by this time. "He showed us how he filled it up with paste, and how the paint on it made it look perfectly natural."

"You see, sir, there can be no mistake," said the policeman, and poor old Molly shook his head.

"I'm afraid not," he replied despondently. "But you see how distressed I must feel at the occurrence, and how peculiarly unfortunate it is that it should happen on this of all nights of the year. Can nothing be done?"

The bobby coughed discreetly, and shook his head.

"Could you not wait till the performance is over?" urged Molly. "The wretched man can't possibly get away if you wait for him, and the enjoyment of the spectators would not be interfered with."

"I might do that," was the reply. "I'd do anything to oblige you, sir,—short of not doing my duty; and I can't see where the harm is in that."

"Thank you very much," said Molly. "That will be the best way out of the difficulty. You can go now, Moorhouse—that will do."

I departed, brimful of excitement, as you may well imagine. By Jove! This would be something to remember for a long time. What a row there would be when it was known, and Wilks—the cheerful Wilks—was shown up in his true colours! I couldn't help feeling sorry for the poor beast, because he had been so

awfully decent to us; and I didn't want to see him collared. Still, I couldn't do anything without giving the whole show away and letting the criminal escape. I hoped secretly that he would get off somehow—without my assistance; but, as matters stood at present, I wouldn't have given much for his chances. Full of wonder, and bursting with importance, I carried the glass of water back and then went to find my own particular chum—Lloyd. I discovered him in the wings.

"I say!" I began, "there's going to be an awful shindy in about two ticks!"

"Why? Have the lights gone wrong, or has Wilks blacked his face? He said he'd do something to——"

"It *is* Wilks——"

"*What!* Surely he's not done that! What a screaming joke!"

"There's no joke about this, my son," I said severely. "Look here—you must keep it dark! Wilks is nothing more than a common or garden thief."

"You must be off your head," said Lloyd incredulously.

"I'm speaking the solemn truth. There's a bobby waiting to nab him when the play's over; and he'll be quodded to-night. If you don't believe me——"

"Has the bell gone yet?" asked a voice behind us, making me jump violently. "It seems to me that we've had our full ten minutes and a little over. No? Ah! then I must have been mistaken."

The form of Wilks moved away, and we gazed awe-struck at one another.

"D'you think he heard?" I asked.

"I don't know . . . he came up so beastly quietly that I couldn't say. . . . I shouldn't think he did, or he'd have looked startled, and would probably have given himself away."

"I hope he didn't—but anyhow it's no use worrying."

"Not a bit—and if the bobby is waiting to get him afterwards it won't matter much if he *has* heard. Rather rough on the poor chap though—I quite like him—don't you?"

"Yes—but he's a thief, all the same."

"Hullo! there goes the bell. We'd better move."

The second act began, and we postponed further discussion till a more convenient season. Luckily for both of us, we hadn't much to do in the way of speaking. Lloyd and myself were Bluebeard's pages, so, of course, our business chiefly consisted in running errands for him and getting in the way generally. All we had to say was "Yes, my lord," or "No, my lord," or answer to the name of "varlet"—and I can assure you that that was all we were capable of doing just then. I went through the piece in a sort of hazy dream, wondering whether Wilks would shoot himself to avoid capture, or go peacefully and unromantically to gaol.

I looked earnestly at him during the act. As I watched, I couldn't help admiring the man, though I knew he deserved his probable fate. Outwardly he was not a bit changed; and if he had heard my remarks—as we guessed afterwards that he must have—he showed himself to be the coolest person that I've ever seen. He never faltered once in his lines—no prompter was needed for *him*—and the amount of extra gag, jokes, and puns that he introduced into his part was simply extraordinary. I had thought him rattling good in the first act, but he surpassed himself in the second. At last, after a lengthy period as it seemed, the play came to an end. The curtain was rung down, the lights were turned up, and a regular hullabaloo of cheering and clapping was wafted from the audience towards us. Goodhart came on from the wings and congratulated us all on the excellence with which we had played.

"We must respond to the clapping," said he. "Arrange yourselves as prettily as you can. Interior of Castle scene—Jones! hold that scimitar straight—Walker! trail your draperies more gracefully—and Bluebeard—hullo! where's Mr. Wilkinson?"

"He went off as soon as the curtain fell," said one of the fellows, and I held my breath—was he going to escape after all? "I think he was going to change."

"Moorhouse! Run and tell him we're going to take a call, and that it wouldn't be complete without him—hurry up!"

I ran off to where I expected Wilks would be—in the little dressing-room behind the scenes; but there was no sign of him there. I hunted round every likely place—still no Wilks; and while I was looking I heard the curtain go up. So they had evidently not waited for him—perhaps it was just as well! I went out through the stage door, and there I saw the Head on guard.

"Has Mr. Wilkinson come out yet, sir?" I asked.

"No, my boy," he answered. "I am waiting here until the audience has dispersed. The policeman is going onto the stage from the front, when it is all over, and will then arrest him."

I was puzzled at my not finding him, but as I knew there was no other way off the stage than the one by which I had just appeared, I concluded that I must have missed him in going

round by the wings. The best thing to do, I decided, was to stay where I was and see the fun out, in case Wilks made a dash for our position.

So we waited there for five minutes—ten, I suppose it must have been; though at the time I thought it was at least half an hour. The audience, I gathered, dawdled out in their usual idiotic way while we waited anxiously outside the stage door.

Suddenly the policeman appeared with a bag in his hand.

"It's all right, sir," he said. "I've just taken his property-bag, so that he won't be able to run away if he wants to."

"Is he on the stage?" asked Molly.

"Yes, sir—he didn't spot me. I'll just put this here bag in a place of safety, and then come back for our gentleman—if you'd be so good as to stay here, sir, to prevent his getting out this way. I'll be back in a minute."

"Certainly, officer," said Molly. "I will wait here until you return;" and the bobby disappeared.

Well, we waited, and continued to wait, but our friend didn't turn up. Just as we were getting rather tired of the game, the bobby arrived again.

"You have been some time, officer," said the Head a bit huffily.

"Beg pardon, sir," was the answer, "but I can't find any trace of him."

"What!" said Molly. "Have you been on the stage?"

"Searched it thoroughly, sir," replied the man; "but it looks as if he'd slipped off somehow."

"He couldn't get off in his Bluebeard's dress—and he had nothing else. You removed all his other clothes, didn't you?"

"I, sir? No—I wish I had."

"But—but I saw you come out of this door with a bag—his bag!"

"Bag, sir! What bag?"

"You *must* remember, my good man! Why—only about ten minutes ago you appeared with his property-bag, and said you were going to deposit it somewhere!"

The policeman struck his knee a mighty blow.

"Bilked!" he said in a disgusted tone.

I APPROACHED IN DIRE ALARM.

"You say a policeman came out of this door, sir?"

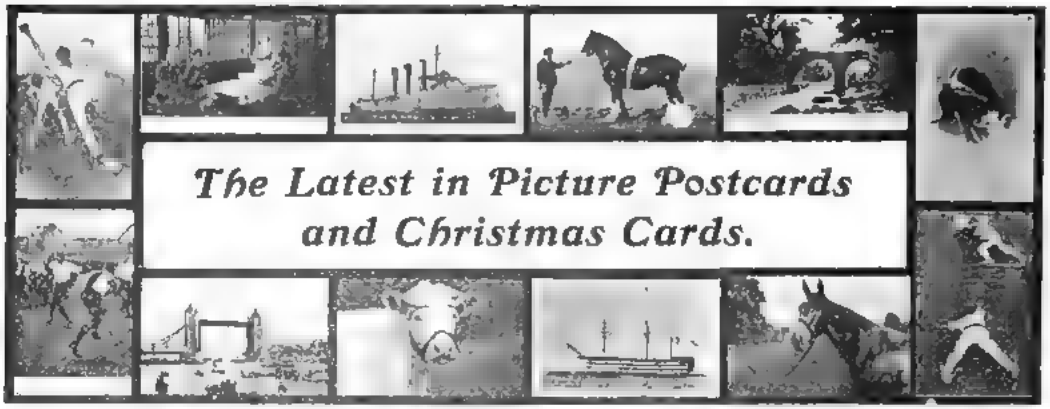
"Yes—yes!"

"Well, I'm the only policeman here to-night, and I've never been through that door yet. Don't you see, sir? The cunning scamp dressed himself up as a constable!"

"The—the scoundrel!" stuttered Molly. "B—but how did he get the costume?"

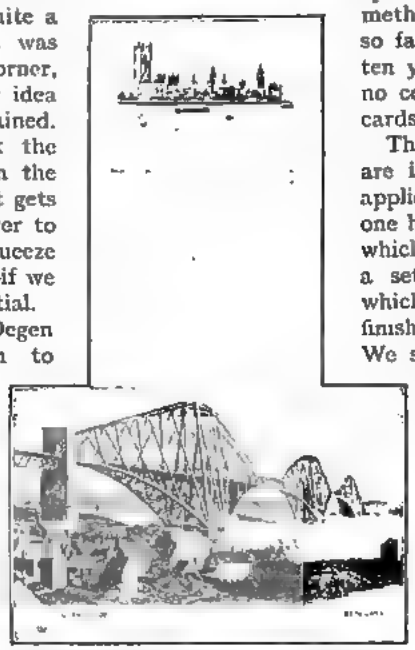
"I expect he brought it in that bag you saw," said the bobby. "He must have come prepared for anything . . . it's an old trick, sir. But we must try to get on his trail at once."

But they never did get on to his trail. Wilks made his way to the station, boarded the London train, and alighted at some wayside station. Molly had only one reason to be satisfied—Wilks went empty-handed, not being given time to make a clean sweep of the Head's valuables!



ONE of the most interesting points in the study of picture postcards is to notice the growth of the picture—how, at the time of the first appearance of the species, the picture played quite a timidly subsidiary part. It was just pushed away into a corner, so to speak, and the primary idea of the postcard itself was retained. It was to write on. Mark the gradual growth of arrogance in the picture. Larger and larger it gets until now we have to turn over to the other side of the card to squeeze in a crowded word or two—if we put anything in but a bare initial.

From Messrs. Blum and Degen we have received an album to which they have given the title, "The Growth of the Picture Post-Card Industry," and from a perusal of its contents one quite sees how it is that the postcard, as it stands to-day, has obtained such a hold on the affections of all and sundry. From the small—almost, to a modern idea, crudely done—picture in our first reproduction, the album leads us by gentle stages on to the little works of art which are submitted to the public eye at the present time. All the space of the card is used, and the methods of reproduction are now so far superior to those in vogue ten years ago that there is simply no comparison between the earlier cards and the modern ones.

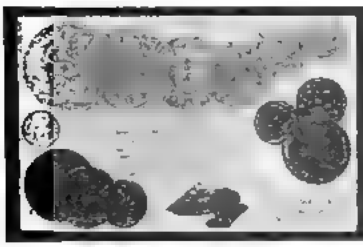


ANCIENT AND MODERN. A COMPARISON.
From cards by Messrs. Blum and Degen.

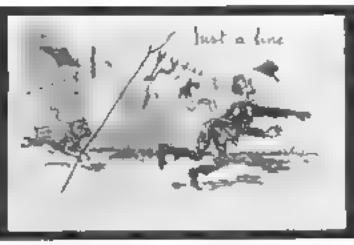
That the words "work of art" are in no sense wrongly used when applied to the modern postcard, one has only to point to one series which this firm publishes. This is a set of really beautiful etchings, which are executed in the most finished style of copper-plate work. We show a small reproduction of one of the cards of this series.

One of these fine days the picture postcard will obtain its due recognition as an educational force. Why drudge through geographies and text-books if you wish to learn things about a foreign country, when a visit to the nearest stationers will produce you the very thing you want to

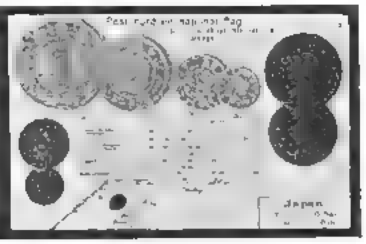
SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE. TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM. ANN HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.
THREE OF THE SERIES OF ETCHINGS. Messrs. Blum and Degen.



ENGLISH COINS AND FLAG.
Messrs. H. and C. Hulbert.



A COMIC CARD.
By Messrs. S. Hildesheimer and Co.



JAPANESE COINS AND FLAG.
Messrs. H. and C. Hulbert.

know about anywhere—from China to Peru, from Van Dieman's Land to Vladivostok. Do you yearn to know the most intimate details in the day's work of a soldier or a sailor, for instance? No need to worry. It's all down on postcards for you if you only care to hunt them up. Ask any question, from the colour of a famous locomotive to the number of the stones in an actor's scarf-pin, and the postcard can answer you. It can even teach you to paint.

Take, for example, a card issued by Messrs. S. Oates and Co. With a design in outline, you are given, on a part of the card which will tear off when done with, quite sufficient excellent water-colour paint to make for the delectation of your friends a very pretty little picture. Not the least part of this Artist's Compendium are the pithy instructions—a complete lesson in painting in twenty words.

A series of cards of much interest—from an educational point of view as well as pictorially—is the West Indian series published by Mr. A. E. Aspinall. These pictures bring us quite into touch with the features of this part of the world, and the quaint affectations of the natives. The picture of the gentleman with the Union Jack which we reproduce is labelled, "In the West Indies—A Newsvendor," although exactly why he carries a flag is not made clear. Is it a badge of his trade "in them parts"? But one anticipates with delight the patriotic display when the custom becomes general in Fleet Street.

THE MULTIPLE POSTCARD.
The Photochrom Co.

The accompanying reproduction gives some notion of the appearance of the "Multiple Post-Card," published by the Photochrom Company. This is a postcard which, when one "touches the button," becomes several postcards, and is the outcome of a really smart idea.

A selection of cards which we have received from Messrs. Davidson is among the best we have seen for some time. This firm sets itself a really high standard to keep up to, as a glance at the list of its artists, which includes such names as Tom Browne, R.I., J. Hassall, and Dudley Hardy, will testify. In a very seasonable vein are the three cards by Tom Browne of which we give reproductions. The very fine set of "Domestic

THREE OF THE WEST INDIAN SERIES.

By Mr. A. E. Aspinall.

THE HIGHLAND EXPRESS.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GREETING.

THE SCOTCH EXPRESS.

THREE FINE CHRISTMAS POSTCARDS.

By Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Co

Pets" cards is from the same firm, and affords proof that the more artistic side of the industry is not neglected by them.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons are well to the 'fore again this year with a splendidly large and varied selection of Christmas cards, postcards, pictorial calendars, and artistic novelties of all sorts. Such reproductions as we give of the works of this firm can

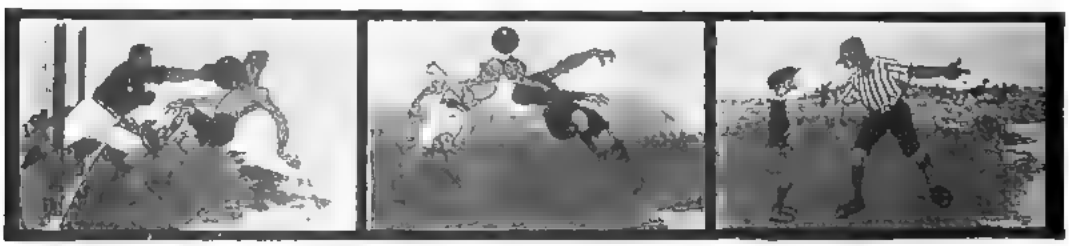
A CARD AFTER A PAINTING BY C. REICHART.
By Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Co.

convey but an idea of their appearance in all the glory of the dainty colouring for which Tuck's are renowned. It is an axiom that to possess oneself of a Tuck production is to become the owner of one of the best possible. Every taste can be gratified from their enormous range of subjects—and their list of artists includes the names of some of the most famous in the world. At this season of goodwill, when everybody who has a friend is desirous of exchanging Christmas greetings with him, the Christmas card in some form or other becomes a power in the land, and the task of selection taxes all the critical powers of the ordinary individual. In this predicament one cannot go far wrong in choosing cards at the well-known sign of the Easel and Palette.

Although the Christmas card and the postcard as we know them have been brought to such a pitch of excellence that can hardly, with

A UNIQUE CARD IN COLOUR.
Messrs. C. W. Faulkner and Co.

present methods, be surpassed, there are plenty of good people who prefer a more



THREE EXCELLENT EXAMPLES OF THE TOM BROWNE CHRISTMAS GREETING. Messrs. Davidson.

DOMESTIC PETS. Reproduced direct from Oil Paintings by Messrs. Davidson.

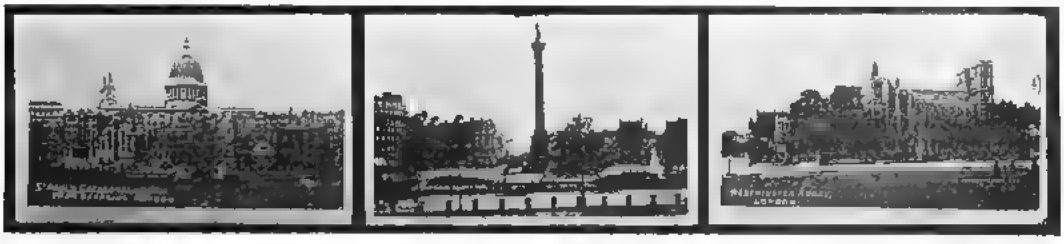
personal note in their Christmas greetings than can be supplied by the mere printed card. To such persons the novelties issued by Kodak, Ltd., cannot fail to appeal. The form that they take is that of a high-class Christmas card, minus the usual picture. If the sender of this card be an amateur photographer, he affixes to it a photograph of his own taking—if he does not use a camera he prevails upon a friend who does to affix to it a photograph of himself.

A SPLENDID CHRISTMAS CARD IN COLOUR.
Messrs. S. Hildesheimer and Co.

Postcards and Christmas cards have also to be acknowledged from Messrs. C. W. Faulkner and Co., J. Beagles and Co., Walter Dannatt, The Locomotive Publishing Co., Ltd., S. Hildesheimer and Co., Ltd., H. and C. Hulbert,

A FINE EXAMPLE FROM MESSRS. RAPHAEL TUCK'S ART SERIES.

and The Collector's Publishing Co. These will be dealt with next month.



THREE EXCELLENT LONDON VIEW POSTCARDS. Messrs. H. Lindley and Co.

THE ADVENTURES OF DICK SELMES.

By BERTRAM MITFORD,

Author of "The Gun-Runner," "The King's Assegai," "The Sign of the Spider," &c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. A. BOWRING.

No. 3.—THE TICKING OF A WATCH.

"BANG! Boom!"

Rock and frowning krantz rolled back the reverberations in swooping echo as the first seven-pounder spoke, launching its whistling shrapnel across the deep, thickly bushed valley of the Tsolo River. Hardly had the echoes died away than the second gun spoke.

Simultaneously with its roar, branches and stones were seen to split and fly, on the opposite hill-side some six hundred yards away. Simultaneously, too, a deep-chested ejaculation of wonderment broke from the throats of more than double that number of human beings. But the mere handful of brown-clad, helmeted men stood calm and alert, feeling perhaps a little grim, as they marked the effect of the gun practice upon the ochre-smeared groups which dotted the hill-side hard by. More and more Kafirs came hurrying up from near and far, eager to witness the fun of what was to them an entirely new experience. For this was no battle, only a demonstration on the part of the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police, whose recently formed battery of artillery was delighted to have a chance of showing the turbulent inhabitants of the Transkei what they might hope to expect in case of—accidents.

With each successful shot—and the new artillery men were making wonderfully good practice—a gasp of admiring amazement ran through the entranced spectators like the breaking of a wave on the shore. These had increased till there could not have been less than a couple of thousand, reddening the slopes like a swarm of ants. They were not armed, except with sticks; and without his kerrie a Kafir rarely moves. The Police Commandant had sent word to all the principal chiefs, inviting them to witness the gun drill, and some had accepted. Besides the artillery, there were three full troops of mounted men.

Tall and bearded, his stature and smart uniform and shining sword impressing the savages no less than his calm imperturbability of demeanour, the Commandant stood, among three or four Inspectors. Two others made up the group, and these, old friends of ours—Harley Greenoak and his charge, Dick Selmes. A little way from these squatted a knot of chiefs and councillors, eagerly discussing, in a low hum, the effect of every shot. They were all old or elderly men, differing outwardly in no way from the commonest of their people. They wore the same red blanket, and some the massive ivory armlet. But the faces of all were remarkably shrewd and intelligent.

The practice was soon over, and the swarms of red-ochred savages began to melt away; though a goodly proportion remained on the ground to discuss what they had seen. Meanwhile, the Police were mounting for their return march.

With them went Harley Greenoak and Dick Selmes. The bulk of the patrol would return across the Kei to the Colonial side, but A. Troop would remain behind in camp to keep an eye on a particularly unreliable and turbulent chief named Vunisa. The officer in command of this, Inspector Chambers, and Greenoak were old friends, and it was arranged that the latter and his charge should camp with them for awhile.

At that time the Transkei was in a state of simmer, and the same might be said of the tribes inhabiting British Kaffraria. Chiefs were known to be calling in their followers; and this was done by a system that worked with marvellous rapidity. At night mysterious beacons flashed answering messages to each other from this or that lofty hill-top, and it was known that war-dancing on a real scale was going on in this or that disaffected chief's location; and notably in that of Vunisa, situated in the Gudhluka Reserve. This Vunisa was chief over an important section of the Gcaleka tribe.

* * * * *

In front of the officers' mess hut in the A Troop camp, a group of four sat chatting.

"Pity we can't find out something more definite, Greenoak," Inspector Chambers was saying. "I believe I'd be justified in arresting Vunisa on my own responsibility."

Harley Greenoak laughed drily.

"Don't you do it, Chambers. You'd stoke up the whole country then and there. Even if you didn't—what price the Government? Too much zeal isn't encouraged in the Police any more than in other departments, I take it."

The Inspector and his sub. laughed ironically.

"Not much," said the latter. "And these gentry are war-dancing every night right bang under our noses. It's genuine, too, for I've seen it before, as you know."

"By Jove! I should like to see a real war-dance," struck in Dick Selmes. "I say, Inspector, couldn't some of us go over some night and have a look in? Why not to-night?"

"Tired of life yet, Selmes?" answered Chambers good-naturedly. "Because if a few of us went to have a look in at it none of us would come back—in their present state of mind. If a lot—why, there'd be no war-dance."

The conversation rolled on, then came dusk—then dinner. Life in the open makes men drowsy, and it was not long before the camp of A. Troop—bar the sentries—was fast asleep.

The night was moonless, but the blue black of the unclouded sky was beautiful with its myriads of golden stars, shining as they only can shine in Southern skies. The loom of the hills was perceptibly defined, notably in one direction where a faint glow brought into relief the **V**-shaped scarp of converging slopes constituting, as it were, a portal to the country lying beyond. Hence sounds were borne, distant but indescribably weird. But the Police were accustomed to such by this time. There was war-dancing going on in the Gudhluka Reserve.

We said that the camp was fast asleep. Dick Selmes constituted an exception. Lying on his blanket outside one of the huts—he preferred to sleep in the open for the sake of freshness—he was planning out an extraordinarily mad scheme. Why should he not steal out, make his way over to Vunisa's location, and witness the fun. It would be a chance he might never get again. As for the risk, old Chambers was probably exaggerating. Even if he were discovered, they wouldn't hurt one man all alone. He would just give them tobacco and tell them to go on with the programme; and, acting on this idea, he rose quietly and stole out of the camp.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

Hang it! He had forgotten the confounded sentry.

"Oh, it's all right, old man," he answered genially. "It's only me, and I'm taking a walk. Here, fill your pipe, I'll be back soon," putting a coin into the man's hand.

Trooper Carter was not one of the best men in the Force, and F.A.M. Police pay was none too liberal in those days. The weight of a sovereign felt good.

"All right, sir. Don't be too long, though."

Dick's spirits rose immeasurably as he found himself clear away, with night and the open veldt around him. He was in the pink of hard training, consequently not long did it take to cover the six or seven miles that lay between the Police camp and Vunisa's location.

The Tsolo River rippled murmuring across his way, reflecting the stars. Cautiously he forded it, the water scarcely above his ankles, but his heart in his mouth lest he should make any undue splash or cause a rattle of stones. But the din in front had now become so near and deafening that it would have drowned such fifty times over.

He was through the defile now, which was not so narrow as it looked. In front a great red glow as of numerous fires, and all his pulses were a-tingle with excitement and anticipation at the thunder of stamping feet, the roar of the rhythmical chant. But—how get near enough to see without being seen?

He glanced around, then upward. The steep slopes were not very thickly bushed, but, by advancing carefully and taking advantage of every bit of cover, he might manage to get well above the scene of the rout. Slowly, tediously, he crawled, for the most part on his hands and knees. The firelight, throwing out a dull glow, reached the hill slopes—what if the white of his face should show up to the keen-eyed savages? And then, as he reached a point whence the whole scene lay revealed before him, Dick Selmes felt that the risk he had undertaken was amply repaid.

Beneath, in an immense open space, several huge fires were burning—their light showing up clusters of round, conical-roofed

huts studded all along the valley. But the broad level was covered with human beings, if so weird and satanic-looking a crew could be defined as human. There must have been considerably over a thousand of them, decided the spectator, allowing for those who were taking part in the performance alone; for on the outside of the actual arena squatted several rows of women, who supplied a not ineffective sort of accompaniment, by a rhythmical clapping of hands, to the war-chant of the warriors. The latter were up to what seemed to the listener the highest pitch of fierce frenzy. Every head was bent forward, eagerly drinking in every word; and the deep-toned murmurs of assent which greeted some of his periods reminded Dick of those which hailed the successful shooting of the Police artillery, the first time he had seen any large number of savages together.

There was a sudden tightening of the ranks. The orator had ceased. Now arose the rhythmical strophes of the war-song,

THE SAVAGES FLUNG THEMSELVES UPON HIM.

arrayed in trappings of the most fantastic nature: tufts of cow-hair flowing from leg to arm; monkey and leopard skins and wild-cat tails, and bunches of crane feathers sticking up from their heads. All seemed bristling with assegais, but there were no shields.

As Dick Selmes took in all this the chant suddenly ceased, and the entire mass stood in motionless silence. Then one man came forward and harangued them. He was of tall, commanding figure, and the spectator wondered if this was Vunisa, the redoubtable chief, himself. Not long, however, did he talk, but more and more did his speech work low at first and fierce, then rising till it reached a perfect roar, terror-striking in the degree of ferocity unchained which it expressed, while the stamp of feet, in perfect unison, shook the ground as it were with the rumble of an earthquake. Then the whole mighty mass moved forward in line, and the light of gushing flames gleamed redly on assegai blades as the foremost warriors went through the pantomime of striking down an imaginary foe. Up and down the great open space this was repeated several times, the rear ranks manœuvring so as to change places with the first and get their turn, in a

way that was scarcely perceptible. But—what was this?

For now, behind the surging mass of fantastically arrayed warriors, came a file of women. Each was armed with a tough knobkerrie, and beat on the ground with a vicious whack now and then during the advance. They were finishing off the wounded after a battle.

For upwards of an hour Dick Selmes lay, witnessing this weird but striking and dramatic scene, in a state of mind little short of entrancement. There was a fascination about it that made him long to rush down the hill and shout and stamp with the rest. No wonder they wanted a strong Police camp in the neighbourhood, he thought, if this sort of thing was going on all over Kafirland; and it struck him uneasily, what a mouthful their own particular camp might prove if these and a few more were to hurl themselves upon it while in that state of frenzy. The thought of the camp suggested that it was high time to think of getting back there.

"Well, I've seen something to-night, and no mistake," he said to himself. "My hat! but I'll have the grin over Greenoak and old Chambers to-morrow."

The flame of the fires blazed up higher than ever. As he turned to carry out his intention, he found his way barred, and that by a line of ochre-smeared, brawny savages. He marked the cruel sneer on each broad, dark face, the gleam of uplifted blades, and then realised his utter helplessness. For, fearing to wake Harley Greenoak, who would certainly have prevented his undertaking such a mad trip, he had refrained from going into the hut to fetch his revolver. Now he was totally unarmed.

With quick ejaculations the Kafirs hurried forward, some in crouching attitude, like cats advancing on their prey, others erect, but all with eyes fixed warily upon him, for they expected him to draw a pistol. Then they scattered, spreading out so that some should steal above and behind him.

In that moment Dick Selmes knew what it was to feel that his last hour had come. He had no knowledge of the language, so could not try the effect of parley. So, by way of signifying that he was not there with hostile intent, he extended both hands—open.

The effect was magical. Realising for the first time that he was unarmed, the savages flung themselves upon him. Powerful and in good training as he was, what could he do against numbers? At the same time a blanket was flung over his head and face, blinding and effectually stifling him in its nauseous folds, and he was borne to the earth and effectually pinioned by many and muscular hands.

* * * * *

Inspector Chambers was an officer of promptitude and decision, and on Harley Greenoak waking him up in the grey of the dawn with the news that Dick Selmes was nowhere in the camp, the sentries of the night before were at once called to account, and the truth came out. The young gentleman was not one of themselves, explained the defaulter, who supposed, therefore, that he was not under the same orders. Ordering the man to be put under arrest, the Inspector gave his directions, and in a surprisingly short space of time nearly the whole troop was mounted and heading at a trot for Vunisa's location.

"That's where we'll find him," pronounced Greenoak, adding grimly, "if we find him at all. He'll have gone to look at that war-dance, sure as eggs. I ought to have known he'd be trying it, and kept my eye on him."

* * * * *

Pummelled, pushed, hustled, his hands and arms secured with innumerable knots of raw hide; half-suffocated, wholly nauseated by the greasy effluvium of the filthy blanket which still enveloped his head and shoulders, Dick Selmes was hurried down the hill by his captors. To his attempts at speech with them, in the hope that even one among them might understand English, the only reply was a savage growl in their own tongue, accompanied by a dig in the back with the butt end of a kerrie. Still, he did his best to keep his faculties of hearing undimmed, and, listening with all his might, it seemed as though the roar of the war-dance, instead of drawing nearer, became less marked. Whither were they taking him? All sorts of frontier stories of the old wars which he had heard came back to his mind; of the unsparing barbarities practised by these savages on any unfortunate white man who should fall into their hands; of soldiers, straggling from a column, cut off in the thick bush and slowly roasted to death with red-hot stones, or spread naked over a nest of black ants; of settlers, surprised by the suddenness of the outbreak, driven back to perish in the flaming ruins of their own homesteads. And now he himself was in the power

of these very fiends! They were dragging him back to put him to some such end, to delight the whole location with the spectacle of his lingering torments. Shuddering with horror at the thought, the unfortunate fellow hardly noticed whither he was being hurried. Then he was suddenly and roughly flung to the ground, his legs tightly tied together at the ankles, by which he was now seized, and unceremoniously dragged through what he guessed to be the door of a hut.

Once within, a light was struck; the homely match of civilisation flaring feebly, but just enough to render more fiend-like still the fell, savage faces and forms decked with their wild war trappings. This the prisoner was able to make out for a moment, for the blanket which covered his head and shoulders was removed. But only for a moment, for an effectual gag was forced into his mouth, and then the suffocating, filthy covering was replaced. Then, after a minute or two of muttered conversation, his captors withdrew.

And now for the unfortunate Dick Selmes followed a night of indescribable horror. To the certainty of being dragged forth at dawn to a death of unimaginable agony was added the torments of the present—the cramping pain of his bonds, the nauseous suffocation of the gag, and the bites of innumerable small pests of no account whatever to the savage, but calculated to drive a highly civilised and utterly helpless white man to the verge of insanity. Rescue! Of that there was no hope. The Police troop might hold its own on the defensive, but, after what he had seen last night, he could not believe it would stand a chance against these fierce warriors fighting on their own ground; besides, he himself would be murdered the first thing. And then he remembered how he by his own act had effectually cut off all trace as to his whereabouts. Even Harley Greenoak would fail to fathom the mystery of his disappearance—until too late. Again and again he bitterly cursed his own rashness.

Then, as the remaining hours of the night wore on, merciful Nature came to the relief of the sufferer, in that he sank into a state somewhat between sleep and unconsciousness, which at length took shape in a dream. The Police troop had come to his rescue. He could hear voices—those of Inspector Chambers and Harley Greenoak—mingling with the deeper tones of his savage gaolers. He tried to call out, but could utter no sound. They were withdrawing; still he was perforce dumb. They had gone away. Ah, the agony of it! He strained at his bonds—nearly suffocated himself with the horrible gag. All of no avail.

* * * * *

Very different looked Vunisa's location—now silent in slumber—as the Police rode up, to the weird and stirring scene it had presented throughout the best part of the night, but the yelping and barking of innumerable curs soon brought forth some of its denizens. These stood open-mouthed with astonishment at the sight of the carbines and revolvers of Police troopers.

"The chief," said Harley Greenoak decisively; "Vunisa, the chief. We have a 'word' to him."

Scowling sullenly, the savages began to make the usual excuses. The chief was sick, and so on.

"A lie," said Greenoak. "Bring him forth at once or we put the torch into every hut in this valley."

By now all were astir. More than half the revellers had gone home, but there were yet an awkwardly large number left even for nearly a hundred armed and mounted men. For some time a hurried consultation was held; then, just as Greenoak was losing patience, the chief himself appeared.

Vunisa was a tall, powerful man, with rather a heavy and sullen face, but not without dignity even then. He had done nothing wrong, he protested; why, then, should the Government send the *amapolise* into his kraal and threaten to destroy it?

"The young white man who came here last night," said Harley Greenoak. "Where is he?"

The chief turned to his followers. What was this about a young white man? Did anybody know? The while, Greenoak, who had dismounted, was watching him keenly. No. Nobody knew.

"Then Vunisa will be arrested," he said.

The chief started, ever so slightly. An ominous hubbub arose among his followers, the bulk of whom dived quickly into the huts again. They had gone to arm. The while Inspector Chambers issued his orders. The situation had become tense. What if Vunisa should persist in his disclaimer? There was a moment of dead, boding silence. Harley Greenoak broke it.

"Inspector, kindly send three of your men to search that hut," pointing to one next to that whence Vunisa had emerged.

THERE CRAWLED FORTH A MAN—HATLESS AND DIRTY.

"If the chief moves he will be shot," he added in the Xosa language.

Amid dead silence the three troopers entered. In a moment, from the interior of the hut, ejaculations were heard; then through the low doorway there crawled forth a man—hatless and dirty with perspiration and smears of red ochre; in short, with a generally dilapidated appearance. And then up stood Dick Selmes, rubbing his eyes.

"Hallo, Greenoak! Hallo, Inspector, how are you? I say, I'm jolly glad you've turned up. I'm more than a bit sick of spending the night tied up in an old reeking Kafir blanket—faugh! and not able to move finger or toe."

"You may thank your lucky stars you'd got a watch on, and that there was just a moment of silence *in which I heard it tick*," rejoined Harley Greenoak gravely.

"Eh?" puzzled. "That how you found me? Through the ticking of a watch?"

"That—and no other way. It'd be like hunting for a needle, to look for you in this location, even if we hadn't to fight our way out first. Well, your dad was right. You are a record for getting into hornets' nests."

There was no more to be done. Inspector Chambers was not going to take the responsibility of arresting Vunisa simply because this young fool had run his head, as Greenoak had said, into a hornets' nest. So, after reading that potentate a severe lecture, he withdrew his force.

Not until some time afterwards did they learn that the intention of the Kafirs had been to cut the throat of their prisoner and then burn the hut over him so as to destroy all trace. But that came out eventually, for the information of Harley Greenoak.

Digitized by Google

TRAGEDY AND STAMPS.

SOME time ago an American weekly stamp periodical opened an interesting competition on the question, "What stamps bear the portraits of rulers or leaders who met violent deaths?" This produced a list of twenty-six stamps, which we now illustrate, and to which we append the individual biographies.

It will be noted that, with the exception of some half a dozen, they all belong to the continent of America, mostly to the restless revolutionary States of Central and South America.

James Cook, a celebrated English navigator, was the son of a Yorkshire farm labourer. He was born at Marton, Yorkshire, in 1728, and was killed in Hawaii in 1779. He entered the navy as an able seaman in 1755. In 1759 he sailed for America and surveyed the channel of the St. Lawrence, and was appointed marine surveyor of the coast of Newfoundland and Labrador in 1763. In 1768, as lieutenant, he commanded the *Endeavour*, which carried a party of scientists to Tahiti to observe the transit of Venus. During this voyage, which lasted from May 1768 to June 1771, New Zealand was explored and the east coast of Australia. In 1772, after he had been raised to the rank of Commander, he started on a voyage of exploration in the Pacific, and made an attempt to discover the so-called great Southern Continent of New Caledonia. In 1776 he sailed as Captain on his last voyage to discover a passage from the Pacific round the north of America. During his northward voyage the Sandwich Islands were discovered (1777), and, shortly after his return to them, in 1779, he was murdered by the natives in revenge for a flogging administered to one of them for thieving. His portrait appears on the 4*d.* of the centennial issue of New South Wales, still current.

Michael Obrenovitch, Prince of Servia, was the son of Milosh Obrenovitch. He was born at Karagojevatz, Servia, in 1825, and was murdered near Belgrave in 1868. Michael succeeded his aged father in 1861. A writer in *Chambers' Encyclopædia* says of his reign: "Under his rule a new era began for harassed Servia: the animosities of faction were smoothed away, the supremacy of the law was successfully vindicated and maintained, the national spirit was encouraged and foreign interference minimised, the national militia was organised, armed, and trained, and the country began to move forward along the path of progress and prosperity. In 1867, Michael procured the departure of the last Turkish garrisons from Servian soil. On June 10, 1868, Prince Michael was assassinated in the park of Topshidere, near Belgrade, by partisans of the rival Kara George faction."

His portrait appears on all values of the 1866 series of Servia.

George Czerny, otherwise Karageorge, otherwise Black George, was the leader of the Servians in their struggles for independence from Turkish dominion. He was born of poor parents in 1766. He joined in the insurrection against the Turks in 1787. Four years later, in revenge for injuries received in a raid on his house, he got together a band of desperadoes and started a relentless guerilla warfare. Others joined him till, in 1804, he was strong

enough to seize the fortress of Schabaz. After this he attacked Belgrade and routed the Turks.

It is said that he was secretly assisted by Russia in the capture of Belgrade in 1806. In 1808 the people elected him to be their governor, as he had been their deliverer from the Turkish yoke, and he was subsequently recognised as Prince of Servia by the Sultan. When the attention of Russia was diverted to Napoleon's march on Moscow, Turkey once more turned on the Servians, and Czerny had to seek an asylum in Austria. Later on, when the freedom of Servia had been re-established, Czerny returned; but was treacherously murdered at the instigation of the reigning prince. His portrait appears inside that of King Peter, his descendant, on the coronation series of 1904.

Alexander I., King of Servia, was born in 1876, and was murdered in his palace in 1903.

He ascended the throne of Servia on the abdication of his father, King Milan, in March 1889. When Crown Prince, his mother, Queen Natalie, took him with her into exile after her separation from the king, but he was taken from her at Berlin and sent back to Belgrade. His marriage in 1900 to Madame Draga Maschin, formerly a lady-in-waiting to his mother, gave great offence to his advisers, and on July 11, 1903, the leaders of a widespread conspiracy, mostly officers and Court officials, broke into the palace and stabbed to death the king and queen, the queen's brother, and several others, and threw their bodies into the courtyard.

The young king's portrait appears on all the Servian stamps from 1890 to 1903.

Humbert I., King of Italy from 1878 till 1900, was born at Turin in 1844, and succeeded his father, Victor Emmanuel II., in 1878. While Prince of Piedmont he commanded a division of General Cialdini's army at Custoza in 1866, when the Italians were defeated by the Austrians under the Archduke Albert. Bread riots in 1898 led to repressive measures and considerable popular excitement, and King Humbert was assassinated by an anarchist on July 29, 1900. His portrait figures on most of the postage stamps issued by Italy during his reign.

Alexander Hamilton, a celebrated American statesman, was born in the island of Nevis, West Indies, in 1757, and was killed in a duel in New Jersey in 1804.

He first attracted attention as a pamphleteer in the political agitation which preceded the Revolution of 1774. He was a member of Washington's staff from 1777 to 1781. After serving in various conventions, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army in 1799, and was mortally wounded by Aaron Burr in a duel at Weehawken, New Jersey.

His portrait figures on the 30 c. of the United States series of 1870–1871.

Abraham Lincoln, one of the world's worthies, died by the hand of the assassin. He was a native of Kentucky, and was born in 1809. He was descended from a Quaker family of English origin. He graded from farm labourer to salesman, merchant, and surveyor to lawyer. He served first as a private and afterwards as a captain in the war of 1832, and when, in 1848, he stood as a Republican candidate for the United States Senate, he took a determined stand as an uncompromising opponent of slavery. Consequently, when, in 1861, he was inaugurated as President, the southern slave States forthwith broke out into rebellion. Nevertheless, his popularity increased even under the terrible strain of a great Civil War, and he was re-elected for a second presidential term in 1864. He was occupied with plans for the reconstruction of the South after the defeat of the Confederates when John Wilkes Booth shot and mortally wounded him in Ford's Theatre, Washington, on April 13, 1865. The President died on the following day, leaving the name of Abe Lincoln as a household word for

integrity and strength of purpose to his countrymen. His well-known portrait appears on most of the postal series of the United States. It figures on the 5 c. of the current series.

James Abram Garfield was born in Ohio in 1831, and shot at Washington in 1881. He commenced life as an instructor in Hiram College and remained to become its president. He was elected a member of the Ohio Senate in 1861, and when the great Civil War broke out in 1861 over the slavery question he joined the union army as a lieutenant-colonel of volunteers. He defeated General Humphrey Marshall at the battle of Middle Creek, and was promoted for conspicuous services from one rank to another till he became major-general in 1863. He was elected President of the United States in 1880, but, in the following year, on the morning of July 2, as he was setting off to witness the closing exercises of his old college, Charles Guiteau, a disappointed office-seeker, shot him down from behind. He lay for weeks between life and death, and finally succumbed to his wound on September 19, 1881.

His portrait appears on the 6 c. of the current series, and on stamps of previous issues.

William McKinley was the twenty-fourth President of the United States. He was born at Niles, in Ohio, in 1843, and served in the Civil War, retiring with the rank of major. After having been several times elected to congress he was, in 1891, made Governor of Ohio. In 1897 he was made President of the United States, and he was re-elected for a second term in 1900, but an anarchist shot him at a public gathering at an exposition in Buffalo on September 6, 1901. He is chiefly known as the author of a Tariff Bill which was designed to cripple the competition of other countries in the markets of the United States.

His portrait appears on the 5 c. of a series of postal labels issued to advertise a local show at St. Louis.

Jean Jaques Dessalines was born at Grand Riviere in 1758, and was killed near Port-au-Prince in 1806. He was a negro revolutionist of the restless and ill-governed negro republic of Hayti. When a slave he joined an insurrection in 1791, became second in command under Toussaint Louverture, and fought against the mulattos. He was savage and cruel. After his chief had been taken off to France he headed another revolt, and with English aid drove the French out of Hayti in 1803. On January 1, 1804, he was proclaimed Governor-General of Hayti for life, and eighteen months later he was dignified with the title of emperor, as Jean Jaques I. Savage and cruel as a fighter, when he came into power he developed into a despot. A couple of years seems to have been as much as even the people of Hayti could stand of his government, for he had only reigned for that short period when they waylaid him and put an end to his despotism once and for ever. Why, in a jubilee issue of the postage stamps in 1904, such an undesirable character should be chosen as the central figure of a design with maidens holding a laurel wreath above his head, it is hard to understand, save for the reason that he helped to free Hayti from the French and preserve it for the misgovernment of the blacks.

Maximilian (Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph) was the second son of the Austrian Archduke, Francis Charles, and brother of Francis Joseph, the present Emperor of Austria. He was born at Vienna in 1832. The French, after a successful campaign in Mexico, placed that country under an imperial form of government and, in 1864, offered the throne to Maximilian, who accepted it. On reaching Mexico that same year he was deceived by an apparently enthusiastic welcome. With the help of French troops he pursued the Mexican leader, Juarez, over the northern frontier. But he roused the indignation of the people by issuing a proclamation that those taken in arms against the empire would be treated as bandits.

The United States refused to recognise the empire, the neighbourhood of which troubled them, and they ultimately persuaded the French to withdraw their troops. Deserted by the French, and at the mercy of the Mexicans, Maximilian wanted to resign, but in a weak moment he was tempted to remain, and personally led the remnant of his army against the republicans. He was defeated, made prisoner, court-martialled, and shot, as though he were himself but a mere bandit, in May, 1867.

His portrait appears on the Mexican stamps of 1866–1867.

Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla was the first leader of the Mexican War for independence from Spain, was born in Guanajuato in 1753, and was shot at Chihuahua in 1811. When *curé* of the village of Dolores he commenced in September, 1810, to stir up a revolt. With an army of raw recruits he marched on the capital and defeated Trusillo on October 30, 1810, but they were beaten by Calleja, and Hidalgo was compelled to retreat to Guadalajara. There he is said to have raised his army to 100,000, but was again completely routed by Calleja at the bridge of Calderon. He resigned, and fled to the United States, but was captured, tried, and shot.

His portrait appears on the first stamps issued by Mexico, and on several subsequent issues.

Inca Manco Capac. Prescott, in his "History of the Conquest of Peru," thus tells the life story of the brave Inca Manco Capac, who was massacred by a party of Spaniards:

"The death of Manco Inca, as he was commonly called, is an event not to be silently passed over in Peruvian history; for he was the last of his race that may be said to have been animated by the heroic spirit of the ancient Incas. Though placed on the throne by Pizarro, far from remaining a mere puppet in his hands, Manco soon showed that his lot was not to be cast with that of his conquerors. With the ancient institutions of his country lying a wreck around him, he yet struggled bravely, like Guatemozin, the last of the Aztecs, to uphold her tottering fortunes, or to bury his oppressors under her ruins. By the assault on his own capital of Cuzco, in which so large a portion of it was demolished, he gave a check to the arms of Pizarro, and for a season the fate of the conquerors trembled in the balance. Though foiled in the end by the superior science of his adversary, the young barbarian still showed the same unconquerable spirit as before. He withdrew into the fastnesses of his native mountains, whence, sallying forth as occasion offered, he fell on the caravan of the traveller, or on some scattered party of the military; and, in the event of a civil war, was sure to throw his own weight into the weaker scale—thus prolonging the contest of his enemies, and feeding his revenge by the sight of their calamities. Moving lightly from spot to spot he eluded pursuit amidst the wilds of the Cordilleras; and hovering in the neighbourhood of the towns, or lying in ambush on the great thoroughfares of the country, the Inca Manco made his name a terror to Spaniards. Often did they hold out to him terms of accommodation; and every succeeding ruler, down to Blanco Nuñez, bore instructions from the Crown to employ every art to conciliate the formidable warrior. But Manco did not trust the promises of the white man; and he chose rather to maintain his savage independence in the mountains, with the few brave spirits around him, than to live a slave in the land which had once owned the sway of his ancestors."

The brave Inca's portrait appears on the 1 c. and 2 c. of the series of 1896–1900 of Peru.

Francisco Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, was the son of a Spanish officer, and was born about 1471. In 1541 he was killed by his own followers at Lima. In 1522 he joined with Diego de Almagro in a scheme of conquest directed against South America, whence rumours had come of a rich empire. In 1529 he returned to Spain, and obtained a concession to conquer and govern Peru. In 1532 he reached Caxamaraca, where the Inca Atahualpa was encamped with a large army. On the next day the Inca was treacherously seized, and his attendants were massacred,

He was promised his liberty if he would fill a room with gold, and he actually did collect, through his officers, gold to the estimated value of three and a half millions sterling. In the end the captive was murdered after a trumped-up charge of conspiracy against the Spaniards. Eventually the Spanish leaders, Pizarro and Almagro, quarrelled as to the division of the territories they had conquered, and eventually Pizarro was attacked in his palace at Lima, and murdered with several of his attendants.

His portrait appears on the 10 c. of the Peruvian series of 1896–1900.

Miguel Grau, a Peruvian naval officer, was born at Piura in 1834, and was killed in action in 1879. In 1871 he was appointed to the command of the turret ship *Huascar*. When the war broke out with Chili he, with the two ironclads, *Huascar* and *Independencia*, kept the whole Chilian navy at bay for several months. The *Huascar* was finally cornered near Antofagasta by the Chilian fleet, and this led to the first action fought between ironclads. The Peruvian ship was finally overpowered after a very plucky fight against odds, but before the surrender a shell struck the conning tower of the *Huascar*, in which were Admiral Grau and his flag-lieutenant, and the projectile, exploding inside the structure, killed both occupants—the admiral being mutilated to such an extent that only his right foot and leg were identified as part of the man who had been the foremost figure in the Peruvian navy.

His portrait appears on the 1 c. of the Peruvian Commemorative issue of 1901.

Mariano Rivera Paz, a Guatemala statesman, was born about 1815, and was assassinated in 1849. He became president of that throat-cutting country in 1838, but was deposed in the following year. He was restored a few months later, and held the post till December 1841. From May 1842, to December 1844, he was again president, when he resigned. His tenure of office was full of troubles.

His effigy on horseback, evidently taken from a statue, appears on the 2 c. of the elaborate picture series of 1902.

Francisco Solano Lopez was a Paraguayan soldier and statesman, who plunged his country into a long and disastrous war with Brazil, Argentina, and Uruguay, which lasted from 1865 to 1870 and ended in the total defeat of the Paraguayans.

Mr. C. E. Akers in his "History of South America" writes: "Don Francisco Solano Lopez, whose ambition had brought on this drama of blood, was born in 1827, and was, therefore, in the prime of manhood when this crisis occurred. His father, Don Carlos Lopez, was President of Paraguay at his death in March 1857, and the son succeeded him. Lopez had unbounded confidence in his own ability, regarding himself as "the Napoleon of South America." He was surprised in the interior of Paraguay, near the river Aquidaban, by a Brazilian force, and was killed with his eldest son.

His portrait appears on the 2 c. of 1877–1887 of Argentine.

Urquiza (Don Juste José de), President of the Argentine Confederation, was born in Entre-Rios in 1800, and assassinated in his castle of San José in 1870. He was the richest landowner in the State, and one of the most moderate leaders of the Federal Party opposed to the preponderance of Buenos Ayres. Governor of Entre-Rios, 1842, and tired of the tyranny of Rosas, he took sides with Brazil, delivered Monte Video, which was being besieged by Oribe, in 1851, and at Monte Caseros fought Rosas, who exiled himself in 1852. He was elected Provisional Dictator by the Governors of the Provinces; but Buenos Ayres rose and freed itself from his authority. Elected President of the Confederation by the Congress of Santa Fé in 1853, he tried to bring back prosperity, without succeeding, for the maritime duties, which were the principal source

of income, belonged to the Independent Government of Buenos Ayres. The two States went to war; Urquiza conquered General Mitre at Cepada on August 22, 1859, and yielded the Presidency of the United Confederation to Derqui in 1860. Being appointed General-in-Chief, he was defeated at Pavon on September 17, 1861, by Mitre, who had revolted, and he became again Governor of Entre-Rios under the Unitarian Republic, presided over by Mitre, 1862, and Sarmiento, 1868. He was assassinated by one of his aides-de-camp, Juan Pablo Lopez, who had revolted.

His portrait appears on the ½ c., blue, of 1888–1890, and on the ½ c., ultramarine, of 1889–1890, of the Argentine Republic.

Manuel Dorrego, an Argentine statesman, was born at Buenos Ayres in 1787, and was shot there in 1828. In August, 1827, he was elected Governor of Buenos Ayres. His efforts to establish a confederation of the provinces were at first successful, and the war with Brazil was brought to a close in 1828, both countries recognising the independence of Uruguay. The revolt of Lavalle drove Dorrego from Buenos Ayres. He was defeated in an attempt to recover the city, was captured, and shot without trial.

His portrait appears on the 30 c. of the 1888–1890 series of the Argentine Republic.

Garcia Rovira Custodia was a New Grenadian patriot. He was born in Cartagena about 1770, and was shot at Bogota in 1816. He was an accomplished scholar, and had been a professor in the college of San Bartolome. In 1810 he joined the patriots in the struggle for independence from Spanish rule, and was given important commands in the army. When the patriots were flying from Morillo, in 1816, Garcia Rovira was, for a time, Chief of the State, but he was eventually captured by the Spaniards and shot.

His portrait appears on the 2 pesos of the 1903–1904 series of Antioquia.

Bernardo Monteagudo, South American statesman, was born in Tucuman in 1778. He studied in the University of Cordoba, and, after being graduated as Doctor in Law, at Chuquisaca, Peru, he was admitted to the Bar in 1808. He was one of the principal promoters of the first declaration of independence in South America, May 25, 1809, and was arrested by the Spanish authorities and sent to Buenos Ayres. There he published the *Martir ó Libre*, a newspaper, and prepared the way for the revolution of May 1810. In 1811 he was one of the editors of the *Gacela* and of *El Independiente* and *El Grito del Sur*, and he was one of the principal instigators of the movement that overthrew the governing junta of Buenos Ayres in 1812. In 1813 he was a member of the constituent assembly, where he recommended many useful reforms. From 1815 till 1817 he travelled in Europe, and in the latter year accompanied San Martin as secretary in the campaign of Chili. He introduced many improvements, and inspired the decree of January 10, which established the Sociedad Patriótica de Lima. He was assassinated in one of the principal streets of Lima in 1825 by a negro.

His portrait appears on the 10 c., violet 1897–1898, of Bolivia.

Antonio José de Sucre, a South American soldier, was born in Cumana, Venezuela, February 3, 1793. He studied mathematics at Caracas, graduated at the college of military engineers in 1810, and in May of that year was sent to Barcelona as Post-Commander. In March, 1814, he joined Bolivar, who appointed him lieutenant-colonel of the Army of the Orient. He defeated the Spaniards at Yaguchi on August 19, 1821, but was routed on September 12 by Guachi. In July, 1824, Sucre and Bolivar marched across the Andes to attack the army of Canterac, and defeated him at Junin on August 6.

After many more battles with the Spaniards he retired into private life, but was sent as deputy for Guayaquil to the Colombian Congress at Bogota, January 20, 1830, which elected him president. He was returning home when he was shot from an ambush in the mountains of Berruescos. He died near Pasto, Colombia, June 4, 1830, and his remains were transported by his family to the church of San Francisco in Quito, where they still rest, although the Government of Bolivia, in 1845, asked permission to transport them to their country.

His portrait appears on the Bolivian 50 c., orange, 1897–1898, and on all the stamps of the 1900 issue.

Justo Rufino Barrios, a statesman of Guatemala, was born at San Marcos about 1834, and was killed at Chalchuapa, Salvador, in 1886. In 1871 he took a leading part in the overthrow of President Cerna, and from 1873 till his death in 1886 he was President of Guatemala. He is credited with having governed wisely and well, for he secured order, prosperity, and religious freedom, and promoted the construction of railways and telegraphs. In 1882–1883 he visited the United States and Europe. He drew up a scheme for the confederation of the Central American States, but it led to a war with Salvador, and having invaded that country he was killed in an assault on Chalchuapa on April 2, 1886.

His portrait appears on the 2 c. provisional of 1902 of Guatemala.

Francisco Morazan was a Central American statesman who devoted his life to a scheme for uniting the Central American republics in one strong State. He was born in Honduras in 1792, and was shot at San José, Costa Rica, in 1842. In 1827, as the leader of the Liberal-Federalists, he defeated the Conservatives, and again in 1828 in Salvador, and in 1829 in Guatemala he continued his victories till, in 1830, he realised his dream and was elected President of the Central American Confederation. He was a wise and liberal governor, and was re-elected in 1834, but the enemies of union were not idle, and when his second term of office expired they refused to hold an election. In the usual revolution which followed he was finally defeated and compelled to take refuge in Peru in 1840. Two years after he entered Costa Rica, once more promoted his scheme for union, and assumed the executive of that State; but another revolution sprang up and deposed him, and in July, 1842, he was captured and shot. His admirers in after years erected a statue to him, and it forms the central portion of the design of the Salvador 1 c. of 1903.

Juan Rafael Mora, a Costa Rica politician, born at San José in 1814 was shot at Punta-renas in 1860. He was vice-president and acting president in 1848, and was elected president in 1849. He had held office for nearly a year when he was deposed and banished. In 1860 he made another attempt to seize the reins of power, but was captured and shot at Puntarenas on September 30, 1860.

His portrait appears on the 2 colones of the 1901 series of Costa Rica.

Nasr-ed-Din, or **Nasar-ed-Din,** Shah of Persia, was born in 1831 and assassinated in 1896. He was the eldest son of the Shah Mohammed, whom he succeeded in 1848. He was at war with England in 1856–1857, but was compelled by Generals Outram and Havelock to restore Herat, which he had seized. In 1872 the Persian frontier was fixed. Though Nasr-ed-Din was assassinated, his second son, Muzaffer-ed-Din, peacefully succeeded to the throne.

Nasr-ed-Din's portrait figures in the gorgeously printed series of Persian stamps of 1882–1884.

SOLD!

A FOOTBALL STORY BY HARRY TREVOR.

THE outlook was not particularly cheery. To be landed on Christmas Eve in one of the largest Welsh towns, whither I had journeyed with the well-known Aborigines football fifteen, only to find that play was impossible owing to frost, was not a prospect that I could contemplate with any degree of enthusiasm. It was the more galling inasmuch as I had been looking forward to this tour to give me the practice and exercise of which, owing to an injury contracted a month previously, I was so much in need. The sporting newspapers had for some weeks been informing me that provided I was fit to take the field, my inclusion in the first English International match, as a centre threequarter back, was practically a certainty, and so my eagerness to get into condition at the earliest possible moment will be readily understood. However, it was no good crying over spilt milk. Exercise was my object, and if I couldn't get it one way, I must another. Naturally enough, my thoughts at once turned to our old friend, the "bike." And here a difficulty immediately confronted me. I had no suitable clothes. Now I have never been a great stickler for appearances, so quickly donning my football "shorts," stockings, "sweater," and cap, I started out in search of an iron horse.

Opening the road map lent me by the proprietor of the bicycle shop, my eye almost immediately alighted upon the name Llangolly. Of course! How extremely foolish! Here was I, within five and twenty miles of my native village, seeking an objective for an excursion. Yet there was some excuse for my forgetfulness, seeing that I had left

"LLANGOLLY LITERALLY EXISTS FOR FOOTBALL, SIR."

its sheltering care at the mature age of three months, never, until this day, to return.

I found the low rambling farmhouse so often described to me by my mother,—and being hot and tired I turned into the Sportsman's Arms, a picturesque old commercial hotel in the High Street, for lunch.

"Perhaps you won't mind coming in here, sir," said the landlord, opening the door of the bar parlour; "we have a football lunch in the coffee-room."

"Football?" I said with some surprise. "Why, surely you are not going to try to play to-day?"

"Ah, on account of the frost you mean, sir? Llangolly is without doubt greatly favoured by Providence in this respect, and I trust we are duly appreciative of her favours," he answered with considerable humility. "Thanks to the hills which surround our ground we are practically independent of nature's whims. Not going to play football? Why, sir," he added with a burst of enthusiasm, "Llangolly literally exists for football, and for football only."

"Amateur?" I said innocently.

He fixed his eyes sternly upon me.

"Amateur? Yes, amateur, unquestionably, sir," he replied gravely. "Here in Llangolly we hold that a man who would prostitute the noblest of all games by the acceptance of what is, in our opinion, no more nor less than a bribe, would be guilty of sacrilege."

"I am glad of it," I said.

"I am sure you are, sir. When you entered the door, I said to Mr. Peck," and he nodded in the direction of a gentleman in a Melton overcoat and a particularly low and curly "bowler," "that there was no mistaking a genuine footballer. You may try to avoid recognition, but, believe me, sir, your efforts are futile."

Was it possible that this man had identified me? I could not help feeling a certain amount of pride at the thought.

"And you have a match to-day, I suppose?"

Apparently he took little heed of my question.

"For fourteen years," he went on reflectively, "Llangolly and Pennybroath have struggled in friendly rivalry for what is, in our estimation, the blue ribbon of the football field. Seven times have our adversaries proved successful, while the lads of Llangolly have fought their way to victory upon a similar number of occasions. Last year fate decided in our favour. This year—who knows?"

"And so you are not unnaturally particularly anxious to win to-day?"

"By no—" He corrected himself quickly. "Of course, sir. The question is surely unnecessary," he added, severely. The slip, though it passed unnoticed at the time, was of no little significance when judged in the light of later events.

* * * * *

During lunch I found myself thinking of little else but the forthcoming match, and by the time I had finished my cheese I had determined to postpone my return to London until the evening, in order to witness a struggle which was evidently no small event in the daily life of this little Welsh town.

A minute or two before the advertised time of starting, my friend the manager came quickly down the line of spectators who surrounded the field of play.

"I was looking for you," he said, as he hurried towards me. "Would you care for a game? We are one short. There is no time for any one else to change, and you are already dressed. By the laws of our association the referee has the power to annul the fixture should either side fail to be ready at the advertised time."

"But what about my qualification?" I said, taken completely by surprise.

"Oh, that's all right," he replied. "Here, take your coat off, and I will introduce you to our captain, Mr. Peck. Besides, you were born here, you know," he whispered, with a knowing wink.

Any lingering doubts in regard to his knowledge of my identity which I may have previously entertained vanished with this remark, and I was further strengthened and confirmed in this belief when, without a word from me, I was duly installed in the position of the left centre threequarter back.

That we were immeasurably the stronger side was evident from the start. And yet, time after time, when within an ace of scoring, our men made mistakes which for rank idiocy it would be hard to equal.

Personally, I scarcely ever touched the ball, and even upon the few occasions that I did I was as much handicapped by my own side, who invariably managed to get in my way in some unaccountable manner, as by my opponents.

Matters progressed without any tangible advantage accruing to either side, until within five minutes of "no-side," and then a

more than usually fatuous mistake, upon the part of two of our threequarters and back, let our opponents in. Luckily, however, the place kick proved abortive, and we lined up for the kick off, three points behind, with barely five minutes to play.

I admit to feeling not a little piqued at the thought that the side which included a prospective International threequarter back should be beaten by a team of mere villagers, and I resolved to make a mighty effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day. As luck would have it, the return from the kick-off came straight in my direction. Judging from former experiences, I was not surprised when my *confrère* made a wild but fortunately unsuccessful effort to acquire the ball for himself. I got it instead, and shot off across the ground at top speed. In a flash I saw that, with the exception of the opposing back, my pace would carry me by the others; but once again the efforts of my own side proved my undoing, for our right wing threequarters, no doubt with the excellent intention of backing up, overran me, with the result that I was obliged to turn to my left to avoid him. This manœuvre of course brought me once again into the midst of friend and foe alike. Completely surrounded, I steadied myself to drop at goal, as to pass the ball was to invite further blunders. It was a long shot—from close on the halfway line—but the ball rose true over the heads of my opponents. Was it going to drop short, I wondered, as it soared upwards. But at the very moment when my effort appeared doomed to failure, a sudden gust of wind carried the ball forward. Down it came plump upon the cross-bar, and, bounding up again, went to earth some ten yards beyond the posts. The whistle sounded—and Llangolly had beaten Pennybroath by four points to three.

"YOU'VE DONE IT! WHAT PRICE MY CHRISTMAS GOOSE?"

As I made my way through the cheering crowd, I noticed that my companions did not, for some reason, appear to be equally overjoyed at my success. This, at the time, I attributed to a perhaps not unnatural jealousy on their part, but I confess that I was totally unprepared for the storm of indignation which greeted me upon my appearance in the dressing-room.

"You've done it!" growled my late partner at centre threequarter back.

"What price my—new overcoat?" cried another, shaking a grimy fist in my face.

"And my Christmas goose!" yelled a third.

I looked from one to another in amazement. However, at this moment my friend, the secretary and manager, entered the room.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," he cried warningly, and the hubbub ceased immediately.

"I must apologise," he said suavely.

"Please forgive an apparent rudeness. It is not intended, I assure you. I came here to condole with you, sir. Dear, dear me! to think that such a magnificent piece of play should after all be of no avail! It is heart-breaking—heart-breaking," he added meditatively.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Why, sir, the captain of the opposing side has been unsportsmanlike enough to object to your participation in the game. He has just pointed out to me an old rule in the laws of our association, a rule which I confess I had totally forgotten for the moment, which makes a birth qualification an absolute necessity."

"Well?"

"Well," he continued apologetically, "I fear the objection is insurmountable."

"What do you mean?" I asked, more puzzled than ever. "You yourself referred to my qualification when you asked me to play."

"Yes, yes, I know," he answered quickly, "but that was all—*you* know," and again he winked ominously.

Then in a moment the truth flashed upon me. He had never recognised me at all. I had been asked to play for some reason of his own of which I was quite ignorant. The whole thing was obviously a put-up job. I was furious.

"Look here," I cried angrily, "you are jolly well sold. I *was* born here. My name is Fowler—A. F. Fowler. My father took the Manor House by the bridge for three months in 1880, and I was born in it. If you doubt me, make your own inquiries."

My words produced a positively startling effect. His face became livid with passion.

"Fowler!" he gasped. "Not A. F. Fowler, the English threequarter back?"

"Quite right," I answered nonchalantly. "Put that in your pipe and smoke it," and I slammed the door in his face.

* * * * *

The whole affair remained a mystery to me for some ten days, when I received the following letter:

"DEAR SIR,—Pardon my presumption in writing to thank you for upsetting the pretty little game which the esteemed managers of the Llangolly and Pennybroath football fifteens had arranged at my expense. I am a bookmaker, who occasionally does a little bit in the football line—for the fun of the thing. I laid ten to one against Pennybroath with the manager of that sporting combination. Well, he goes over to Llangolly, and squares matters with the other rogue of a manager, on the heads they win, tails I lose principle. Then you comes along and upsets the blooming apple-cart. Many thanks. I took the liberty to tell them that you disapproved of their behaviour. I also added a few well-chosen words of my own, which it is not necessary to mention.

"Yours truly,

"TOM BUNNON."

"P.S.—They thought you were a 'mug' when they asked you to play. My word! That was a good bit. I ain't stopped laughing yet."

DECEMBER EVENTS.

THE chord of human sadness is deepest touched when the heart is in its happiest, merriest mood.

The Tay Bridge Disaster.

There are subtle powers in cold type. Powers which freeze the heart or burst open its sluice-gates; which touch the hidden springs of human emotions, revive the sweet thrills of love or envelop the soul in sadness. So it was that the great living heart of the world throbbed and throbbed with sympathy as it read its morning's paper on December 29, 1879. And the throb reached up to God and was welcomed.

The Great Birthday had but a few days since been celebrated. The great Herald from the glorious Beyond had been born again in the minds of His people. Thoughts had winged their way through the dark, stony centuries, back to the tiny figure in the manger at Bethlehem. Peace and Love were universal.

And the world read on.

Heaven's "patines of bright gold" had slipped back into the warm Hand of God before the anger of King Storm. The roar of the engine was lost in the roar of the wind. The man-made monster rushed through the thick blackness of the tragedy-laden night, its angry snorts and belching fire likening it unto a roaring hell-fiend dragging its load of souls to their awful destiny.

The mighty Tay Bridge loomed close ahead,

and, with a roar, the train dashed on to it. Scarcely had it reached the centre, however, when the faulty foundations, weakened, no doubt, by the storm, gave way. The bridge tottered, then toppled over, carrying the train and its living freight along with it. . . .

And the world laid down its newspaper and sighed.

WILLIAM AINSLEY.

The Death of George Washington.

WE have all heard of the great George Washington. His prowess as a soldier, his tact as a politician, his kindness, generosity, bravery, and uprightness are familiar to most of us, but perhaps few know the simple story of his death.

He died quietly at Mount Vernon, his beautiful home on the Potomac River, on December 14, 1799.

There was no forewarning of the end—no gradual breaking-up in health; he was struck down suddenly with acute laryngitis, and before the nation could realise what had happened, a great man had passed from their midst.

The physicians did their best for him according to the knowledge of their day, but it was of no avail.

Washington saw his end approaching, and quietly set himself to perform the few last duties that remained to him.

Calling his beloved wife to the bedside, he gave his will into her keeping, and then asked his secretary Lear to arrange all his military letters and papers, sort his books, and settle his accounts.

He lay still and patient as the weary hours dragged by, and every moment his suffering grew more intense. No word of complaint passed his lips, and even in the midst of all his pain he was mindful of those about him, telling his servant who had been standing in attendance on him all day to sit down. To his friend Dr. Craik, he said, "I die hard, but I am not afraid to go. I believed from my first attack I should not survive it. My breath cannot last long."

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

He was being slowly strangled by the closing of his throat, and the doctors were powerless to relieve him. Once they gently tried to raise him up, but he pleaded pathetically, "I pray you take no more trouble about me. Let me go off quietly, I cannot last long."

Still for some hours he lingered, weary and suffering, yet wholly uncomplaining. The daylight waned, and another night settled down upon the anxious watchers, but the end was drawing very near.

About ten o'clock he made a last desperate effort to speak, and gave Lear a few instructions concerning his burial. "I am just going," he said feebly, and he felt his pulse.

A moment later a sudden change overspread his whole countenance, and his hands fell limply at his sides. All was over—the soul of George Washington had crossed the border, and entered into the great unknown Beyond.

FRANCES WHITTINGHAM.

NAPOLEON WHEN LIEUT.-COLONEL OF THE FIRST BATTALION OF CORSICA.

The Battle of Austerlitz.

IN 1805, Napoleon engaged himself to crush the new alliance of Sweden, Russia and Austria. The French first besieged Ulm, and took it without a blow. Then Vienna fell. On November 7, England, which had been neutral, joined the allies, after a fracas with Spain.

The day after the surrender of Ulm came that glorious sea victory, Trafalgar. The news of this defeat spurred Napoleon into action. He quitted Vienna, crossed the Danube into Moravia, and fixed his headquarters at Brunn, about two miles from Austerlitz. This was a risky move, but better than waiting for the attack of the Hungarian and Bohemian armies.

NAPOLEON AT AUSTERLITZ.

Napoleon's left wing, under Lannes, was at Santon. Soult commanded the right wing, being supported by Davoust, with one division

of horse and one of foot in order to take advantage of any false move. Bernadotte commanded the centre, the cavalry being with him under Murat. Behind were 20,000 reserves, half of whom were Imperial Guards under Oudenot.

After sending his compliments to the Emperor Alexander, Napoleon withdrew to Austerlitz. December 1 saw the first of a series of mistakes in the Russians moving down from the heights they held.

At one o'clock on the morning of December 2, Napoleon himself reconnoitred the front of his position. The first move of Kuhnsoff, the Russian general, was, as Napoleon had expected, to try and turn the French right. These troops met with unexpected resistance from Davoust at Raygern. This left a deep gap in the Russian line, into which Soult rushed, thus cutting off communications from the Russians' centre and left. The encounter took place on an eminence called the hill of Pratzen. The Russian guards rushed to the attack and drove off the French; Napoleon ordered Bessières to reinforce Soult, and together they attacked the Russians, who broke and fled.

MARSHAL JEAN LANNES, DUKE OF MONTEBELLO.

The French centre made cavalry charges on the Russian centre and routed it. The Russian and German Emperors beheld, from the heights of Austerlitz, the defeat of their left wing and centre. Hitherto the right wing had resisted the onslaughts of Lannes, but Napoleon was now able to concentrate his forces on the one spot. The artillery raked the Russians from the heights, and at length they were forced into a hollow, where some frozen lakes offered the only means of escape. The French broke the ice with a storm of shot and nearly 20,000 Russians died there by drowning or artillery fire.

About 20,000 men and 40 cannon were captured by Napoleon. Such was the battle of Austerlitz, sometimes called the "Battle of Emperors."

The effects of Austerlitz were far-reaching; as a result of the battle, the Treaty of Presburg was signed on December 15; Austria yielded her Venetian territories to Italy, and Tyrol and Voralberg to Bavaria.

From Prussia, Bavaria received Anspack and Bareuth. The latter ceded Berg in return, and Prussia acquired Hanover.

WILLIAM HENRY LEA.

The Fall of Plevna.

IN the fall of Plevna we have an historical event of great interest. Eastern affairs had for many years occupied Parliament, and filled the thoughts of British statesmen. Russia had long had an eye on Constantinople, the most lovely site in Europe for a capital.

The Bulgarians, in 1876, had risen against the cruelty and oppression of their Turkish masters; the Bashi Bazouks (Turkish Irregulars) were sent into Bulgaria, where they slaughtered men, women and children. These "Bulgarian atrocities" excited the indignation of civilised Europe, and the sympathy of the Russians.

The climax was reached when the Russian army invaded Turkey in the spring of 1877. In the war which followed, the Turks fought—especially at Plevna—with the most heroic daring and tenacious valour.

For a while the Russians seemed likely to carry all before them, but they made the great mistake of altogether undervaluing their enemies.

Their preparations were hasty and imperfect. The Turks turned upon them unexpectedly and made a gallant and most desperate resistance. One of their commanders, Osman Pasha, suddenly throwing up defensive works at Plevna, in Bulgaria, a point the Russians had neglected to secure, maintained himself there, repulsing the Russians many times with great slaughter. For a time success seemed altogether on the side of the Turks, and many people in England were convinced that the Russian enterprise was already an entire failure; that nothing remained for the armies of the Tsar but retreat, disaster, and disgrace. As the star of fortune shed its beams on either side, public opinion in England grew feverish and excited, the Tories clamouring for intervention on behalf

ABDUL HAMID II.

of Turkey. The Ministers, however, indicated their determination to remain neutral, and did their best to convince Masuras Pasha that Turkey was abandoned to her fate. Under the directing skill of General Todlebin, the great soldier whose splendid defence of Sebastopol had made the one grand military reputation of the Crimean War, the fortunes of the campaign again turned. Osman Pasha, who, from behind his earthworks, had so gallantly blocked the Russian advance, was compelled to give in, and Plevna was surrendered on December 10.

J. M. D. HENDERSON.

The Battle of Magersfontein.

AMONG December events which have made an impression on the minds of most of our countrymen, the Battle of Magersfontein can certainly claim a place, if not for its recent occurrence, at any rate for its serving as yet another example of how British soldiers fight an uphill battle.

General Lord Methuen arrived at Magersfontein, a little North of the Modder River, to find the Boers in an exceedingly strongly entrenched position. Having shelled the enemy's position during the greater part of Sunday, December 10, 1899, General Wauchope was sent forward early on Monday morning, after having been exposed all night with his men, the Highland Brigade, to a deluge of rain. They advanced in close order in quarter column, and when at two hundred yards distance the whole of the hill on their flank poured forth a terrible storm of fire and lead, causing pitiful havoc in the ranks of the Highlanders, General Wauchope himself being killed.

The Gordons were sent forward to the help of their comrades, and enabled the Brigade to hold their position all day. The enemy's position was heavily bombarded, and the Highlanders drew off under cover of night, and on the next day Lord Methuen retired to his old position on Modder River.

The enemy were in great force here, numbering some 12,000 men in strongly entrenched positions, while their whole front was covered with barbed wire entanglements. The Highlanders were again called upon to attack this position. The enemy came into open ground, attempting a flanking movement, but were at once checked by the Artillery and Guards, who made the way clear for the Highland Brigade to advance, and had not a serious blunder been made in ordering them to retire at the critical point of the onslaught, they would undoubtedly have won the day.

GENERAL LORD METHUEN.

The British loss was 833 men killed and wounded, of whom 719 belonged to the Highland Brigade.

On the other hand, the Gordons bayoneted seventy-four of a party of eighty Boers, while the Guards accounted for a picket of forty; much loss also was sustained in the Boer trenches from bursting lyddite. The British mishap was mainly attributed to the serious delay in covering the open ground before the battle actually began.

WILLIAM M. MARSHALL.

"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR, DECEMBER 1905.

			Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.
1.	Fri.	Queen Alexandra *b.*, 1844.	4.52.
2.	Sat.	W. L. Foster, athlete, *b.*, 1874.	4.52.
3.	Sun.	First in Advent.	4.52.
4.	Mon.	William Gunn, cricketer, *b.*, 1858.	4.52.
5.	Tues.	Sir Frederick Bridge, organist, *b.*, 1844.	4.52.
6.	Wed.	Rev. B. Pollock, Master of Wellington College, *b.*, 1863.	4.51.
7.	Thurs.	General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., *b.*, 1839.	4.50.
8.	Fri.	G. A. Henty *b.*, 1832.	44.9
9.	Sat.	Sierra Leone founded, 1786	4.49.
10.	Sun.	Second in Advent.	4.49
11.	Mon.	F. A. Tarrant, cricketer, *b.*, 1881.	4.49.
12.	Tues.	Alfred Shrubb, athlete, *b.*, 1872	4.49.
13.	Wed.	Council of Trent, 1545.	4.49.
14.	Thurs.	F. G. J. Ford, cricketer, *b.*, 1866.	4.49.
15.	Fri.	Battle of Colenso, 1899.	4.49.
16.	Sat.	Rev. F. B. Westcott, Headmaster of Sherborne School, *b.*, 1857.	4.50.
17.	Sun.	Third in Advent.	4.50.
18	Mon.	Slavery abolished in U.S.A., 1862.	4.50.
19.	Tues.	C. O. H. Sewell, cricketer, *b.*, 1874.	4.50.
20.	Wed.	Prince George of Wales *b.*, 1902.	4.51.
21.	Thurs.	Nat Gould, sporting novelist, *b.*, 1857.	4.51.
22.	Fri.	January CAPTAIN published.	4.52.
23.	Sat.	J. W. Crabtree, footballer, *b.*, 1871.	4.52.
24.	Sun.	Fourth in Advent.	4.53.
25.	Mon.	Christmas Day.	4.53.
26.	Tues.	Bank Holiday.	4.54.
27.	Wed.	T. H. Crawshaw, footballer, *b.*, 1873.	4.55.
28.	Thurs.	Godfrey Shaw, athlete, *b.*, 1865.	4.55.
29.	Fri.	Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone *b.*, 1809.	4.56.
30.	Sat.	Rudyard Kipling *b.*, 1865.	4.57.
31.	Sun.	First after Christmas.	4.58.

COX'S COUGH-DROPS.

A TALE OF GREYHOUSE.

By R. S. WARREN BELL,

Author of 'J. O. Jones," "The Duffer," &c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. R. SKELTON.

SYNOPSIS.

THIS story turns on the remarkable resemblance between Cox, a boy at Charlton Court Preparatory School only son of the millionaire vendor of "Cox's Cough-Drops," and Robert, Earl of Yarningale, heir to the Duke of Lapworth, another boy at the same school. Cox is a bully, and dominates Yarningale by a mixture of brutality, cunning, and superior will-power. Being booked for two hours' detention on a certain Saturday afternoon, Cox prevails on Yarningale to impersonate him at that ordeal, in order that he himself may go to a tennis-party at Charlton Grange, a country house that has been rented for a period by some London friends of his named Lomax. Cox is assuming that Mr. Skipjack, the senior assistant master, "who doesn't much bother about what you do, so long as he keeps you from playing cricket," will be taking detention, but at the last moment Mr. Skipjack gets Mr. Hallam, a much more particular master, to take detention, since he, as well as Cox, has been invited to the tennis-party at Charlton Grange. When Cox, all unconscious of this arrangement, arrives at Charlton Grange, he is filled with consternation on beholding Mr. Skipjack standing near the tennis-lawn. With little hesitation, he makes up his mind what line of policy to adopt, and explains to Pattie Lomax that he is Yarningale, a friend of Cox's, deputed by Cox to come and explain the latter's absence to her. He keeps up this deception for some time, but at length confesses to Pattie that he *is* Cox, and not Yarningale. Pattie promises to keep his secret, and as soon as he can conveniently manage it Cox slips back to the school, only to learn, to his added dismay, that Mr. Hallam and Yarningale(still masquerading as Cox) have gone down to the Vicarage together. Filled with dread lest Yarningale will make a slip and disclose the fraud, Cox determines to smuggle himself into the Vicarage grounds, and change places with Yarningale.

V.

WHEN Mr. Hallam walked into the big school-room to take detention, a glance sufficed to show him that Cox was already at his labours. Presuming that Mr. Skipjack had instructed Cox as to the task he was to perform, Mr. Hallam settled himself at the headmaster's desk with as much comfort as a hard arm-chair would allow, and plunged forthwith into a new novel which had arrived that day from the library the masters subscribed to.

Either the novel was not a very interesting one, or the afternoon was too warm, or Mr. Hallam was not in a mood for reading—but it is a fact that the young master found it a matter of no little difficulty to keep his attention fixed on the book. Three times did he shift his position in that uneasy chair, and three times, on returning to his book, did he take up the thread of the story at the wrong place. Finally, feeling not a little confused, he decided to start again at the very beginning. He did so, and read steadily through the first chapter and half the second. Then he began to gaze at the ceiling, then, absentmindedly, at (the supposed) Cox, and then he resumed his inspection of the ceiling. At length, coming out of his day-dream with a start, Mr. Hallam once more applied himself to his novel. But, having lost his place yet again, he thought he had better begin at the beginning of chapter ii. this time and work rapidly up to the point where he had previously left off. So he recommenced his perusal of the work at the following juncture:

CHAPTER II.

SIR JOHN KEEPS HIS WORD.

ON coming downstairs the next morning Colonel Anstruther found only one of his daughters at the breakfast table. Celia,

> in her accustomed place behind the urn, was dispensing coffee to her brothers. No trace of the passion she had evinced on the previous night was now to be seen in her face. She was, perhaps, a trifle paler than was her wont. . . .

Hallam shifted his position for the fourth time and gazed blankly at the page. What word was Sir John going to keep? If it came to that, who *was* Sir John? He didn't recollect reading about a Sir John in the first chapter. Then again, what particular passion had Celia evinced? Evidently, too, there was a third character of which he had failed to take proper note. It said here that the Colonel found only one of his daughters at the breakfast table. There was, then, another. Perhaps there were six others. Perhaps — horrible thought! — twelve. He didn't remember, and read that first chapter again *he would not*. No. He closed the novel and pitched it on to the desk. Then he looked at his watch, then at Cox (detained by proxy), then at his watch again- and sighed.

Most of our readers who are of adult years must have known something of love. As for those who are not of adult years, they have probably, at one time or another, conjugated the verb *amare*. So Mr. Hallam's frame of mind on this summer afternoon will possibly be comprehended by old and young alike when it is stated that the third person singular, present tense, indicative mood, active voice, of the verb *amare* sums up the young master's condition with a brevity that is almost brutal, while the identical part of the same verb in the passive voice, followed by the enclitic "ne" and a note of interrogation, represents precisely what was disturbing his mind with vexatious doubts.

Little matter for surprise, therefore, can accrue from the statement that Mr. Hallam did not remember anything of the first chapter of his novel. His mental condition being such, it is not to be wondered at that the following reflection suggested itself to him: "Was it quite fair of me to lick Cox yesterday when I found him bullying Yarningale? Oughtn't boys to look after themselves? Was I not a little too hasty? Do I not owe Cox a slight *amende*—to put it into French?"

And then another thought occurred to the young master. When he was playing golf with Mr. Skipjack, the latter had addressed Yarningale as Cox, and neither he nor Yarningale had undeceived Mr. Skipjack on the point. Mr. Hallam knew his colleague to be a little vindictive. Was it possible that the supposed Cox's rash display of merriment, when Mr. Skipjack missed his first drive, had anything to do with the real Cox's condemnation to two hours' detention? It certainly looked like it. If that was indeed so, then Cox was a victim of mistaken identity.

Mr. Hallam looked at his watch again, and his mind flew longingly to the cool Vicarage lawn. The temptation was too great.

"Let me see what you have done, Cox," he said.

Yarningale, trembling with apprehension, approached the desk. To the boy's relief Mr. Hallam hardly glanced at him, and put a blue pencil through the translation he had done without reading a single word of it.

"Now go and get your flannels on, and I'll take you down to the Vicarage with me," said Mr. Hallam.

Yarningale gaped at him in horror. Flannels! Vicarage!

"Run along," added Mr. Hallam, with a wave of his hand.

So Yarningale, having returned Cox's books to their owner's locker, went guiltily to his dormitory and changed into tennis garb, Mr. Hallam, taking the stairs four at a bound, having preceded him to the upper regions.

Fortunately for Yarningale, Mr. Hallam was in a dreamy mood all the way to the Vicarage, and hardly vouchsafed a remark. And when, on arriving at their destination, the young master was received with a sweetly timid smile of welcome by Mildred Henderson, Yarningale, boy though he was, knew that he was safe from detection, for thereafter Mr. Hallam had eyes and ears only for Miss Mildred.

Yarningale was turned over to Joan Henderson, who was of the same age as Pattie Lomax. But whereas Pattie was a vivacious blonde, Joan was a brunette, and a very cool, collected little lady into the bargain. She was a pretty girl, and looked particularly nice just now in her white cotton frock and black sash, Yarningale thought, in his humble way.

"Would you like some tea?" asked Joan.

"Thanks," said Yarningale, awkwardly. He was not accustomed to feminine society, and was, moreover, rather disconcerted by Joan's penetrating gaze. It was her way to look at people thus with those dark eyes of hers, but Yarningale, thanks to his guilty conscience, fancied that she was trying to read the secrets of his heart.

Joan brought him some tea and cake, and

YARNINGALE, TREMBLING WITH APPREHENSION, APPROACHED THE DESK.

Yarningale ate and drank in silence. Joan came to the conclusion that he was a nice-looking but rather dull boy. It seemed to be her fate to entertain dull boys, for Mr. Hallam often brought a boy down with him, and invariably handed him over to Joan to entertain. Joan liked Mr. Hallam, but she wished he would bring some lively, jolly, rather naughty boys down to the Vicarage.

After Yarningale had had tea—which was served on the lawn—Joan took him into the drawing-room and showed him her picture post-card album. Yarningale, always polite, passed the usual comments—"Oh, that's awfully fine!" "How ripping!" and so on *ad nauseam*.

Joan soon got tired of this. Every boy from Charlton Court School used these expressions. Her brother, who was at Whippingham, used them, too. She wondered why boys did not think out expressions for themselves—why they always said the things other boys said. Being but thirteen, she did not realise that humanity in general—and especially boy humanity—is like a flock of sheep. It is only in exceptional cases that a sheep displays strong individuality and declines to go where the bell-wether goes. And this, when you come to think of it, is just as well, for a flock of sheep composed of strong individualities would be a dreadfully troublesome flock to look after!

Yarningale was still studying the pages of the album when Joan, casting round for something else to talk about, noticed the ribbon on his hat. It was a pretty ribbon, of light blue, yellow, and terra-cotta.

"What jolly colours you have!" said she, taking up the hat.

"Yes, rather decent," agreed Yarningale.

Having inspected the exterior of the hat, Joan, with feminine curiosity, proceeded to take stock of the interior.

"Why, this isn't your hat!" she exclaimed, noticing the name written on the lining.

"Yes, it is," said the visitor, unthinkingly.

"But is your name Yarningale?"

"Yes—that is—no! I—er—borrowed that hat," explained Yarningale, in much confusion.

"What have you done with your own, then?" inquired Joan, calmly.

"I—er—lent it to another chap," replied Yarningale, plunging yet deeper into the quagmire of falsehood.

"I see," said Joan, slowly. His uneasiness did not escape her sharp eyes. And, now she came to think of it, this boy going by the name of Cox *was* remarkably like a boy Mr. Hallam had brought down with him just before Christmas. Joan well remembered the boy, because he was an Earl, and little girls living in quiet country vicarages don't meet Earls every day, not even boy ones.

"I believe you are Lord Yarningale," she said, drawing her bow at a venture.

To her surprise, Yarningale, who, to his credit be it said, was a poor liar, blushed a rosy red and shuffled his feet uncomfortably.

"I—I tell you I borrowed that hat," he said, fear of Cox paramount in his mind. "Chaps often lend their hats to one another."

But Joan's worst suspicions were aroused. If his story were true, why should he look so uncomfortable?

"Pattie Lomax once told me," she said, fixing her dark eyes on Yarningale, "that Cox was a rough boy with bad manners. Now, *you* are not a bit rough, and you have very nice manners."

This statement did not give Yarningale any pleasure whatever.

"Oh," he said, trying to assume an offhanded tone, "that's how girls talk. Cox—that is, I——"

Joan clapped her hands.

"Caught you there! Now, confess. You are *pretending* to be Cox, aren't you? If you *are* Cox, show me your name on your handkerchief. You can't have borrowed a handkerchief as well as a hat."

Yarningale was cornered. If he refused, she would suspect him more than ever. It was possible, however, that he had got some other fellow's handkerchief. They were often mixed up. Hoping against hope that this was so, he drew out his handkerchief. Alas! in the corner were an embroidered coronet and a tell-tale "Y."

"There, that's proof," cried Joan, excitedly. "But do tell me why you are pretending to be Cox. I promise and vow not to say anything."

Seeing that the game was up, Yarningale had nought to do but confide in her.

"Well, you see," he said, "Cox wanted to go up to the Lomaxes'——"

"To see that silly Pattie!" snapped Joan.

"He said something about her," acknowledged Yarningale. "So I stayed in for him, and then Hallam brought me down here."

Joan gazed at Yarningale with a new light in her eyes.

"I like you better now you've told me that," she said. "How generous of you to do that, and how brave!"

Yarningale was silent. He knew it was not so much an act of bravery on his part as of a yielding to *force majeure*. Still, there was no necessity to humble himself in the dust before Joan by telling her that.

"And hasn't Mr. Hallam noticed the difference between you yet?" asked Joan.

"There isn't any difference," replied Yarningale in a joyless tone. The fates had indeed been cruel to make him resemble Cox, of all fellows, in such a striking degree.

"What—are you exactly alike?"

"Exactly," said Yarningale.

"*Exactly?*"

"Well," allowed Yarningale, "there's one way of telling between us——"

"What's that?" interrupted Joan, eagerly.

"Cox has a wart on his right hand," said Yarningale.

"Oh," replied Joan. "Well, that wouldn't be very easily noticed, would it? But how awfully interesting! I wish I were like some other girl and could change places with her whenever I chose without anybody being the wiser."

She stopped speaking suddenly, as the way of many girls is, and looked fixedly at Yarningale. Yes, he had rather nice eyes, and his hair would perhaps be nice if he allowed it to grow a little longer. He was rather stout for a boy of his age, but, after all, big men were nicer than little ones, and one day he would be a big man. So, summing Yarningale up, Joan decided that she liked him, and as little maids, as well as grown-up ones, have their romances, Joan

decided that thereafter Yarningale should be her "favourite boy."

"And now I think we had better go back to the garden," she said. "They'll be wondering what's become of us."

They were sauntering down the lawn at some distance from the tennis-court when Joan was hailed in a sharp croak by an old lady sitting in a sunny nook formed by the projecting study window.

"Grandmamma," said Joan, in a whisper. "I expect she wants to talk to you. She likes to talk to everybody that comes here."

Sure enough, Mrs. Henderson senior, a pompous and aristocratic-looking dame, demanded an introduction to Joan's friend.

"Well, Master Cox," said the old lady, as Joan, with a glance of commiseration in the boy's direction, walked off to join the others, "and how are *you?*"

"Very well, thank you," said Yarningale, deferentially, as he placed himself on the edge of a chair by her side.

"You are at Charlton Court School, are you? A very good school, I am told. I suppose you will be going home for your holidays soon?"

"Not till the end of July," said Yarningale.

"Dear me!" said the ancient one. "Holidays begin later than they did when I was a girl. We used to go home in June. I went to a school in St. John's Wood, kept by the Misses Muffinson. Do you know St. John's Wood, Master Cox?"

"N—no," mumbled Yarningale.

"Hey?" demanded Mrs. Henderson.

"No," said Yarningale, in a louder tone, adding, after a perceptible pause (as he wished to be quite polite), "madam."

"Do you know London at all?" the old lady inquired.

"N—no," said Yarningale. Then, remembering that Cox lived in London, he added hastily: "That is to say, a little."

"Is your home there?" asked the old lady.

"Y—yes," said Yarningale.

"In what part?" was the next question, uttered in a rather severe tone.

Yarningale considered. Cox's father was rich, so he probably lived in the West End.

"Er—near Hyde Park," said Yarningale.

"Bless me, boy, can't you be more definite?" demanded Mrs. Henderson.

"Piccadilly," said poor Yarningale, making a dash at it.

"Indeed!" returned the old lady. "And what, may I ask, is your father's profession, Master Cox?"

Yarningale very nearly slipped off his chair. He could not tell this aristocratic dame that his (that is to say, Cox's) father made cough-drops.

"Well?"

"My father is a manufacturer," said Yarningale lamely.

"Of what?"

Again there was a pause. The old lady cleared her throat irritably.

"Er—medicine," replied Yarningale, at length.

Mrs. Henderson sniffed. She had imagined that all the boys at Charlton Court belonged at least to county families. She herself was very well-born, and had never in her life associated with people mixed up with trade.

"Indeed!" she said frigidly. "And what kind of medicine does your father manufacture, Master Cox?"

Yarningale hesitated. He did not like to say "cough-drops," and yet he must say something.

"Did you hear my question, Master Cox?" demanded Mrs. Henderson, inexorably.

"He makes medicine for coughs," explained Yarningale, and looked round for an avenue of escape. This dreadful old woman would worm it all out of him in time, he felt sure.

Now, Mrs. Henderson junior was aware of her mother-in-law's peculiarities, and she had guessed that that grand lady was asking the school-boy awkward questions.

"Joan," she said suddenly, "you mustn't neglect your young friend. Take him to see your white rats, my dear."

Before, therefore, the elder Mrs. Henderson could interrogate Yarningale further, Joan rescued the boy from her clutches and led him away to an outhouse that lay not far remote from the tennis-lawn. In the outhouse were two cages, one for Mamma Rat and her young, and the other, standing close beside the first, for Papa Rat, who had been exiled from his family owing to a tendency to cannibalism that he had lately displayed. In other words, he had devoured one of his progeny when Joan arrived just in time to save the rest from his voracious maw.

"Awfully jolly," was Yarningale's stereotyped criticism of the rats.

It cannot be said that the rats *looked* awfully jolly. Papa wore an expression

THERE, CROUCHING BEHIND THE BUSHES, HE ESPIED COX.

Digitized by Google

which seemed to say that he preferred any company to his own; Mamma Rat gave one the idea that she considered it was absurd to banish her lord because he had breakfasted off a superfluous son; while the young rats appeared to be living in dread lest Mamma herself should turn her teeth upon them as Papa had done on their eldest brother.

"Oh, you bad boy!" cried Joan, apostrophising Papa Rat. "How dare you! Fancy eating one of your own children!"

Papa Rat inferred by the way he nibbled the wire that he would quite fancy eating a few more of his children. Joan turned from him in disgust.

"You poor little darlings—" she was beginning, when a call from the tennis-lawn caused her to quit the outhouse. It appeared that a telegram for Mr. Hallam had been brought down from the school, and that Joan was required to fetch a pencil and telegram-form from the house, in order that Mr. Hallam, who was in the middle of a set, might reply with the least possible amount of delay.

Left to himself, Yarningale was gazing miserably at the rats when the sound of his name, uttered in a hoarse whisper, caused him to start and stare round.

"*Yarny—you ass—come outside!*"

Yarningale went outside, and there, crouching behind a thick clump of bushes, he espied Cox.

"Come on—down here behind the bushes," continued Cox. "I'm going to change places with you—see?"

Yarningale, though startled, quite saw. He joined Cox in his hiding-place.

"Go straight along and you'll come to a place where you can get over the wall. Then cut back to the school as hard as you can," said Cox.

"Will it be all right?" asked Yarningale, thinking of Mr. Hallam.

"Of course it will be all right. Hurry up, you idiot."

Thus adjured, Yarningale crept away, while Cox stole into the outhouse. Arrived there, he breathed a sigh of relief. He had been lurking about behind the bushes for some time, in imminent fear of detection, and when Joan brought Yarningale into the outhouse he had been on the point of decamping, for he feared the glint of his blazer and the little girl's sharp eyes.

Joan's disappearance had afforded him his chance, however, and, true son of his father, he had taken it.

VI.

And now—what? He waited. No one appeared. Joan Henderson seemed to be a longish time getting that telegram-form. He supposed he had better stay here till she returned, though.

He waited on. Five minutes elapsed and still she had not come. As a matter of fact, Joan, when procuring the telegram-form from her father's study, had spied a passing friend through the window. She had hailed her, the friend had stopped, and Joan, after giving Mr. Hallam a pencil, a telegram-form, and a book to write on, had returned to the front door to gossip with her friend. They were both day-girls at the local "academy for young ladies"—as was Pattie Lomax—and so they had much food for chatter, Pattie Lomax's shortcomings being the principal topic discussed.

Meanwhile, Cox was kicking up his heels in the outhouse. For Pattie Lomax he now entertained a staunch regard, but she was the only girl of his acquaintance for whom he had any respect. While he kicked up his heels he designated Joan Henderson "a little beast"; presently, having pondered on what he had seen of her in church, he went further than this and described her to the rats as a "black-eyed, stuck-up little cat." The rats blinked at him in an unfriendly way, for they instinctively suspected that he was not a fellow to be trusted. Ere many minutes had passed, the young rats and their mother were to receive substantial proof that this suspicion was not an unreasonable one.

All the afternoon Cox had had to hold himself in, and the restraint had told on him. He desired a vent for the wickedness in his blood, and, casting round for something on which to wreak his ill-will, his eye fell on the cluster of small white rats. What was it he had heard Joan Henderson saying? The father rat had eaten one of the young ones, so he had been moved into a cage by himself. Now, then, thought Cox, was that fair? Why shouldn't the old boy eat one of his kids if he wanted to? Naturally, his idea was to thin down his family, so that there wouldn't be so many to bring up. Quite right. Why not let the old boy have his way?

Peeping out of the outhouse to make sure that his movements were not observed, Cox opened the door of Papa Rat's cage, grasped the rodent round its plump body, and quickly transferred it to the cage from which it had

been exiled. The return of the banished gentleman was received by his family with mixed feelings; for, while the young rats seemed anxious to get as far away as possible from him, Mamma Rat was apparently overjoyed by the return of her lord. But, so far, Cox had only executed one half of his scheme. Gripping hold of Mamma Rat, he placed her in the cage from which he had just taken her husband, thus leaving the cannibalistic male to devour as many more of his family as he liked.

He was just fastening up the door of the cage formerly occupied by Papa Rat when Joan came tripping softly into the outhouse.

"What are you doing to my rats?" she exclaimed.

She suspected all boys of being cruel, and fastened a suspicious pair of eyes on Cox's countenance.

"The old man rat got his tail caught in the door, and I was letting it free," was Cox's plausible explanation.

"You're sure you weren't teasing him?"

"Of course I wasn't," said Cox. "Can't you believe me?"

"Well," said Joan, her tone becoming more civil, "I suppose I must apologise for keeping you waiting so long, but the fact was I saw some one I wanted to speak to particularly."

"That's all right," said Cox, off-handedly. "I've been watching these rats. What funny little beggars they are!"

"Yes," said Joan. "Papa Rat doesn't seem to like being put in a cage by himself, does he?" And, indeed, Mamma Rat was gnawing the wire of her cage in a furious and frantic manner, so great was her anxiety to get back and protect her brood from the teeth of their father.

"I suppose *Mamma* won't start about them, will she?" asked Cox, with a sinister smile.

"Oh, no," said Joan. "She is far too fond of them for that."

"Well, they don't seem to be very fond of *her*," said Cox. "Look how they are shrinking away from her."

"I expect they are frightened at *you*," said Joan, severely. "Come along, we'll leave them to themselves now."

Old Mrs. Henderson had not appreciated being deprived of (the supposed) Cox's society in such an abrupt manner, and was determined to continue her conversation with him at the first possible opportunity. Catching sight of the boy as he came walking along the lawn with Joan, she hailed him in a dictatorial manner that would brook no denial.

"Grandmamma wants to talk to you again, I think," said Joan, in a demurely mischievous manner. "She seems to have taken quite a fancy to you."

"'Again?'" thought Cox. "I wonder what she was talking to me about before. Can't say I like these old parties. They always want to know all about you."

However, as in duty bound, he sat himself down near the old lady.

"You were telling me, Master Cox," she began, "about your father."

"Now for it," said Cox to himself. "Wonder how much young Yarny has been giving away!"

"You were saying he was a—a what?" continued Mrs. Henderson.

"A country gentleman," said Cox.

"I beg your pardon?" replied Mrs. Henderson, putting her hand to her ear.

"I was saying my father was a country gentleman," reiterated Cox.

"And lives?" queried Mrs. Henderson.

"In Berkshire," replied Cox, without hesitation.

"But you also said," snapped the old lady, "if I remember aright, Master Cox, that your father lived in Piccadilly, and manufactured medicine. I believe I understood you to say that."

"My father is a country gentleman, and lives in Berkshire," replied Cox, bluntly. He could see that Yarningale had been putting his foot into it, but saw no reason why he shouldn't try and straighten out matters a little. As a matter of fact, Cox's father *was* a country gentleman, and he *did* (when out of town) live in Berkshire, seeing that some few years since he had bought up a baronial hall situated in that county.

"Do you mean to tell me, Master Cox," continued the old lady, with exasperating pertinacity, "that your father does *not* manufacture medicine for—I think you said—coughs?"

"Well," allowed Cox, "he is the chairman of a company that manufactures that sort of stuff."

"What sort of stuff, Master Cox?"

"Cough-mixture," said Cox. He was determined he would not himself pronounce the odious word "drops" if he could possibly help it. And here, again, he was practically authorised to say that his father's company manufactured cough-mixture, because, like

most successful vendors of a famous patent remedy, Cox senior had added a long list of cognate potions, ointments, and pills to his original stock-in-trade, though, of course, his world-known cough-drop was the principal mainstay and revenue-producer of the business.

Mrs. Henderson's face suddenly relaxed. From Yarningale's account of his supposed sire, she had imagined Mr. Cox to be a well-to-do tradesman, Piccadilly tradesman who resided "over" his shop and actively superintended the operations of his assistants. To be chairman of a *company* which dispensed medicines was a very different thing. Dukes and noble lords condescended to hold such posts.

Considering the matter for a moment, her face lit up with a new idea.

"Now I come to think of it, Master Cox," she said, "I have for many years found great relief in the use of 'Cox's Cough Drops.' Is it possible that your father controls the firm which has produced this exceedingly beneficial article?"

"Yes, he is chairman of it," admitted Cox, reluctantly.

"Dear, dear me!" said Mrs. Henderson. "I have a most troublesome uvula, I will have you know, Master Cox—" she went on.

"(I wish it would choke her," thought Cox, brutally.)

"—— I have a most troublesome uvula, and before I commenced the use of your father's invaluable remedy—I mean your father's *company's* remedy—I used to be kept awake half the night by my cough. Dear, dear me! How gratifying to meet the son of the man who has proved such a benefactor to myself and countless other sufferers."

She opened her velvet satchel and therefrom took her purse. From her purse she extracted a shilling, and this she pressed into Cox's hand.

"There, my dear boy, is something for you. A little token of my gratitude. . . . And now, as it is getting damp, I think I had better go in. I wish you good evening, Master Cox."

With which farewell, she moved slowly across the lawn towards the house, leaving Cox in an extremely sore frame of mind.

Everything seemed to have gone wrong since he had accused Yarningale behind that spreading cedar of coughing in an ostentatious manner when they had met before breakfast. And to think that it should all end up by his coming down here and being catechised by an old geezer like that! This was the worst part of his unpleasant experiences. However, he slipped the shilling into his pocket, for a shilling is a shilling even to a millionaire's son, and glanced round the lawn.

Nobody seemed to be taking any notice of him. Mr. Hallam had apparently disappeared into some other part of the garden with Mildred Henderson. Mrs. Henderson junior was talking to a lady friend who had just come in. Joan, her father, and two young men were playing tennis.

A big black cat came stealing across the lawn. Cox endeavoured to entice it to his side, but the cat did not like the look of him and sheared off at a nervous canter. He couldn't even get hold of a cat to tease!

Cox was thinking that it was pretty slow work paying visits to the Vicarage, and was just wondering whether he might without being observed take a pear off the tea-table, when a loud cry from the direction of the outhouse attracted the attention of every body on the lawn.

"Joan," called a voice—a feminine one—"Joan, come into the outhouse—quickly."

Joan threw down her racquet and ran off. Cox, scenting trouble, sank back in his chair, and proceeded to regard the church tower, which loomed up near by, in an abstracted manner. He heard Joan give a shriek, and then there was a babel of voices.

Presently Mr. Hallam and Mildred Henderson came walking up the lawn.

"Well," said Mrs. Henderson, "what's the matter now?"

"That dreadful Mother Rat was trying to eat one of her young ones," said Mildred indignantly. "It is really appalling. Mr. Hallam kept her off with the end of a stick, and now Joan has put her in the other cage with the Father Rat."

"Joan ought not to keep rats if she doesn't understand how to manage them," said the Vicar severely.

The Vicar, be it explained, disliked pets of all kinds.

Joan came back at that moment, looking flushed and annoyed.

"Joan, I think you had better dispose of those rats," said her father in a sharp tone. "It is evident that you don't know how to feed them, or the old ones would not try to eat the young ones."

Joan stamped her foot.

"I do understand them," she cried. "The Mother Rat has never tried to do anything of this kind before."

She looked suspiciously at Cox, who was still gazing abstractedly at the church tower. Ah! had she not caught him closing the door of the Father Rat's cage!

"I believe *you* have played some trick with them," she continued, pointing an accusing finger at the reflective-looking school-boy. "I believe, while I was away from the outhouse, you put the Father Rat in with the young ones, and the Mother Rat in the Father Rat's cage!"

"*I?*" inquired Cox, with a look of profound innocence on his face.

"Yes, I believe you did," cried the child, now beside herself with passion. "And as you played that cruel, cruel trick on my rats, I will say what I know about *you*. You are not Cox at all," she went on, her voice rising almost to a shriek; "you are a boy called Lord Yarningale, who is very much like Cox. Yes, I know he is," proceeded she, now at the zenith of her passion, and disregarding her father's sharp rebuke. "I know," she continued, looking at Mr. Hallam, who was observing Cox with some apprehension, "because I saw the name *Yarningale* in his hat when he was in the drawing-room with me. Oh, yes, you look at his hat, and you will see *Yarningale* written there quite plainly."

JOAN WAS BESIDE HERSELF WITH PASSION.

It was a dramatic moment. Everybody on the lawn was looking at Cox in a reproachful manner. Could it be that this boy had really been representing another? The suspicion became a very real one in Mr. Hallam's mind; the young master knew Cox was capable of many things, but had not thought he would dare to make Yarningale impersonate him in the manner suggested.

"Let me see your hat," said Hallam.

Joan, her cheeks wet with tears, grated her teeth venomously. Now he would be shown up. She was absolutely certain that he had changed the rats—hence her virtuous indignation.

"Certainly, sir," said Cox, coolly handing his hat to the master. Mr. Hallam inspected the lining of the hat.

"No," he said, turning to the little girl, "I am afraid you are mistaken, Joan. This hat is marked *Cox*."

Joan darted forward, examined the interior of the hat, and then retired a few paces looking angry and puzzled. Suddenly her face lit up with a new idea.

"But Cox has a wart on his right hand, and that boy hasn't," she cried. "Lord Yarningale told me so himself. Look at his hand."

"Is that so?" inquired Mr. Hallam of the boy. "Is it true you have a wart on your right hand?"

"Yes," said Cox, scowling at Joan.

"He hasn't," cried Joan. "I've seen his hands. Cox has the wart—not that boy."

"Let me see your hand," said Mr. Hallam, controlling his mirth with a strenuous effort.

Cox put out his grimy paw.

"Yes," said Mr. Hallam, turning gravely to Joan, "this boy *has* a wart on his hand, so he must be Cox. And," he added, "I can assure you he *is* Cox. I know Cox very well."

Joan burst into tears.

"Oh, there is some awful mistake," she cried. "That is *not* Cox. Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

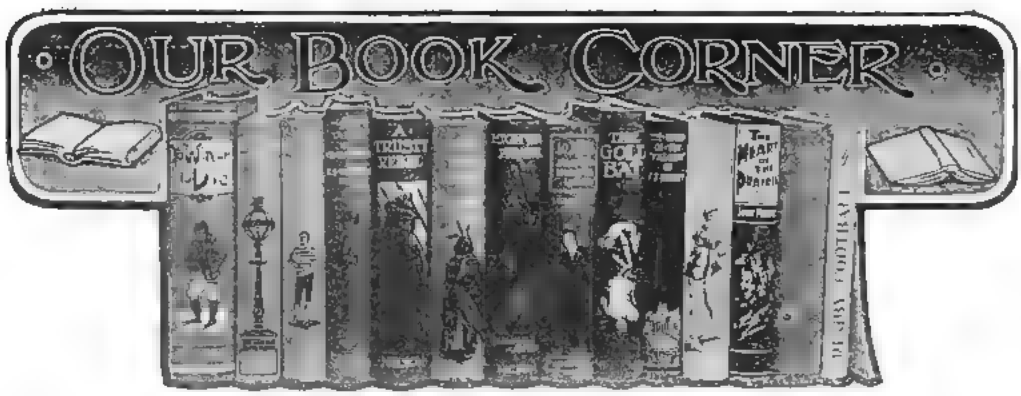
"Joan," said the Vicar, sharply, "go indoors at once. You are behaving in a childish and ridiculous manner. Go up to your room."

"Oh," cried Joan, facing Cox with flashing eyes, "how I *hate* you!"

And then, still sobbing, she went indoors.

As for Cox, he, with a smile of serene indifference, resumed his interrupted occupation of drinking in the beauties of the church tower.

(To be continued.)



From Fag to Monitor. By Andrew Home. (A. and C. Black, 3*s.* 6*d.*) The picture of the Bully thrashing the Hero is alone worth the money. Such brutal fury as illumines the cheerful features of the one; such brilliantly vermilion splashes as streak the night-shirt of the other! Even the attitude of that noble fellow, the Head of the School, may be studied with advantage by any one who contemplates going for a silver medal at Aldershot. The boy who could box with such anatomical dexterity as that would carry all before him in the ring.

The coloured illustrations, indeed, to this new edition of Mr. Home's book seem to us peculiarly appropriate. Frankly speaking, the story is sheer melodrama — on a small scale. If one can imagine a drama of school life being staged at the Adelphi in the old days, "From Fag to Monitor" is exactly the sort of stuff that would have been presented. All the proper ingredients are here—the manly Hero, the villainous Bully (with a fondness for playing cards in the local pub), the avenging Head of the School, the amiable Fat Boy, and the oily Sneak. Outside the boy-characters we have the Wicked Lawyer ("made up" in quite the orthodox stage style) and a Drunken Fisherman, who possess a Dark Secret between them.

What more would you? With such *dramatis personæ*, and stage properties that include a smuggler's cave, a bell-buoy, a smack that gets wrecked, and a pistol that goes off when pointed at somebody's head, one can surely concoct a miniature melodrama that would meet the approval of many a junior pit and gallery?

Mr. Home's story is not an artistic success. In the first place it is scrappy, without a plot worthy of the name; secondly, his characters are mere travesties of boys. They are not natural: they do not live. Nor are his situations good. Apart from the air of improbability with which they are invested by their unskilful introduction or interpolation, they do not grip the reader when he gets to them. In fine, "From Fag to Monitor" is, we think, emphatically a poor book.

This verdict we believe most boys competent to form an opinion would endorse; and the fact that the book sells (as is evident from the publishers' advertisement of previous editions) in large numbers is an illustration of the misguided manner in which worthy uncles and pious aunts select books for their luckless nephews. If munificent relatives would only consult (say) THE CAPTAIN'S "Book Corner" instead of vaguely asking the bookseller for a "boy's book" and purchasing at random, it is possible they might get better value for their money. Mr. Home's story, we notice, bears the alluring (and quite irrelevant) sub-title of "Fighting to the Front." What Maiden Aunt could resist that?

The cover provided by the publishers, on which a cricketer clad in brown trousers is bowling an invisible ball to another with a bat the colour of a Dutch cheese, is a masterpiece—in its way.

Bolts and Bars. By F. C. Vernon Harcourt. (Digby, Long, and Co., 3*s.* 6*d.*) In a serious preface of some little length the author comments with severity upon the penal laws of this country, and especially upon the methods of prison discipline current. His contention (which it is well known receives

the support of many who have made a special study of this branch of social reform) is that the modern system of punishment not only fails as a deterrent from crime, but by its harshness and the almost ineradicable stigma which it leaves, is actually *making* criminals. His plan is for the abolition of "the present cruel and valueless system of prison administration," and it is to this end, he says, that the farrago of stories and sketches of which "Bolts and Bars" is composed has been published.

If this be really the author's purpose he would have been better advised to deal with the mass of material which he has collected in more suitable form. His book contains merely a number of "yarns," supposedly having actual occurrences for their themes, in which the convict-hero proves himself to have the right stuff within him, and incidentally points to the crushing influences of prison life over which he (out of many thousand potential heroes) has, by some remarkable chance, succeeded in triumphing. But fiction, the author admits, is very considerably interwoven with fact in these stories, and it is difficult to imagine that they will be taken very seriously as evidence. The narrator's style, too, is stagey and inclined to be lurid. For instance:

"The scaly monster, ploughing up the water with its huge dorsal fin, its great green eyes shining with a pale phosphorescent light, and its tremendous jaws opening and shutting with a sound that resembled the clanging of a blacksmith's anvil, came on, &c. &c."

Sharks which swim about with jaws so loosely hung that they flap like a banging door, and similar portents, merely provoke a smile.

Some of Mr. Harcourt's stories, however, are quite readable, and even those who find his gentlemen cracksmen, revengeful Italians (stiletto and all), greasy Jew "fences," murderous warders, and Nihilist assassins a trifle too highly coloured, may be interested in the light he throws upon the dreary lot of the unfortunate who wears the broad arrow.

All Abroad. By B. A. Clarke. (Ward, Lock and Co. 2s. 6d.) Mr. Clarke has achieved a triumph of triviality. His book is supposed to recount the experiences of himself and two other globe-trotters in a hurried trip round the world. It may be imagined that they did not see much, for all their travels, and Mr. Clarke, to do him justice, refrains from inflicting upon us "impressions" based upon a five minutes' acquaintance. Instead, he devotes his pages to reports of what he said to his friends, what they said to somebody else, and what other people said to the company in general. When it is added that Mr. Clarke, his friends, and most of the persons they met in the course of their travels were all oppressed by a desire of being witty, the exhilarating effect of "All Abroad" upon the reader will become apparent.

The author's aim, we imagine, has been to produce a book of travel on the lines of "The Innocents Abroad." The idea is praiseworthy; but Mr. Clarke is not Mark Twain. He has a considerable measure of wit, certainly, but he is so prodigal of it that, in too many cases, it is woefully thin. That he did not exercise more restraint is the more regrettable since scattered here and there amidst the banalities one comes, now and again, upon shrewd and incisive remarks which proclaim the maker of them by no means the fool that he endeavours to appear.

"All Abroad" strikes us as a wasted effort. Next time Mr. Clarke travels, we should like to see what he can do without such strenuous endeavours to be funny.

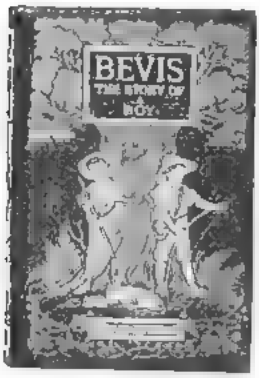
The Adventures of Punch. By Ascott R. Hope. (A. and C. Black. 6s.) The names of Punch and Judy conjure up visions of delight to the youthful mind. Indeed, there are few of the older ones among us who are unable to feel a sneaking pleasure in watching the antics of the redoubtable hump-back and his dog Toby.

Punchinello, of which Punch is a contraction, was a name given to a hump-backed puppet in Italy, but the pantomime enacted in the Punch and Judy shows of to-day seems to be of comparatively recent origin, and to have reached its present form gradually. In the book before us, Mr. Ascott R. Hope has merely taken the names and prominent characteristics of Punch and his companions and given them to the characters in his story. Apart from these names and the illustrations, the tale might have been called anything rather than "The Adventures of Punch." It is simply a very ordinary fairy

story with nothing of originality to commend it. The best that we can say of it is that it is harmless and will probably be of interest to youthful readers who will be attracted by the name of their old friend.

The illustrations by Mr. S. B. de la Bere are excellent, and give the book an attractiveness which we fear it would not otherwise possess.

Bevis: the Story of a Boy. By Richard Jefferies. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)



Written in the early eighties by the well-known author of "Wood Magic," "Bevis," for various reasons, never attained the popularity that it undoubtedly deserves. It is now republished in a more concise form by the author's only son, Mr. Harold Jefferies.

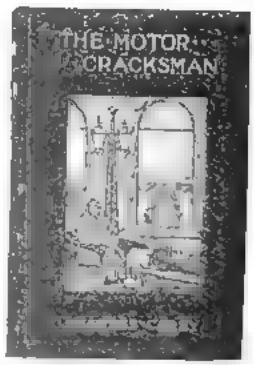
We are inclined to agree almost entirely with the views which Mr. E. V. Lucas expresses in his able and interesting introduction.

"I know," he says, "no other boys' book by a man of genius which so eliminates direct adult influence as does this. It is a long and eloquent, and, I think, successful argument in favour of leaving boys to themselves and allowing independence and self-reliance to oust, for the time being, school-books and tutors. Throughout the latter half of the story one notes the gradual strengthening of character in the boys, as they attempt more and more, unaided and of their own initiative. The Bevis at the end of the book is a very much finer boy than the Bevis of Chapter VII., although only a few weeks had elapsed. But in those weeks he had done much. As a book for boys 'Bevis,' I think, stands alone in its blend of joy in the open air, sympathetic understanding of boy nature and most admirable writing. It is a book for boys from first to last—for boys of all ages and conditions."

The chief charm of this work lies in the beautifully written descriptions of various phases of country life, which give it, apart from its interest as a tale, an educational value which it is difficult to over-estimate.

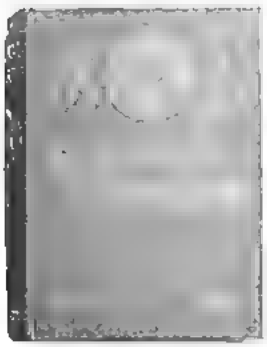
It cannot be denied that the story is far too long, but it is none the less hard to point to any special passages which we would willingly lose.

The Motor Cracksman. By Charles Carey. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.) Stories which introduce motor-cars as part of their working machinery are quite the mode nowadays: and, no doubt, it is the wish to be in accord with the fashion that has prompted the title of this book. On coming to facts, we find that the motor-car really plays a very subordinate part, since the gentlemanly Sikes who figures prominently uses it but seldom. The story is of the detective order—and has a dash of Yankeeism, which is only to be expected with the scenes laid mainly in a New York hotel. Jewels, *i.e.*, rubies and sapphires—we thank the author for keeping off diamonds—are stolen from the safe of a big country house; and then the fun begins. We meet with one or two people whom we should like to kick, and who get their deserts in another fashion; with a young lady who is very well able to look after herself; with an American actress of a less lovable type; and with a very decent Scotchman. It must be placed to the credit of the author that, for many chapters, we are kept from solving the main problems in advance, since he rather cleverly drags a red herring across the trail. However, the ending is satisfactory, and we are left with the moral that some methods of self-advertisement are decidedly risky. The Motor Cracksman himself is quite an original character, and his fortunes will, doubtless, interest readers whose tastes lead them to detective stories in which the ball is kept rolling by plenty of incident. Young people, especially, will probably be ready enough to follow the quest of the stolen jewels through the three hundred odd pages of Mr. Carey's book.



The Romance of the Fountain. By Eugene Lee Hamilton. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.) The Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir of Life, the two great ends of astrological research, were taken very seriously by educated people of the sixteenth century. Mr. Lee Hamilton draws us a picture of a Spanish noble who, in his eagerness to smooth away the wrinkles from his brow by a draught of the fabled Fountain of Eternal Youth, sacrifices wealth and happiness in a mad search for the magic water among the forests of Bimini, "a realm north of Hispaniola." Bound up with the main theme is the secret courtship of his daughter, Rosita, by the son of his bitterest enemy. That the writer

has the gift of imagination is proved by his conception of a huge man-eating plant of the Venus-Fly-trap order as the chief deity of the Biminians, who court its favour by the daily offering of a living human victim. He gives us *en passant* an interesting peep at Ferdinand of Castile, the great Spanish monarch whose name is so closely bound up with the discovery of the New World. It is, of course, impossible for fiction to surpass the romantic realities set forth in Prescott's two most famous works, and when the narrative brings us to the contest between the Spaniards, led by Don Louis and the Biminians, the comparisons that suggest themselves are to the disadvantage of this story. The general impression left by a careful perusal of the volume is that Mr. Lee Hamilton has let slip a chance of weaving a fine book out of the refreshingly original ideas which made him take up his pen. The end, when it comes, is tragic, but it comes too soon for us to have established sympathetic relations with Don Louis, Rosita, or her lover, Juan. Still, there are striking passages in the tale, which will repay perusal by people who have reached years of discretion. The younger members of the family would not, perhaps, appreciate its best points.



A King's Comrade. By E. W. Whistler. (T. Nelson and Sons. 5*s*.) There are few more pathetic incidents in history than the murder of the noble young Ethelbert, King of East Anglia, on the eve of his marriage with the daughter of Offa, King of Mercia.

This deed of treachery seems to have been entirely the work of Quendritha, Offa's ambitious and unscrupulous wife, who hoped thereby to gain for her husband the sovereignty of East Anglia, but there can be no doubt that Offa could have prevented it. After its accomplishment, however, the full horror of the murder seems to have burst upon him, and he showed his tardy repentance by building Hereford Cathedral in honour of the martyred king, whose name it still bears.

It is an interesting suggestion that the dislike to weddings in May, which has so long been prevalent in England, has its origin in the fact that May 20 is the date assigned to King Ethelbert's murder.

The hero of the story is a Saxon thane who is captured by Danes, and after many perils and adventures abroad in the service of Charlemagne returns to England, becomes a great friend of Ethelbert, and witnesses his tragic end.

Mr. C. W. Whistler's talent for making events of long past history live again is brought to bear with the usual happy results, and his historical accuracy is a pleasing feature in an interesting and delightful book.

Red Dickon the Outlaw. By Tom Bevan. (T. Nelson and Sons. 2*s*. 6*d*.) At the beginning of the reign of Richard I. the lot of the English peasants was a hard one indeed. Before the terrible Black Death, in 1349, the rural population of England was more than sufficient for the tilling of the soil and the household service of the landowner. Freedom had been readily sold to the more industrious serfs, and many had migrated to the towns and become prosperous burghers.

But the passing of the Plague altered all this, and the supply of labour fell short of the demand. The peasants took advantage of the existing conditions to ask unreasonable wages, and the landowner's influence caused the enactment of rigorous laws binding the peasants to the soil, and even bringing back many who had been granted their freedom. Discontent and rebellion were rife, and many fled to the woods and lived a life of outlawry rather than submit. Mr. Bevan, who has chosen this interesting period for his story, has successfully reproduced the spirit of the times. We are brought face to face with John Bull, Wat Tyler, and other noteworthy rebels. How the hero, Red Dickon, becomes an outlaw and eventually wins the king's favour and regains his position, may be read in Mr. Bevan's story, which is none the less interesting for its historical accuracy.

In Northern Seas. By E. Everett Green. (T. Nelson and Sons. 3*s*. 6*d*.) Dra-

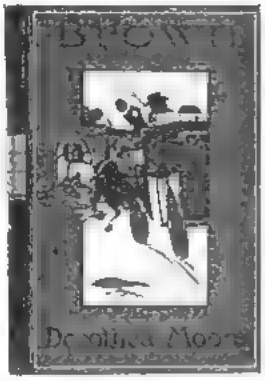
cone Leno, a young Venetian, sails with his uncle to Northern Seas in search of adventure. They fall in with Henry Sinclair, a Scotch Earl, and Over-lord of the Orkneys and Shetlands, and help him to regain his territory from his kinsman, Malise Sperre, who has wrongfully seized it. The fight with the usurper ending with his defeat and death is vividly portrayed, but the further adventures of Dracone are in the nature of an anti-climax, and the book might well have ended with the capture of Estlanda.

The story calls for little comment. It lacks originality, and follows the well-worn lines of the ordinary boy's book. It may, however, commend itself to youthful readers.

The Sauciest Boy in the Service. By W Gordon Stables. (Ward, Lock and Co. 5*s*.) Whatever else Dr. Gordon Stables may lack, he has certainly imagination. His latest volume possesses plenty of variety, and we note that rather more attention has been paid to the plot than usual. It is a pity, however, that the book has such an irritating title and such an irritating hero. Keppel Drummond *may* have been the "sauciest boy in the service": he is certainly one of the choicest young prigs we have met in the realms of fiction for some time. There is some excuse for him, however. It would be strange if a boy of fourteen who can move souls by his playing of the piccolo, make eloquent orations about the "glamour of the ocean," and converse not only in English but in French, Italian, Spanish, Turkish, Arabic, and "several other tongues," were not a *wee* bit—self-confident, shall we say? By the time the story comes to an end Kep has run away to the West Indies, seen red murder and mutiny on a coffin-ship, discovered an island, found a sunken treasure ship, performed at a music-hall, joined the Royal Navy, amputated a Krooman's leg, ruffled it in Zanzibar (learning to speak Swahili incidentally), been mixed up with slavers and cannibals, commanded an Arab dhow, and taken part in the blowing-up of a German cruiser (the period being 1906, and Britain being at war with Germany and Russia). If he was priggishly inclined before the story began, what on earth must he be like when it ends? On the whole it is, perhaps, as well that we lose sight of the "sauciest boy in the service" when we do.

There is the usual background of titanic Scotsmen, honest sailor-men, noble dogs, bonny lasses, bagpipes, and heroic but obvious sentiments, without which no story by Dr. Gordon Stables is complete. The author's method seems to us to lack the vital quality of *grip*.

Brown: A Story of Waterloo. By Dorothea Moore. (Nisbet and Co. 3*s*. 6*d*.) This book is quite good in its way. It is vivid, but the style is so lurid that one hesitates to commend it to boys after they have passed the third form. When you read that "Knightly Hollands rescued perilled maidens and propped falling thrones, scorning imprisonment or death in honour's cause," you may be sure that the story is not much better than the style. "Brown" is as interesting as most stories are, even to the critical, but will hardly appeal to boys who know what fighting and danger are. Frankly, we cannot recommend "Brown" to any school librarian.



The Vinland Champions. By Ottilie A. Liljencrantz. (Ward, Lock, and Co. 5*s*.) Last year we had the pleasure—and a real pleasure it was—of reviewing "The Thrall of Leif the Lucky," by the same author. The present story, though its characters and scenes are different, may be described as a companion volume. The author's original notion—to transcribe for the purposes of tales of adventure parts of the old Norse sagas—was an excellent one, and it has been excellently carried out. There is atmosphere in these books: the girt Vikings, mighty of limb and elemental in passion, live before us, and we follow their roving fortunes with rapt attention. Moreover, there is a high note, sustained from beginning to end, of dauntless courage, grim endurance, and the lofty spirit of discovery which stirs the pulses and sets the heart beating wildly.

Withal, the story *is* a story. The adventures of the Vinland Champions, a band of youngsters who are allowed to set up a booth in the camp of Thorfinn Karlsefne—their chasing of the bears and elks, their dealings with the Skrael-

lings, or aboriginals—are no series of disjointed incidents, but a connected narrative, each part of which has its bearing upon the working out of the plot. For our part we should not have found the book tedious were it twice its length; and to those who have the happy power of fireside transportation we wish no better company than Alrek Ingolfsson and his stalwart, yellow-haired band.

A Son of the Sea. By F. T. Bullen. (Nisbet and Co. 6s.) Mr. Bullen writes excellent sketches of the sea in his rather over-flowery way. His latest book is not in his best manner, but it is instructive, and shows knowledge of the countries described. It is to be feared, however, that most boys will find it dull. It is written in that breezy and bluff manner which is supposed to be characteristic of sailors, but which does not really represent them. For sailors are very quiet men. The sea subdues them. They do not fear it, but its vastness, its loneliness, and its mysteries infect them with a certain gravity. If we are not mistaken, "A Son of the Sea" will tire most boys.

"Hakluyt's English Voyages." By E. E. Speight, F.R.G.S. (Horace Marshall and Son, 2s. 6d.) In the years 1598–1600 Richard Hakluyt issued the three bulky volumes from which this book is compiled. Mr. Speight has modernised the spelling, but otherwise has wisely left untouched the quaint phraseology of the old Cosmographer, with the result that he has given us a delightful book, a record of Britons' gallant deeds by land and sea. If, indeed, as some would have us think, true patriotism is waning, we can conceive nothing more likely to revive it than the perusal of such a book as this. The illustrations by Mr. Morton Nance are good and in complete harmony with the book.

Of illustrated books for children we can heartily recommend **Foxy Grandpa Up-to-Date.** By "Bunny." (W. R. Chambers, 3s. 6d.) Grandpa appears to be one of the wiliest old gentlemen under the sun. His two small grandsons are constantly trying to play tricks on him, but Grandpa invariably scores off them. It is really a capital book. **Buster Brown,** by R. F. Outcault (W. R. Chambers, 3s. 6d.), is an American book of coloured comic pictures. It is nothing like so good as "Foxy Grandpa," but no doubt our young readers will extract some laughter from it. Ward, Lock and Co.'s **Wonder Book,** price 3s. 6d., is a "treasure." One could not choose a more beautiful or interesting present for a small boy or girl. It is capital value for the money, and is full of charming illustrations, both coloured and plain. **Our Diary** (Thomas Nelson and Sons, 2s. 6d.) is a book about a holiday at the seaside, very delightfully illustrated by John Hassall. Any small boy or girl who receives this as a Christmas present may consider himself or herself very lucky indeed. **Pig Book** (Dean and Son. 2s.) is a tasteful little album in which to preserve the attempts of one's friends at pig-drawing with their eyes shut, and should be in great demand at Christmas parties.

We have also received copies of the following:

Modern Photography for Amateurs. By J. Eaton Fearn, 1s. net. *Practical Ventriloquism.* By Robert Ganthony, 1s. net. (L. Upcott Gill.)

Cast Away Among the Filipinos. By William Seatter. 1s. 6d. (Gall and Inglis.)

Hercat's Ventriloquist. 1s. (Dean and Son.)

Wayside and Woodland Blossoms. Series II. By Edward Step, F.L.S. Containing 127 coloured plates. 6s. net. *Wild Flowers Month by Month. Vol. II.* By Edward Step, F.L.S. Containing 176 illustrations from photographs. 6s. net. (F. Warne and Co.)

Tom Brown's Schooldays (Hughes), *The Deerslayer* (Cooper), *Henry Esmond* (Thackeray), *Hypatia* (Kingsley), *The Mill on the Floss* (Eliot), in "Sixpenny Classics" series. (Thomas Nelson and Sons.)

Model Sailing Yachts. How to Build, Rig, and Sail Them. 1s. net. (Percivall Marshall and Co.)

Esmond, Tennyson's Poems, Ivanhoe, Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles, Pilgrim's Progress, in "Illustrated Pocket Novels" series, 1s. net. (Collins.)

The Cat. By Violet Hunt, 6s. *Don Quixote.* Translated by Dominick Daly. 6s. *Exiled from Home.* By Andrew Home. 3s. 6d. (A. and C. Black.)

The Adventures of a Blockade-Runner. By William Watson. 3s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

How We Recovered the Ashes. By P. F. Warner. 1s. *The Story of Reptile Life.* By W. P. Pycraft. 1s. *Canadian Life in Town and Country.* By H. J. Morgan and L. J. Burgess Burpee. 3s. 6d. net.

The Crimson Blind. By M. F. White. 6s. *The Danger Line.* By Lawrence L. Lynch.

3s. 6d. *A Courier of Fortune.* By Arthur W. Marchmont. 6s. *The Master Mummer.* By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

From Land's End to John O'Groats: A Record Walk. By George H. Allen. 1s. net. (L. N. Fowler and Co.)

A Soldier of Japan. By Captain F. S. Brereton. 5s. *The Adventures of Harry Rochester.* By Herbert Strang. 6s. *The Lion of the North.* By G. A. Henty. 3s. 6d. *The Knight of the Cave.* By W. Lorcan O'Byrne. 2s. 6d. (Blackie and Son, Ltd.)

The Romance of Mining. By Archibald Williams. 5s. *Bluebell and the Sleepy King.* By Aubrey Hopwood and Seymour Hicks. 2s. 6d. *Little Miss Robinson Crusoe.* By Mrs. George Corbett. 2s. 6d. *John of Strathbourne.* By R. D. Chetwode. 2s. 6d. *Two Boys in War Time.* By John Finnemore. 2s. 6d. (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.)

The Luck of the Fairfaxes. By Katherine Tynan. 6s. *The Temple of Fire.* By Lewis Ramsden. *With Sword and Ship.* By Herbert Hayens. 5s. (William Collins, Sons and Co., Ltd.)

THE SLEEP-WALKER.

By "CANTAB."

Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.

"COME along, Wright—rouse up!"

"Er?" yawned a sleepy voice.

"Get up, you lazy little slacker: you're ten minutes late already this morning. Hurry up, now—I'm going along to my bath."

The heavy footsteps died away along the passage, and Master Wright, a youngster of fifteen, began to drag himself painfully from between the blankets. First of all he sat up slothfully, and rubbed his eyes; then he yawned at great length and lay down again. Remembering just in time that he had been called, and that it would be bad policy to doze, he leapt swiftly out of bed. Still yawning, he huddled a dressing-gown over his shivering limbs and left the dormitory, muttering evil wishes for the health of the person who had called him. Then he went downstairs and along the gloomy passage to the studies. Arriving at one which was labelled "Crofton" in large type, he entered and began to rummage in a capacious grub box.

"Of all the beastly rot," he mused, as he unearthed a spirit-lamp and kettle, "this fairly takes the biscuit. If only I was as big as that brute Crofton—*ow!*"

The match had burned his fingers: he lit another, placed the kettle on the lamp, and began to mix a cup of cocoa. His task over, he sat down to wait till the water should be pleased to boil.

He certainly had some cause for complaint. He was Crofton's fag; and though Wright realised that fagging was an ancient and possibly honourable institution, he felt that it had its limits. Ordinary fagging was a nuisance, of course, but it was part of the general scheme with which only an Anarchist would tamper. And, after all, the cleaning of cups and plates, or the making of tea on a half-holiday, was not very trying to a robust constitution: where he felt the line should be drawn was at getting up at half-past six in winter-time to prepare cocoa for his lord and master. He felt it very strongly as he sat in Crofton's study waiting till the water was hot enough.

Crofton was a monitor, a person of brains and industry, and also an epicure. He was going in for a scholarship in a few months' time, and at present was accustomed to get up early each morning to work. He didn't particularly mind getting up, but he realised how apt one is at getting hungry between

a quarter to seven and half-past eight: also, it was distinctly chilly about that period. A cup of cocoa and some mixed biscuits were very cheery things to meet after a bath several degrees below zero, but it was no end of a nuisance to prepare the banquet—besides, it lost valuable time. What, then, could be better than that Wright should snatch ten minutes from a slothful couch to get his meal ready? The logic, from his point of view, was irresistible: unfortunately, Wright was no logician.

After making the cocoa, the Ganymede retired to bed once more, and slept like a top till the bell rang. He dressed quickly, and at breakfast encountered his chosen friend, Wilkes—to whom he confided, for the twenty-eighth time, his views on compulsory early rising.

"You know, it's all rot," he began, before he had finished his first cup of tea; "because Crofton happens to have the right of fagging is no reason why I should have to sweat downstairs at that unearthly hour."

"Jolly hard luck," said Wilkes. "Pass the bread, will you? If I were you, I'd go on strike."

"It's jolly easy to say that: I've thought of striking several times myself, but I don't see how it's to be done. It always seemed that most of the striking—if any—would be on Crofton's side. What I should like to do would be to score off Crofton somehow—and, if possible, choke him off getting up early."

"Couldn't you excite his pity?"

"Pity! He doesn't know the meaning of the word. No—I'm afraid I shall have to go on getting up. But I wish I could make him lose part of his night's rest, at any rate."

"That's the ticket!" said Wilkes. "Make him lose some sleep himself!"

"How?" demanded Wright, irritably. "I can't make him an apple-pie bed without receiving a first-class lamming."

"No, but there are other ways," said Wilkes mysteriously.

"What do you mean?"

"Why not walk in your sleep, for instance?"

"Walk in my sleep! What good would that do?"

"Yes—it's as simple as anything. Do a little talking in your sleep for a few nights to prepare the way. Then begin to walk. Half the fellows will be too scared to do anything: I saw young Tomlinson walk in his sleep once, and it was beastly. He breathed hard through his nose, and kept his hands stretched out like this. Then you could stumble over Crofton's bed—he wouldn't dare say anything because it's jolly dangerous to wake a fellow when he's in that state. You try it, old chap."

"By Jove!" said Wright breathlessly, "I will. I'm leading a dog's life as it is: things couldn't be much worse than they are."

* * * * *

Following his friend's advice, Wright prepared the way for future action by talking in his sleep for two nights running. He found it was quite an easy thing to do: the main difficulty lay in restraining his desire for laughter throughout the proceedings. Beginning with incoherent mumblings and moanings, he went on to more definite words and sentences. He only wished he had the pluck to say a few things about Crofton's early rising, but he felt that it was far too risky and might betray his plans. The other members of the dormitory strongly objected to the noise he made, and on the second night one aggrieved sufferer fed him with a soap pill. Luckily for Wright, he had his wits about him, stowed the pill in his cheek, and awoke with a simulated choke that would have made his fortune on the stage.

On the third night he decided that the time was ripe for his more ambitious schemes. Lights were put out at a quarter to ten, Crofton made his appearance at ten, and soon afterwards the whole dormitory was wrapped in slumber—all save one, the conspirator.

He waited a good twenty minutes, to give every one time to get to sleep. Then he began his talking performance by way of a start. He talked—or rather muttered—for a short space, and was soon rewarded by a grunt from the next bed.

"Wright!" whispered the awakened one angrily.

No answer.

"Wright, you ass!"

Dead silence.

"I say, Chalmers!"

"What's matter?" whispered another sleepy voice.

"That ass Wright's talking again."

"Well, let him talk. Never—mind——"

"But I do mind. Come and help give him another pill."

The only answer was a snore from Chalmers.

"WRIGHT'S WALKING IN HIS SLEEP, AND I—I THOUGHT I OUGHT TO WAKE YOU."

Suddenly Wright sat up and threw the sheets back, still moaning and grumbling inarticulate things. The owner of the next bed—Horton—cowered down in silence, thinking his threat had been heard. Then Wright got out of bed and began to walk slowly down the room, breathing hard and deep in the approved manner.

"I—I say!" whispered Horton tremulously, "he—he's walking in his sleep, Chalmers!"

Wright laughed inwardly and stood still for a moment: he knew Horton was not famed for bravery.

"Er-r-r—oh-h!" he whimpered: "oh-h-h—cold—cold—I wish—oh-h-h a knife—where's my knife—oh-h-h!"

Horton broke into a perspiration as the sleep-walker pretended to search in his trouser pockets at the foot of the bed.

"Chalmers!" he whispered again in agony. But Chalmers was fast asleep. Horton abused him enviously: if only *he* were asleep too! Then he decided on a plan of action: he took his courage in both hands and crept swiftly across the room to Crofton's bed. He couldn't bear being alone with a very fair imitation of a ghost.

"I say, Crofton!" he whispered, shaking him by the arm. "Wake up!"

"Um-m?" said Crofton.

"Wake up!"

Crofton obeyed the injunction rather hurriedly; and, imagining in some indefinite way that he was being made the victim of a rag, seized his questioner by the hair.

"Ah-h-h!" said Horton breathlessly, "it's only me."

"What on earth are you doing out of bed?" asked Crofton, who was now wide awake. "Get back at once, and come to me for a tanning to-morrow after breakfast."

"But, please, Crofton, really——"

"Well?"

"Wright's walking in his sleep, and I—I thought I ought to wake you."

"Where is he?"

"Look! over there by the window!"

Crofton sat up and saw the dim figure: it certainly looked a trifle ghostly, and he sympathised a little with Horton's fears.

"A-OW!" YELLED WRIGHT.

" Well, he can't get out of there," he said; " the windows won't open wide enough."

" He might get out through the door."

" And fall downstairs? Yes, he might. Go and lock the door and give me the key."

" Sh-shall I wake him?"

" No—it's a bad plan to startle sleep-walkers, I believe. Just go and lead him quietly back to bed."

" Oh, *please*, Crofton," whined the timorous Horton, " I'd *much* rather not. I wish you'd do it."

" You rotten little funk! Well, go and lock the door, and I'll lead him back."

Grumbling audibly at his task, Crofton got up and led Wright by the arm back to his bedside. " Now, get in!" he said gently; and Wright, almost suffocating with joy, obeyed. " Don't wake me again, young Horton," warned the monitor, " or I'll give you that tanning I promised you just now!"

" No, I won't, Crofton. Good-night!"

" G'night," grunted the hero, and Wright —with a large portion of the pillow in his mouth — wondered if he might venture on a good night also. He decided regretfully in the negative.

Next morning, when Crofton came down and found his fag making the cocoa as usual, he acquainted him with his performances.

" D'you know you walked in your sleep last night, young fellow?" he asked.

" Did I?" said Wright, who thought a question nearer the truth than a direct denial.

" Yes, you did; and you quite spoilt my beauty-sleep."

" Awfully sorry: did I wake you?"

" You didn't, but that young ass Horton did. He got in a funk —thought you were going to murder him or something—and besought my help. I had to take you back to bed."

" Thanks awfully, Crofton."

" Have you ever done anything of the sort before?"

" No," said Wright easily, bringing out the biscuits.

" There must be something wrong with you then, I should think. Better see the matron and ask her to give you a dose."

" Oh, I think I'm all right," remarked the cunning fag, " except that I'm so beastly tired in the mornings. Sometimes I fancy I don't get enough sleep."

" *Eh?*" said Crofton.

" Well—I don't know . . . I've often thought that my getting up at this time made me feel slack during the day . . . I wonder if it has anything to do with my walking. . . . Not that I *mind* getting up

Google

early, of course," he added hastily, "but it struck me it might have something to do with it."

"Oh," said Crofton thoughtfully. "Oh . . . well, the cocoa's made now: you'd better hop back into bed again and not lose any more of that sleep you're so fond of."

* * * * *

"Rather a success, I fancy," said Wilkes, when Wright had given him a full account of his exploits.

"No end of a success. Woke up old Crofton once. I'll have him out twice to-night."

"I say, I shouldn't overdo it, you know. Crofton may twig it."

"Not he! He led me back by the arm like a lamb: quite thought I was fast asleep."

"I wish I was in your dormitory," said Wilkes enviously.

"Never mind, old buck: I'll tell you all about it when it's over."

The end came sooner than Wright expected. He got up that night without any of the preliminary talking, and stumbled slowly down the room between the rows of beds. Half-way down he groaned realistically and began to mutter. No one was awake: even Horton's fears were lulled in sleep. He groaned again, wishing vainglorioously for an audience—even though it consisted only of a solitary person. Still no response. He made his way to Crofton's bedside and groaned more loudly, and the third groan took effect. Crofton sleepily raised himself on one arm—the other being hidden beneath the clothes—and demanded an explanation. Wright considered that he could not improve on his last performance; so he muttered, "knife—knife—I must have it—I——"

"You *shall* have it, you young ass!" said Crofton savagely, and his voice—oddly enough — sounded wide-awake. Wright stepped back in alarm—too late! The arm hidden beneath the sheets sprang forth—the hand held a wicked-looking cane! As Wright turned to fly, the cane sang through the air, and—

"A-ow!" yelled Wright, who was only wearing pyjamas.

"You young ass!" repeated Crofton. "I spotted you were shamming by all that jaw of yours in my study this morning. Now I'm going to give you a jolly good tanning."

And undoubtedly he would have put his threat into execution had not the door opened suddenly and admitted Mr. Ashford.

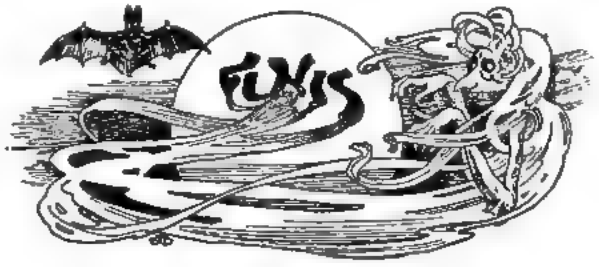
"I thought I heard a noise, Crofton," he began mildly. (He was a mild type of man.) "Is anything the matter?"

"Er—Wright thinks he has been walking in his sleep, sir—and I've just woke him."

"Walking in your sleep, my boy?" said Mr. Ashford, while Crofton hid the cane. "Dear me! Dear me! Jump back into bed again! It's all right now—all right. Perhaps you'd better see the matron in the morning. Let me know, Crofton, if it happens again."

"I shouldn't think it will happen again, sir," said Crofton guardedly.

And the distressing part of the whole business—from Wright's point of view—is that he has to go on making cocoa. At present he hopes that Crofton will either get his scholarship soon, or leave—leave, for preference.



Fungus and Worm.—S. L. Whitfield (Bedford Park) found, near Horsham (1) a fungus "about as big as a croquet ball, and very much like a puff-ball in external appearance, but when squeezed an outside skin detached itself showing a mass of white transparent jelly covering a centre about as big as a billiard ball." He gives further details, and asks for its name. It is impossible to make a definite statement without actually seeing the specimen, but I should say that it was one of the larger Agarics (probably the Horse-Mushroom) in an unexpanded condition, before the external wrapper had been broken; (2) in addition S. L. W. asks me about a worm-like creature he found among Duckweed in a pond. So far as I can make out from the description, this was one of the freshwater Planarian worms. They are common in stagnant water, especially among Duckweed, and from their gliding movement are often taken for young Leeches, from which, however, they are easily distinguished by the body not being built up of a series of rings, and from the position of the mouth, which is about the middle of the underside. You would have no difficulty in obtaining other specimens from almost any pond, and more closely observing them.

Painted Lady.—E. Waters (Milford) whilst in the Isle of Wight at the end of August caught a butterfly which differs from the typical forms of the Painted Lady in a number of points which he mentions. He says: "I am told by a friend that it is a Scarce Painted Lady. Do you think this is right?" No, I do not. The Scarce Painted Lady (*Vanessa hunteri*) is not a British insect, and though its capture in these islands has been reported, the specimens have proved on examination to be what I have no doubt yours is from the description—a not uncommon variety of *the* Painted Lady (*V. cardui*).

British Orchids.—"T." (Eton College) wishes to supplement my answer to J. Barnard in the October CAPTAIN, by saying that there is a book entirely devoted to the subject, which gives an exhaustive account of all the native species. It is Webster's "British Orchids," published by Virtue and Co., at about 5*s*.

Beetles.—"E. S. T." (Cavendish Square, W.) asks if there is "any means of remedying the loss of brightness and gloss on beetles such as the Dor- and Stag-beetles, which soon become dull." If these are well-cleaned, and polished with an old handkerchief before being placed in the collection, they should not lose their gloss. The dulness is probably due to a slight attack of mould consequent upon the store-boxes or cabinet being placed against an outer wall. Clean them as suggested above, and see that they are stored in a thoroughly dry place.

Canary.—A. C. Dallas (Aberdeen): your Canary appears, as you suspect, to have a cold. Search for a draught near where its cage has been hung, and stop it. Give the bird a little Canarodyne, to be obtained of F. Tibbs, 30 Parkhurst Road, Holloway, or from Spratt's, price 7*d*.

Egg within Egg.—G. A. W. von Stralendorff (Southport), on opening a boiled egg was surprised to find in its yolk a smaller egg, with perfect shell but no yolk. This phenomenon appears to be not of very rare occurrence, as a number of similar instances have been brought to my notice. Miss Stralendorff also mentions, *à propos* of a recent inquiry in this corner, that she has used Melox for her dogs for some time, with good results, but has never found it in the live condition mentioned by K. Jordan. She agrees with me that the sample complained of must have been stale and improperly stored by the dealer.

Book Queries.—In answer to "Byrdie" (Wandsworth) (1) the *Zoologist* (monthly, 1*s*.) deals chiefly with the higher animals—including birds. You say "animals and birds," but birds *are* animals; (2) the price of "The Outdoor World," by Furneaux is 6*s*. (Longmans and Co.)

Tortoises Again.—We have the same queries respecting Tortoises every month, and it appears as though some of our readers never read this corner, although interested in its subject.

Here is D. E. Budge (Kilmalcolm) who has a young Tortoise (and, of course, he omits to mention whether it is a land or water species) and wishes to know (1) when they go to sleep; (2) what intimation do they give of this; (3) where shall he keep his for the winter? (1) just before cold weather sets in: no fixed date; (2) by burying themselves in the earth; (3) fork up a sheltered corner of the garden and give it a chance of burying itself. This answer will also serve for F. Woodford (Northampton).

Pigeons, Rabbits and Oat.—J. Greenlees (Derry): (1) give your pigeons a liberal supply of peas or tares in addition to their other food; also a mixture of gritty sand, old mortar, and salt; (2) the rabbits must have oats, as well as the bran and bread you at present give them. In addition to grass as green-meat give them carrots, sow-thistle, cabbage, dandelion and other juicy green-stuff. (3) beyond saying that your cat has a cough you tell me nothing. How is it possible for me to say what has caused it? Give it milk instead of meat until the cough is better, and in her milk three times a day put *one drop* of aconite. Keep her warm and comfortable.

Fungus.—F. A. S. Clarke (Tockington). Your description of a fungus as "bright red with an orange colour underneath" is not sufficient for me to attempt to name it. Such a meagre description would apply to several species of very different families. Fungi cannot be satisfactorily preserved. If dried they shrivel, and fall a prey to insects. They may be placed in glass jars of preservative fluid, but most houses are too small for storing the hundreds of such jars that would be necessary for a collection. A thin section of the fungus partially dried in the shade may be pressed in the herbarium, and a portion of the skin of the cap and stem may be added. But the best record is a good water-colour drawing, or tinted photograph.

Canary.—In answer to A. W. A. (Southampton), the essence of quassia is for use on the bird, not the cage. It is useful in the case of Red Mite as well as insects.

Silkworms.—P. Langton (Hayes End, S.O.) writes to tell me some of his experiences in Silkworm-keeping. The item that I think will be of most interest to my readers is his statement that in the absence of mulberry-leaves—often difficult to obtain—Silkworms may be reared upon Dandelion, a weed that is common everywhere. Among other things Mr. Langton tells me that occasionally the Silkworm is double-brooded; thus—some of the eggs laid this year have already hatched, instead of remaining dormant till next spring. All of which is exceedingly interesting. I wonder if any of my readers who have gone in for silk-culture have any similar new experiences to report?

Mushroom Culture.—Martin Slater (Balsham) asks me a number of questions on Mushroom culture, but to answer them fully would take up all my space. Briefly I may say that a house is not requisite: mushrooms may be grown even in winter out of doors, providing the beds are covered with the long litter from the stable manure of which the bed is made and then covered with two inches of earth, and old bast-mats, boards, &c., to keep off frost and excessive moisture. The extent of bed which may be spawned with a single brick is almost unlimited, but the more sparingly it is used the thinner will be the crop. It is usually reckoned that a bushel of the brick-spawn should be used for a hundred square feet of bed. The thicker the crop the sooner will the bed be exhausted, and new beds must be made with fresh manure, which may be spawned with portions of the old bed. There is no necessity to remove the coat of earth when gathering the mushrooms, as these break through, and their stalks may be severed without disturbing the bed. I should advise you to buy May's "Mushroom Culture for Amateurs" (Upcott Gill, 1*s*.).

Name of Insect.—H. W. (Sutton), whilst rambling on the chalk hills at the end of August, found a large caterpillar feeding on a Privet-bush. It was more than three inches in length, of a beautiful bright green colour, with seven white and violet diagonal stripes on each side. It had a sort of hard curved tail sticking out from the back at the hinder end. A countryman who saw it in H. W.'s hand, told him it was a "locust." It has since turned into a dark red-brown chrysalis, about two inches long. H. W. knows it is not a locust, but would be glad to know what kind of butterfly or moth he may expect as the next development, and when. In this case, although I have not seen his caterpillar, there is no difficulty in identifying it. The description and food-plant combined are sufficient. It is the Privet Hawk-moth (*Sphinx ligustri*), and the perfect insect, if all goes well with the pupa, will emerge in the early part of next summer. As I have several specimens in the same condition just now, I have had one drawn, so that H. W. may verify the identification by comparison with his insect.

PUPA OF PRINCE HAWK-MOTH.

COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Last day for sending in, December 15. (Foreign and Colonial Readers, February 18.)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be sent in a separately stamped envelope.

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. In the event of the prize offered for competition not appealing to the winner of the same, some other article of similar value may be chosen from our advertisement pages, or from the catalogues of such firms as advertise in THE CAPTAIN.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows: Competition No. ——, Class —, THE CAPTAIN, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London, W.C.

All competitions should reach us by December 15.

The Results will be published in February.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—***"Twelve Best Authors."***—Send a list, on a postcard, of the twelve best authors in this country, and opposite the name of each author put what you consider to be his or her best book. This is a competition which will only be won by an intelligent reader, as the term "twelve best" does not necessarily mean the "twelve most popular" authors. We think THE CAPTAIN public is an intelligent one, and we shall be very interested to see how the voting goes. Confine yourselves entirely to novelists, as we are not in this case asking for essayists, poets, dramatists, or historians. We will deal with them another month. The prize is well worth working for, as it is a Billiard Table, value £8 8s., manufactured by Messrs. Calvert and Co. (See Prizes page.)

No age limit.

No. 2.—***"Picture Postcard Design."***—Send a sketch, in pen, pencil, or water-colours, of an original design for a picture postcard. Prize: A "Bonheur" Watch, value £2 12s. 6d., manufactured by Robt. H. Ingersoll and Bros. (See Prizes page.)

One age limit: Twenty-one.

No 3.—***"Photographic Competition."***—Send a print from your best negative. Photographs must be original, *i.e.*, not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prize (in each class): Photographic Apparatus to the value of 10s. 6d.

Class I. . . No age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen

No. 4.—***"December Celebrities."***—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, describing the qualities and achievements of some notable man or woman born in the month of December. In looking round for a subject for your essay do not be guided merely by the names you find in the well-known almanacs. Do not neglect these publications, but also try to think of a celebrated man or woman who is at present looming large before the public eye, but whose name does not appear in the almanacs. Prizes: (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. . . Age limit: Twelve.

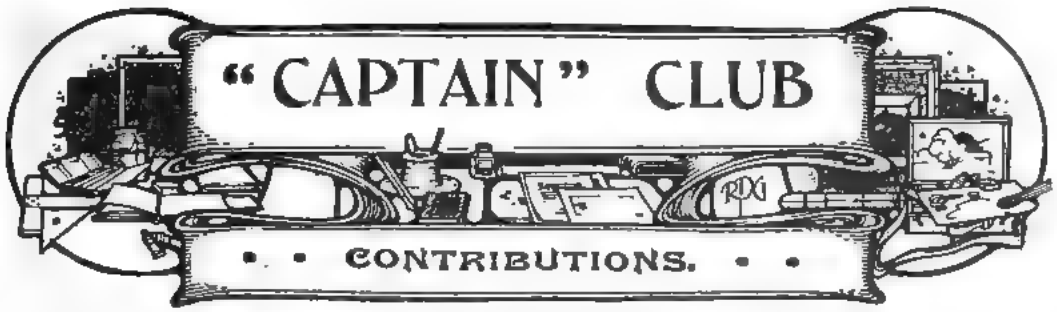
No. 5.—***"Map of Manchuria."***—Draw a map of Manchuria, putting in the usual features and in addition the sites of the principal battles fought there during the Russo-Japanese War. Prizes: Three of Messrs. George Rowney's Paint-boxes. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. . . Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—***"Idea for Story."***—A good many people have ideas for short stories but can't put them into shape. We offer four prizes of 5s. each for the four best "plots" for short stories, which plots must not exceed 400 words in length. Should we eventually commission any CAPTAIN writer to write up one of these "plots," the author of the plot will be paid half-a-guinea.

No Age Limit.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to ***February 18.*** By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living ***outside*** Europe. There will be ***no age limit.*** One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial December Competitions."



THIS part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, &c., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

BOOKS by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to all the contributors to this month's "Captain Club" pages. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

Christmas Fantasies.

NOW nears the season when the musty spectre bestirs itself, and jangles its rusty chains up the wearisome length of the baronial picture gallery; now do dismal phantoms moan fearsomely in haunted wings, light flames of livid hue in untenanted houses, or re-enact grim tragedies, relics of the past. Now do the poor unfortunates start screaming from their beds, aroused from slumber by the clammy touch of an ice-cold hand on their fevered brow, to see some misty apparition, dagger-stuck and terrible, greyly outlined by the pale beams of the moon.

The only haunted house I have ever known was named "The Hollies." I will not mention the district in which it stands, as I believe the landlord—unlucky wight!—still seeks for a tenant. All the year round strange manifestations took place. One would awake at dead of night and hear soft footsteps stealing pit-a-pat up and down the passages, in and out of rooms. But on Christmas Eve "The Hollies" was a spot to be shunned. Tradition said that a man had hanged himself to the top balustrade, which broke under the strain, precipitating him to the hall below. Certain it was that a dark-some stain marred the boards of the stairway, and once a year, at midnight, the curious might hear the sound of rending wood, a blood-chilling scream, and the crash as of a human body striking the stairs.

Have any of you heard, or read of, the sand-walker? If I remember rightly, it lurked by a bed of quicksand, and on days when the sea-fog wrapped the shore in an impenetrable shroud it would emerge, and, by means of spectral lights, lure bewildered wayfarers to their doom in the shivering sands.

I well remember one gruesome story, which rendered uneasy many of my childhood hours, called "The Hand on the Latch." It told of a phosphorescent skeleton hand that came each night to a man's chamber door, and slowly lifted the latch, while he sat watching in a terror of fascination. Many a time have I lain in bed, my head covered with the clothes, imagin-

OUR ATHLETIC EDITOR, MR. P. F. WARNER, WITH HIS WIFE AND THEIR INFANT DAUGHTER. MRS. WARNER ACCOMPANIED HER HUSBAND TO SOUTH AFRICA ON NOVEMBER 11.

A Kodak snapshot.

THE LETTER "H" TREE AT BUNGAY, SUFFOLK
It consists of two trees joined together by a branch so well grown into each trunk that it is impossible to say to which it belongs.
Photo. by R. W. Copeman.

ing I heard a bony hand toying with the door knob!

Weirder still was the tale of a violin, which was abstracted by its owner after his death. Removed by supernatural power, it was heard some time later, now sending forth joyous volumes of divine melody, now wailing like the sorrowful cry of a human voice over-burdened with woe.

Then there was the Grey Lady, a wraith that haunted a garden, and would appear suddenly at the house windows, mouthing and pointing. Her only good *point* was that she appeared in the daytime, and not at night, when darkness drops a veil of mystery over the earth.

Who has not read "The Last Tenant"? A man and his wife, house-hunting, came upon a residence of ill-omen, desolate and decayed. They are in an upper room, and he idly pulls the bell-cord. There ensues a horrid jangling of a dozen bells, and a moment later they become aware of a shuffling footstep, slowly, surely, ascending from the mouldy and deserted regions below.

"Such stuff as dreams are made of!" May all such legendary lore flourish, for without that fairy called Fancy the world would be a dreary place in this prosaic twentieth century.

PERCIVAL L. DACRE.

A Plea for Ghosts.

TO refuse to believe in ghosts simply because many so-called "Ghost Stories" have turned out to be groundless, is about as logical as to refuse to believe the manifold wonders of chemistry on account of the absurd theories of the alchemist. Most ghost stories in which the traditional clanking chains and winding-sheets figure, have no doubt, been merely the results of superstitious terror, but there are other stories which cannot be so easily disposed of.

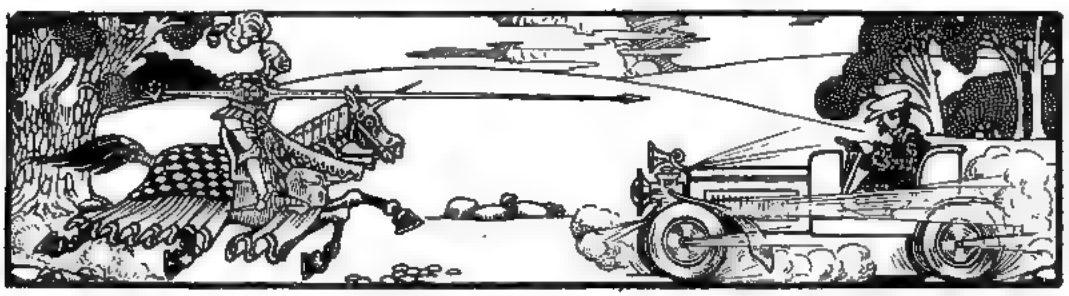
Such, for instance, is the story of the ghostly drummer whose deathly music has time and again been heard in the mansion of a famous Scottish family previous to the death of a member of that family. It is popularly supposed to be the shade of a drummer boy whom a former head of the family had caused to be hurled from the battlements of the castle.

Other ghostly visitants whose appearance is supposed to portend death are "the trumpeter" of Fyvie Castle, and "the White Lady of Hapsburg."

Another remarkable story which has never been explained is that attached to the family of Strathmore. No member of the family has ever been allowed to visit a certain room in the house which is said to be connected with the periodical visitation of that "desirable acquisition," a family ghost, except the head of the house, his son, and the bailiff of the estate.

A shade, said to be that of Queen Elizabeth, has appeared several times at Windsor Castle, and has been seen more than once by members of the royal household.

Probably no ghost story is more extraordinary than that related by the famous Tractarian,



Drawn by] THE KNIGHT—

"IN A HURRY."
Drawn by "Obo, aged fifteen, in five minutes.

Dr. Pusey, who relates that, as he was sitting in his garden one day, a figure, which he took to be that of an intimate friend, appeared to him and told him that he (his visitant) had been in Hell for half an hour because he had loved the praise of men "more than the praise of God." Dr. Pusey learnt afterwards that his friend had died less than an hour before this strange visitation.

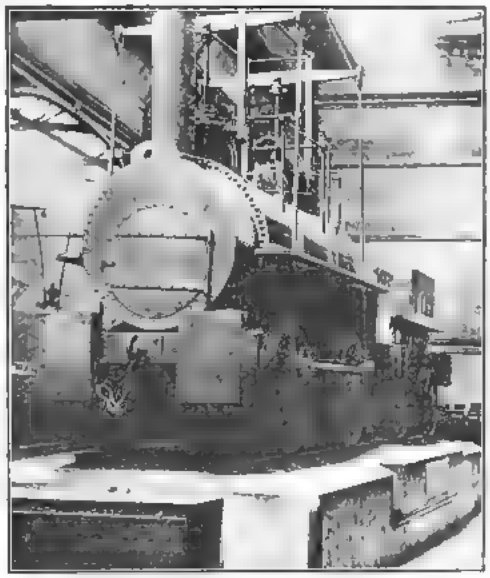
Whatever may be the real explanation of these stories, they must, at any rate, convince us that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of" in our philosophy.

L. J. HODSON.

The Nelson Centenary.

THINK not, ye men of peace, your work is nought,
Because 'midst roar of guns ye have not fought.
Peace hath her vict'ries which shall aye be great,
For none shall see in them the rage of hate,
Oh! Duty calls to all "Your place fulfil,
Be brave to *do* or *bear* as God shall will!"
"They also serve who only stand and wait!"
The watchman cries, "Throw open wide the gate
For those who have obeyed their Lord's command."
They that in honour's cause have made their stand
'Gainst all the wiles which every foe can bring,
The song of triumph shall in glory sing.

Plod on thy way thou weary wand'rer here,
Love thyself last, cast off all craven fear;



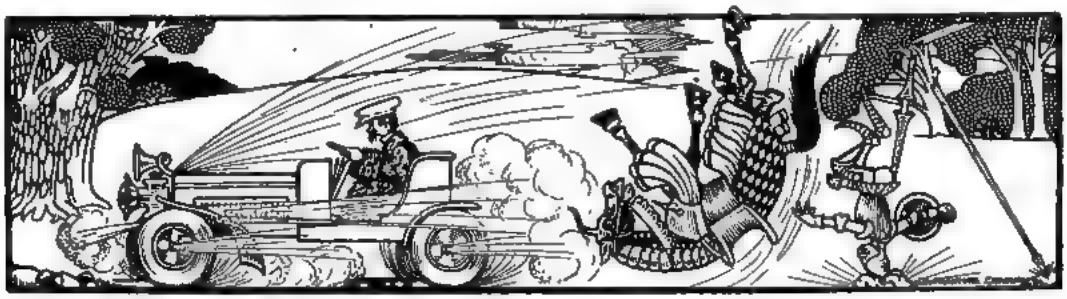
"PUFFING BILLY," ONE OF THE EARLIEST LOCOMOTIVES, ON EXHIBITION AT TOP BANK STATION, DARLINGTON.
Photo, by A. Mattinson.

He knew no fear, the bravest of the brave;
And recked not he though he might win a grave.
A lion he when duty showed its need
Of bravest deeds, nor fought he e'er for greed.
Though sin was strong in him, his noble faith
Bore richest fruit in the dark hour of death.
His name will live while Britain holds her sway
And rules the waves. God grant her people may
Enrol their names in glory now on high;
Like him, be ready if required to die.

ALBERT A. KERRIDGE.

Christmas Customs.

ONE of the prettiest Yuletide customs is kept up by the colliers of Wales. It consists in wheeling from house to house a barrow containing a bed of clay into which lighted candles have been stuck. This is called the "Star of Bethlehem," and while



AND THE MOTOR-CAR. [T. Allwork Chaplin.

stopping before a house the colliers kneel round it and sing caro's. In the villages of Yorkshire a very old custom is kept up by suspending above the porch of the farmsteads and cottages a sheaf of corn for the special use of the birds. A similar custom is that carried out in Norway on Christmas Eve of placing on a pole the last sheaf of the harvest to feed the birds on Christmas morning. This is supposed to ensure success in the coming year. One of the queerest customs imaginable takes place at Paignton, Devonshire, on every fiftieth Christmas Day, and was last observed in 1901. A Christmas pudding large enough to feed all the poor of the town was made. It was, naturally, of tremendous size, weighing over 900 lb. The ingredients included 500 lb. of flour, 120 lb. of raisins, and over a bushel of eggs. A peculiar custom is in vogue at Burghead, a small fishing-town in the North of Scotland. This is the burning of the "Clavie," a large tar barrel filled with rubbish, which is fixed on a pole, lighted, and carried through the streets of the town. The ceremony is brought to a close by the "Clavie" being rolled down a hill, a wild scramble ensuing for the embers, which are regarded as talismans for all sorts of ills.

ALBERT ALBROW.

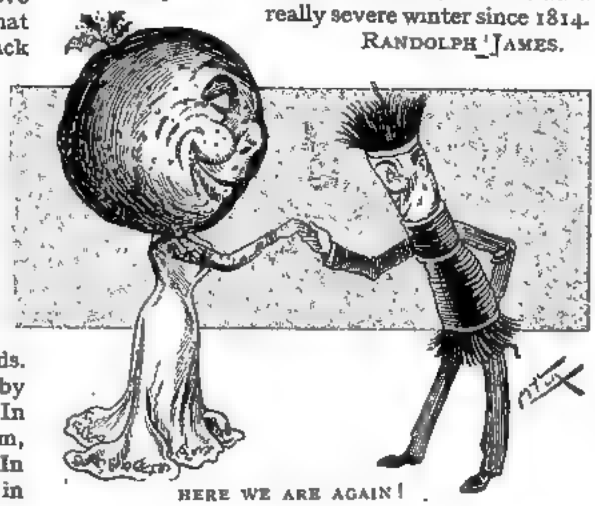
A COOKER AND SPIT RANGE USED IN THE CROMWELL PERIOD, AT ASTON HALL

The stag and deer skulls were taken from animals kept in the private grounds. Photographed, by permission of Whitworth Wallis, Esq., by John T. Roberts.

Some Severe Winters.

THE following facts relating to past winters have been traced back as far as the writer can go, and he hopes they will prove of interest to fellow CAPTAIN readers, now that winter is upon us. In the year 401 the Black Sea was frozen over and, in 763, the Straits of Dardanelles, and the Black Sea again, were entirely covered with ice; the snow, in some places, rising 50 ft. high. In 822 the great rivers of Europe—the Elbe, the Danube, &c.,—were frozen so hard as to bear waggons for a month. In 860 the Adriatic was frozen. Year 991 saw everything frozen; the crops totally failed, and famine and disease closed the year. In 1097 the majority of the travellers in Germany were frozen to death on the roads. In 1133 the trees split with a fearful noise, by the action of the frost, and bottles burst. In 1239 the Danube was frozen to the bottom, and remained in that state for a month. In 1316, wheat, which some years before sold in England at 6*s.* per quarter, rose to £2 owing to the failure of crops in Germany. In 1339 the crops failed in Scotland, with the result of a famine which caused many to die. Snow fell continually for forty days without interruption in 1434. In 1683 the ice on the Thames was 11 in. thick, and coaches drove thereon in safety. In 1709 the frost penetrated three yards into the ground. In 1716, fairs were held on the Thames. In 1809, and again in 1813, the winter was excessively cold. Finally, in the year 1814, another large fair was held on the solidly frozen Thames. Having given the dates of the hardest frosts, I leave my readers to find out if we have had a really severe winter since 1814.

RANDOLPH JAMES.



HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

12 BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

Christmas is the season of unselfishness. I am not going to deliver a homily on that subject, because you don't want to read it, and I don't want to write it. I will say just this, however: if you don't put your hands into your pockets to help other people at any other time of the year, you must do so at Christmas. It should be impossible for you to settle down to your Christmas junketings without doing something towards giving poorer folks a good time. Think of the distress in the East End, for instance—heaps of houses where little children are hungry, numbers and numbers of homes where, in the bitter December weather, there will be hardly anything at all to eat.

The reason why many thousands of generously inclined people don't do anything for the starving poor is because the facts are seldom brought home to them. They are busy with their own affairs, they have warm clothes and plenty to eat, they bask in front of big fires during the day, and they sleep in warm beds every night. It hardly ever occurs to them to help the many thousands of people who are in need of the bare necessities of life, because they are not reminded of the existence of dire poverty in a sufficiently vivid manner. Could the ordinary, careless, decent-hearted Eton or Harrow or Rugby boy accompany me on a walk through the mean streets of West Ham—to mention only one poverty-stricken district—and see the wan, haggard faces of the women whose husbands have no work to do—men who would work if they could—and view the desolation of the poor homes in those mean streets, that boy would empty his pockets to provide a few meals for these hopeless ones. It is, I repeat, because well-to-do people don't *realise* what sufferings the unemployed poor have to undergo that they don't give of their plenty to relieve the want that hollows the cheeks of little children, and drives mothers of poor homes well-nigh to distraction. It is so very hard for the mothers, because they have to stay at home and listen to the appeals of their children for food, while the fathers can, at least, go out and tramp round looking for work. "How dreadful about these poor people in West Ham!" says one well-dressed girl to another, as they gaze at the new hats at Harrod's. "Yes, I *am* so sorry for them," says the other girl, and then they pass on to look at more hats. Sorry! What's the good of their saying they are *sorry!* It reminds one of the story of the dear spinster lady who approached a ragged pieman, one bitter cold day, and said: "My poor man, I do so sympathise with you!" "Hang your sympathy!" replied the pieman, "buy a pie!"

There you are, then! Shillings are more useful than soft words. *Cash* is what is wanted—hard cash, and lots of it. I know you chaps don't have any too much pocket-money, but there is not a single reader of this magazine who could not, by hook or by crook, by saving it out of his pocket-money, by selling a few of his foreign stamps, or by asking his father for it, continue to forward me SIXPENCE to send along to Mrs. Will Crooks, the kind-hearted wife of the equally kind-hearted "Labour" M.P. for West Ham. I hope you fellows won't turn a deaf ear to this request. It's so easy to do that. If everybody did that, I wonder what would become of the poor! The vast majority of people don't care two-

pence about the poor, but I don't want CAPTAIN readers to belong to that majority. I have never before asked CAPTAIN readers to do anything of this kind, but it has occurred to me that it would be a good and gracious act on the part of THE CAPTAIN—circulating, as it does, amongst a well-to-do public—to send along a big bag of Christmas Sixpences to provide something for these poor little West Ham children to eat on Christmas Day!

Don't, therefore, rest content with saying that you are so sorry for the poor people in West Ham. Be practical, and—*buy a pic!* Get up concerts, charge 6*d.* entrance, and send me the sixpences. Hold auctions: ask everybody to give something saleable, and then let the readiest wit of you sell the articles, bids starting at a penny. It's the best fun out. Any auctioneer who wants to sell the autographs of Mr. P. F. Warner, Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, Mr. Tom Browne, and your humble servant, can have a small batch on application. I expect every member of the CAPTAIN CLUB to send me sixpence, and I expect every local CAPTAIN CLUB to hold some sort of function of which the object is the garnering in of sixpences. Every girl must keep her brother up to the mark, and levy toll on Pater. All must help—every reader. Then, what a time those West Ham kids will have! So, Sixpences forward, please! Foreign and Colonial readers needn't think they'll be too late. Their sixpences will be as welcome after Christmas as *at* Christmas! We'll call this enterprise "THE OLD FAG'S DINNER FUND," and that legend should appear on all notices of your concerts and auctions, and on all letters addressed to me with regard to the Fund.

This, then, is my particular Christmas request, and I will personally acknowledge every subscription on a particularly jolly picture-card drawn by Mr. John Hassall—a card representing the Old Fag carving a Christmas Pudding and smiling his very best Christmas smile!

Christmas Roses.—The verses on the back of our frontispiece are taken from Oliver Grey's recently published "Preludes and Symphonies," a little book we can heartily recommend to the attention of our readers. It is published by Messrs. Routledge, at 5*s.*

Claim-jumping.—Readers of "The King of Mazy May" will be considerably enlightened on the ethics of claim-jumping by the following explanation from the pen of Mr. M. H. de Hora, mining engineer, to whom I am much indebted for such a clear setting forth of the facts. In Mr. Jack London's story it is shown how a gang of men endeavour to "jump" a claim from which the rightful owner is absent on a journey to the Gold Commissioner's office to register his property. Had they succeeded in registering the claim before the owner could do so, it would have become *their* property. The story relates how their scheme was effectually frustrated by a mere lad.

"The practice of claim-jumping [says Mr. de Hora] took its rise on the early goldfields of California and Australia. It really began before the issue, by the Wardens and Commissioners of Goldfields, of Miners' Rights and Claim Licences. Soon after the discovery of gold in California, thousands flocked to that country, attracted by the sensational stories of untold wealth to be had almost for the picking of it up. The result was that numbers of men, influenced by the greed of avarice, took possession of large tracts of land, and endeavoured, although unable to work the whole extent, to frighten off others from participating in what they considered their God-given fortunes. Naturally, this dog-in-the-manger policy was bitterly resented, and large portions of their holdings were forcibly taken possession of by those who were without claims to work. This state of anarchy was promptly ended by the establishment of a rough-and-ready law, which defined the amount of ground to be held by each individual, with the understanding that if he ceased work on it for the space of forty-eight hours, any other person could take possession of it and work it for himself. This unwritten law, created by necessity, was subsequently embodied in the mining ordinances of all countries where the mining of precious metals has taken or is taking place.

"In the State of California, and most of the Western States of North America, the old practice remains almost unchanged. In Australia, however, it is modified by the Labour Laws, which require a certain number of men to be employed upon a given area. Failing this, by denouncement to the warden, the claim becomes immediately "jumpable"—*i.e.*, the property of the man or party denouncing it, provided he or they hold the

D. GALLAHER.
Captain of the New Zealand Rugby Football Team.
Photo. Edwin Kelley.

necessary miner's right or prospecting licence, and, in their turn, fulfil the Labour Laws. Otherwise, a third party can step in, and so on, *ad infinitum*."

Mr. P. F. Warner on Colonial Cricket.—Replying to the toast of "The Visitors" at the Press Club Annual Dinner, held at the Criterion Restaurant on October 28, Mr. P. F. Warner (says the *Sporting Life*), in referring to his forthcoming visit to South Africa, said that the South Africans had not as yet reached the standard of the Australians in the game of cricket, but that they were distinctly knocking at the door, and he thought that before long the South Africans *v.* England match at Lord's would attract as much attention as was now given to a Test match. The South Africans gave us some good games over here a couple of years ago, and though the M.C.C. were now sending out to South Africa a very good team, he was not altogether certain that the team, of which the M.C.C. had honoured him by asking him to take charge, would beat the South Africans. Of course, they would do their best, but the result did not greatly matter, and he thought if they lost it might do good to cricket in South Africa. He had already travelled over 150,000 miles playing cricket, and he was convinced that nothing but good could come from these tours. Twenty-seven years

ago the Australians startled English cricket in pretty much the same way that the New Zealanders were now startling English football. No one regretted that surprise of nearly thirty years ago. It had done good to English cricket, and he would not be annoyed if the South Africans were to create another such surprise. He looked to them to take a high place in the game, and the not very remote future might see a triangular duel at Lord's, in which England, the Australians, and the South Africans were engaged. With respect to the forthcoming tour, he expressed the hope that it would help to bring English and Dutch more closely together at the Cape. He spoke of the admirable manner in which cricket was reported in the newspapers, and said that no newspaper nowadays could afford to do without cricket reports. He desired to acknowledge the very charming manner in which the newspapers who had criticised his selection to take charge of the M.C.C. team to Australia had taken back what they had said. With regard to the national game, he was an optimist, and he did not believe there was any foundation for the things which were said about the "professional amateur" who received £500 a year. The game was never in a healthier state, and had never been played in a more sportsmanlike spirit than in the present year of grace.

Football Crowds.—Earlier in the year a correspondent ("J. W. M.") addressed a letter to us regarding the attitude of the "gate" in professional football. As the subject is now topical, I am glad to quote a portion of this letter. "In the great industrial centres like Newcastle [says 'J. W. M.'], the boys and young men are, to a great extent, quite content to watch and to pay players to play football for them, instead of taking part in the manly game themselves. The excitement displayed at such matches is childish in the extreme, and quite un-English; indeed, I believe many of the spectators are under the impression that they themselves are athletes, because they watch a game. Betting on the professional game is increasing by leaps and bounds, and, to some extent, accounts for the excitement and interest displayed. The Football Card (giving odds on present and future games) is very much in evidence. It is sad to think of 'Young England' as a mere spectator, especially of a 'game' depending on paid players, a game bought and sold and bolstered up by double sets of books, false balance-sheets and secret bonuses to players, and dependent on a gate of mere loafers (as far as games are concerned)"—Lovers of sport will feel much as our correspondent does over this matter. The worst phase of the present professional "Soccer" game is that the "pros" do not hesitate to gain a point by practising a low trick such as no cricket professional would stoop to employ. See what Mr. Warner had to say on that point in his "Corner" last month. Well, let us hope this rage for professional "Soccer" may wear itself out and be succeeded by a wave of zealous amateurism which will cause town to play town, and village village, all for the love of the game and in a spirit of clean, sportsmanlike rivalry. It is astonishing nowadays how many youths are content to be non-players, and it is disconcerting to think that one cause of this may be that they haven't the necessary physique to play! Certainly, the crowds I have seen at football matches have not impressed me as being composed of the kind of Britisher the country has any reason to feel proud of.

Here is a friendly letter from New Zealand:

ESPLANADE, MOUNT EDEN,
AUCKLAND, N.Z.
August 17, 1905.

DEAR OLD FAG,—One of our prominent statesmen has just returned from a visit to the Old Country, and says that not so much interest is taken in New Zealand as formerly, so I suppose you won't mind hearing our little bits of news. What do you think of this? A few weeks ago a Maori died at Orakei, a place within a mile or two of Auckland, and it was decided to hold a post-mortem examination and inquest on him, so the coroner and doctor both went down. However, when they arrived they found a large crowd of natives waiting for them, wishing to prevent the post-mortem exam. One girl threw herself on the body, wailing piteously, and said, "Cut me, not him." Another remarked, "If you do cut him, you can't make him live again." However, it was agreed at last that the post-mortem examination should take place at the graveside, the inquest being held in a tent close by. When the man was buried, the natives wouldn't allow any Europeans inside the tent, saying it was *tapu*, or sacred. Of course, their wishes were respected. The Maoris have a great reverence for anything *tapued*, and so I supposed they reckoned Europeans would defile their sacred places or things. Once a thing like the inquest I have described has taken place, they are not to be caught again, as, only the other day, a Maori died and was buried the same day before the police heard of it.

I was down at Tauranga once, and had several talks with an old Maori chief, who was very distressed because of the gradual changing of the native Maori to a half-European one. Their language has deteriorated, too. In some cases I

have known of children being unable to make themselves understood by old chiefs. I certainly think the European has done the Maori more harm than good.

At last our football team has left for the Motherland, to do battle with England's sons. I guess they will be pretty lucky if they get even a fair percentage of the games, but time will show.

I should like to go home very much, and see old London. Westminster Abbey must be a beautiful place. I should think one could not but feel the greatness of worship to God when amidst such surroundings, and overlooked by those "hallowed dead" who have died for their country and honour.

Have you ever read Abraham Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address"? It is a soul-stirring piece, and no wonder the Americans revere such a man as he was. America is a wonderful country, but I have heard it said that there's too much hurry and scurry there. Men grow old at fifty in business. Now, my boss is seventy-five, and as hale and hearty as ever.

I find your "Cycling Corner" very interesting, as I have a "bike" and can understand and appreciate the advice given. I think it is in very capable hands. One wants a man of experience for articles like that, and Mr. Williams seems to have had plenty of it.

Well, I must say good-bye.

I remain,

One of your many well-wishers,

H. BLAMPIED.

I can assure H. B. that we take as much interest in New Zealand over here as ever we did. It seems curious, though, that a game should attract more attention to such an important colony than anything else has done for years. The triumphant tour of the New Zealand Rugby XV. has set everybody talking. In view of the thorough trouncings we have received, H. B.'s remark reads comically—nay, pathetically.

Then and Now.—In the October number we asked our readers to put themselves in the place of a man who had returned to England in the present year after spending twenty-five years in the Australian Bush, and to record what they would imagine to be the changes in our social life, manners, clothing, ways of getting about, &c., by which he would be most struck, and also his comment thereon. I append the winning list, sent by Winifred D. Ereaut, and heartily congratulate Miss Ereaut on its excellence:

"(1) *The Craze for Advertising.*—First and later thoughts: Some of the dodges are decidedly clever and ingenious. How does it pay? Where will it stop? And isn't it becoming rather a nuisance?

(2) *The Independence of Women.*—First thought: What has become of the sweet, modest, clinging, typical English maiden? I miss her. Later thoughts: How much more companionable to man is the average woman nowadays! And what a lot of trouble she saves her men-folk by her independence!

(3) *The Deplorable Overcrowding of Cities as compared with the Depopulation of the Country.*—First and later thoughts: Bitter experience of city life will prove the best advocate for the "back to the land" movement. At the same time, the present opening-up of the agricultural question will do much to ameliorate the future condition of the "toilers in the field."

(4) *The Ubiquity of Cycles and Motor-cars.*—First thoughts: All motorists and cyclists ought to be squashed! They are a perpetual menace to pedestrians and all other sane-minded folk. Later thoughts: Why are there any pedestrians in this enlightened country? We motorists and cyclists see more of our country, save time, and obtain healthy, exhilarating exercise, whilst pedestrians are but obstacles in our paths.

(5) *The Amount of Time and Money Expended on Entertainments.*—First thoughts: Too much of it. An extravagant age, where pleasure is concerned. Later thoughts: In these days of hard pressure, the brain needs more relaxation than formerly, but the public taste for witnessing sensational feats, performed at the risk of human lives, is deplorable.

(6) *The Great Interest Centred in Sport.*—First and later thoughts: The result must surely be a healthier, hardier race of English men and women, but the mind must not be neglected for the body. The ideal Englishman is he who can both work hard and play hard, each in due proportion to the other. In this respect there rests a great responsibility with the headmasters of our public schools.

(7) *Universal Use of Telephones.*—First thought: Splendid invention! Can get at my trades-people, doctor, friends, &c., at a moment's notice. Later thoughts: And my undesirable acquaintances can get at me!

(8) *The Modern English Sabbath.*—First and later thoughts: One of the changes which do not favourably impress the returned wanderer. With many people, the "day of rest" is non-existent—a change for the worse, both from a religious and worldly point of view.

(9) *The Power of the British Press, and the Strides Made in Journalism Generally.*—First thoughts: May the Press realise its enormous influence and never wield it save in the best interests of our Empire! Later thoughts: Does the increase in the number of magazines, and their success, mean that less attention is being paid to standard authors and their works? Can the busy world possibly find time to read both?

(10) *The Precocity of the Present-day Child.*—First thoughts: Children are certainly far more intelligent and interesting than formerly. Later thoughts: Parents, remember that "the golden mean" is the golden rule where children are concerned. Beware lest your child adopt the attitude of the young hopeful in the following anecdote:

Father.—"I didn't have such good times in *my* young days!"

Young Hopeful.—"Then aren't you glad you're living with us now, dad?"

(11) *The Hatless Men and Women.*—First thoughts: Very healthy for men, no doubt, but unwomanly for women. Later thoughts: Changed my mind concerning the hatless woman. Have been "stalking" the stage for three hours behind a *matinée* hat.

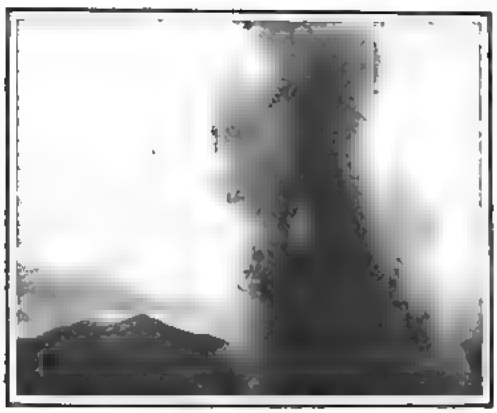
(12) *The Breaking-down of "Our Splendid Isolation."*—First thoughts: Is the Britisher losing his splendid independent spirit—is he growing less self-reliant? Later thoughts: No; his mind has broadened beyond old insular prejudices, and he realises that he is not "the only good in the world."

Led by King Edward the Peacemaker, he sees that John Bull can best serve the world and his country by adopting a policy of defence, not offence—a policy of "Peace with Honour."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Captainite writes: "Some twelve months ago I wrote to you for information about volunteering, with which you very kindly supplied me in full. Please accept my late but sincere thanks. Having selected a corps with an eye to efficiency and economy, I was able to put in an average of three drills per week without any inconvenience, do the gun practices, and eighteen days' camp, and obtain much pleasure and experience in so doing. I now sport a first-class gunnery badge and a bomb stripe. With but one short year—full of incident, however—to look back upon, I am not in a position to advise or talk profoundly on volunteering, but this may be said, that any old Captainite, be he student or shop assistant, bank clerk or mechanic, with a little time and energy to spare, will find a heap of satisfaction in joining a volunteer artillery corps. He can be as nippy in opening a breech as in shooting a goal, and the skill required to lay on a target at 3000 yards is not inferior to that necessary in judging a fast ball on a wet wicket. Regimental camp is a radical change from a private affair up the river. Cook's mate, or "fatigue" for a day, or guard on a dirty night, are not things to yearn after. But they're not bad—the day after. Then, camp lived sanely is a wonderfully expeditious way of getting fit. Therefore, to all readers in which the interest far outweighs the few discomforts, I say, *Volunteer.*"

A. V. Smith (Parkfield, Lower Riccarton, Christchurch, New Zealand), who asks me to excuse his bad writing because he has to lie in a plaster cast, sends me two photos. One of them (which I reproduce) shows the Waimungu Geyser in action, and



WAIMUNGU GEYSER, NEW ZEALAND.
Sent by A. V. Smith.

my correspondent tells me that lately several people were killed there through going too close. The other photo.—not distinct enough to print—represents boiling mud-holes in the Tikitiri district. "It is not safe to walk about without a guide, as at any moment you are liable to fall through a thin crust into boiling mud," says Master Smith. Evidently Tikitiri is not a very inviting neighbourhood to take walks in! I thank A. V. Smith for his letter, and hope he will soon be out of that plaster cast, though, I must say, his writing is a good deal clearer than that of many boys who are whole and sound. A Happy Christmas to you, A. V. S., and many of them!

H. R. F. M. (Harrow) writes: "I notice in your November No. that a correspondent who signs himself 'Old Rossallian' offers an 'indignant remonstrance' regarding letters advocating such an institution as Hickson's. 'Old Rossallian' seems to have had no little experience of the fair sex, but allow me, as an Harrovian of four years' standing, to make answer that, however right he may be in denouncing 'Hickson's' as an institution, he is equally wrong in his criticism of 'athletic girls.' This is the twentieth century, not the eighteenth. Then, I believe, pretty faces were everything at the expense of health and enjoyment; now, all that is changed, and I can assure 'Old Rossallian' from experience that athletic girls are just as amiable, just as fascinating, and every bit as good at flirting as their petted and pampered predecessors. One thing is certain, they grow up better women, and make better wives."

"Teuton" wants to know whether he can get employment in Germany without knowing the language. Well, considering the enormous number of young Germans holding posts in London offices, I should think it must be quite possible for young Englishmen to obtain employment in Berlin. The most useful agency for looking after the interests of young men in foreign countries is the Y.M.C.A., and if "Teuton" became a member of this institution he could get into touch with the Berlin branch and there obtain all the information he requires. I do not know of any trustworthy agency in England which obtains commercial posts for young men in foreign countries. The safest medium, I should say, would be the advertisement columns of the *Times*, which is pretty sure to be taken by the leading business houses in Germany.

A. N. A. R. B. (Dinard).—(1) The best way to obtain a post in a school is to put your name on the books of, and call on, if possible, a good firm of scholastic agents, such as Messrs. Gabbitas and Thring, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London, W. Also, watch the advertisements in the *Guardian* and *Church Times*; (2) who on earth has been putting it into your head that schoolmasters are "looked down on" and are not gentlemen? Schoolmasters, as a class, are among the best gentlemen stepping, and the only kind of schoolmaster who is "looked down on" is he who behaves in a manner that forfeits the respect of those about him; (3) you would not receive a large salary at first. Messrs. Gabbitas and Thring will supply you with figures; (4) the fact of your being a Roman Catholic will not interfere with your getting a good berth, providing you are a fair scholar and a sound disciplinarian.

"An Old Boy," who left school sixty years ago, writes to me about his schooldays in a way which gives one a favourable impression of the scholastic methods in vogue in 1845. Our "old boy" was at the same school for seven and a half years. All (he says) were justly treated, more latitude being given to those who worked well at their studies. Food was always of the best quality and there was no limit to it. "I was a delicate lad," he adds, "but after a strenuous life as a medical man I am able to

do 2000 miles a year on my cycle, which I started at the age of sixty-seven." Finally, my correspondent declares that the boys of to-day have an easier time than the boys of *his* day. That may be, but I question if the boys of to-day are fed better than the boys of an "old boy's" day. I have heard many grumbles about the food supplied at public schools, the quality appearing to depend on the whim of the house-master, and I think that parents ought to insist on their boys being fed on good, wholesome food, and plenty of it. Giving a growing boy inferior food is a most reprehensible act. Fancy a racehorse-trainer feeding his colts on oats and corn! The school-boy's case is a parallel one, and this food question should be looked into thoroughly.

P. H. C. (Princess Helena College, Ealing) writes to tell me that most of the big girls' schools and colleges play lacrosse. Princess Helena College has a splendid team, "and nearly all our 300 girls are very keen." For my own part, I hope that the girls at Princess Helena College also learn how to cook and knit and make beds; if they don't, the chances are they'll shape very poorly as wives in the sweet by-and-bye. Lacrosse is all very well, but give me the girl who can make *in* hot *cross*-buns! Perhaps P. H. C. can make buns as well as she can play lacrosse; if so, I take off my weather-beaten beaver hat to her, for she must be one of the all-round girls—equally capable indoors and out of doors—that we men admire so much.

"Firm Supporter," another young lady, sends me some poetry of moderate quality, which, however, displays distinct ability. One of the poems is a parody of "Hiawatha." I wonder when people will leave off parodying "Hiawatha." A great man invents something great, and for scores of years afterwards all sorts of people fall upon it and parody it or imitate it. This is not the way to gain renown. Write something original, "Firm Supporter," and, no doubt, you will soon win your way into the C.C. pages, my dear.

Walter H. Toll is a satisfied boy. He writes to thank me for my "efforts to supply readers with something good," and adds that the variety of THE CAPTAIN'S contents should please even the most fastidious. Friend Walter evidently understands that we do our best to cater for the majority, and that we do not add other "Corners" simply because we have no room for them. The compliments of the season to you, W. H. T. I'm sure you will remember that Christmas is a season which should lead us to endeavour to make other people happy, and think of ourselves as little as possible. You may, for instance, like to send brother-reader A. V. Smith, of New Zealand, a Christmas card. He will appreciate it hugely.

Haileyburian.—It is evident from what you say that the photograph on page 515 in the September issue was wrongly labelled "Cadets of Haileybury College." Our representative who was present at the Hyde Park Review tells us that the difficulty of recognising the different schools was very great, owing to the abandonment of the old distinctive uniforms, and the almost universal use now of khaki. It is noteworthy that the cadets depicted in the mis-called photograph are wearing the "Hart-Ford" badge, and probably, therefore, are attached (like Haileybury) to a Hertfordshire battalion of the Bedfordshire Regiment.

Enthusiast.—Frankly, your article, "A Call for the Life-Boat," has not got enough in it to make it worthy of publication. What you say on the point has been said very often before. Contributions for the C. C. pages should be as full of facts as a Christmas pudding of plums. Nevertheless, you do not write at all badly.

"Obo's" family tell him he is artistic, and so "Obo" encloses two drawings for criticism. If "Obo" will forward a few more representative specimens of his work, and enclose a stamped envelope for their return, I will send him a few lines of criticism.

The Progressive Camera Club.—A. Reginald, 9 Portobello Road, Notting Hill Gate, W., writes to say that he is concerned in the formation of a club under this title, in the vicinity of Kensington, for the mutual advantage of novices, and would be glad if we would make this fact known in our columns.

"The Great Eastern," Mr. J. B. Davis writes to say, was not the "first successful steamship," as stated in the October CAPTAIN. Several steam vessels made long sea voyages before 1838 notably the *Great Britain*, which successfully accomplished the journey to Australia, then a distance of 16,000 miles. As a boy Mr. Davis went over the *Great Britain* when she was in dock—another quite "old" boy reader, this!

Harry French.—If you buy THE CAPTAIN regularly you may be a member of THE CAPTAIN Club. I may tell you that I am thinking of discontinuing the Club before very long, and starting some League in connection with THE CAPTAIN which will be of some practical use to readers.

Letters, etc., have also to be acknowledged from: P. E. Petter, "Amans Patriae," "A Scotchman," Myriam Elmsley, James H. Drinkwater, Gilbert Bate, E. H. K. Fryer, "Sydney" (sorry; photo. far too faint for reproduction).

Competition Prizes.—I particularly wish to draw your attention to the fact that the prizes offered on our Competitions Page this month are well worth working for. They include an Eight-Guinea Billiard Table, which can be converted into an ordinary dining-table by the removal of the cushions; a "Bonheur" watch, value two and a half guineas; three boxes of the best water-colour paints; photographic apparatus; footballs, and a "Swan" Fountain Pen. There will also, as usual, be consolation prizes for the "runners-up" in each competition.

To all Readers, old & young,
a Happy Christmas!

The Old Fag

Results of October Competitions.

No. I.—"Scholarship Appointment Competition."
—Result will be announced in the January No.

No. II.—"'Captain' Birthday Book."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: Muriel Hall, 43 Victoria Road, N., Southsea.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Ursula M. Peck, 8A Randolph Road, Maida Hill, W.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Constance H. Greaves, Violet A. Tootal, C. T. Down, A. A. Kerridge, Annie E. Johnson, Laura M. Strike, E. M. Nanson, M. MacCowen Hall, M. M. Read.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" FOOTBALL: G. W. Bailey, 396 Attercliffe Road, Sheffield.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Helen C. Sinclair-Smith, Coombe, Copplestone, N. Devon.
HONOURABLE MENTION: V. T. Down, Lottie Tucker, Evelyn Haines, D. Nanson, Eva Freeth, Frances Vidal.

CLASS III. (Age limit; Sixteen.)
WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" FOOTBALL: K. T. Down, Spearpoint, Ashford, Kent.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Eric D. Doring, R. M. Stewart, Olive M. Tomkins, T. B. Stewart, M. Zilah Gray, James H. Dible, George E. Lexow, R. Middleton.

No. III.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: Charles F. Shaw, 30 Tennyson Street, Nottingham.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: R. W. Copeman, Town View, Wincanton.
HONOURABLE MENTION: H. W. Witcombe, E. S. Maples, A. R. Mamber, O. C. Lupton, A. J. Court, K. Reeves, J. E. T. S. Hilton, Mayne Reid, the Rev. A. N. Gilmore.

CLASS II. (Age limit, Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: G. S. B. Cushnie, 182 Grove Street, Liverpool.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: R. H. Barnes, Burgh Rectory, Aylsham, Norfolk.
HONOURABLE MENTION: John Bannerman, jun., Ernest Townsend, Bernard Meldrum, V. Griffiths, Lewis L. Whitfield, W. E. Morley, A. W. Foster, Frederick Cartmel, F. M. Wyatt, L. S. Foden, Alec M. Hamling.

CLASS III. (Age limit, Sixteen.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: Morley Copeman, Town View, Wincanton.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Robert Gardner, 41 Chorley New Road, Bolton, Lancs.
HONOURABLE MENTION: D. C. Thomson, R. W. Reade, Herbert P. Bryant, H. Chesterton, A. W. Pavitt.

No. IV.—"Drawing of Fruit."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: Elizabeth Maude Alsop, Ashdene, Marple, Stockport.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: K. Reeves, 47 Bell Street, Henley-on-Thames.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Edith M. Tucker, Sibyl O'Neill, Nora C. Porteous.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: Dorothy H. Atkinson, 2 Douro Terrace, Jersey, C.I.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Owen Coghlan, Glendale, King's Road, Cheltenham.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Leslie Collins, Norah Disney, Frances E. Price, T. G. Gillott, Edith H. Stern, Charlotte Tucker, Frieda E. Myers, Owen Squires, Clara E. Giveen, Alfred W. Dobbin, Florence Leader.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: A. Colley, 98 Hampton Road, Forest Gate, E.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Harold Mansfield, 21 Park Side, Cambridge.
HONOURABLE MENTION: T. F. H. White, G. G. Patterson, Ethel Rowlett, H. D. Morris, Howard J. Attwood, E. H. S. Boden, John Weekes, Muriel Clay, P. Taylor.

No. V.—"Then and Now."

No age limit.
WINNER OF RUSSIAN IRON MAGIC LANTERN: Winifred D. Ereaut, Belleville, St. Saviour's, Jersey.
CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: A. Le Lacheur, "Avenuches," Brock Road, St. Peter Port, Guernsey; Alex. Scott, jun., Burnside House, Tillicoultry.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Harold Scholfield, Percival Daere, W. F. Curtis, James Bland, F. J. Ward, Archibald J. A. Wilson, Thomas Bones, Ernest R. Neels, William Tovell, B. Overbury, Alfred M. Parkes, D. H. Champion.

No. VI.—"October Celebrities."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF No. 1 CYCLE SPEED-INDICATOR: G. B. Hindmarsh, 38 Fentiman Road, Clapham, S.W.
CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: A. Eustace Petter, Tors Park, Ilfracombe; T. W. Spikin, 4 Solby's Road, Basingstoke.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Claude H. Auld, L. J. Hodson, G. A. Taylor, T. Habood, D. H. Champion, S. A. Churcher, W. A. Howieson, Emily Milley, H. C. Smith, B. Weaver, S. B. Wood, S. E. Kay.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF NO. 1 CYCLE SPEED-INDICATOR: Harold Jones, Bella Vue, nr. Pontypool, Mon.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Arthur W. Fox, 25 Robert Street, Cheetham, Manchester.
HONOURABLE MENTION: E. J. Morris, H. L. Lyall, W. H. Meller, A. P. Bryant, A. Burton, C. H. Burke, G. H. Schofield, G. T. Lawrence, F. T. Rosemount, J. J. Johnson, L. McGregor, A. J. Turner, H. Watton, S. Bourne, E. G. Coomes.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF NO. 1 CYCLE SPEED-INDICATOR: P. A. Reed, 5 Finsbury Park Avenue, Hermitage Road, London, N.
HONOURABLE MENTION: R. Learmouth, Marjorie N. How.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(September.)

No. II.—WINNER OF 5s.: George G. Proctor, Balgowrie St. Clair, The Avenue, Port of Spain, Trinidad.
HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Caris, jun. (Cape Colony).
No. IV.—WINNER OF 5s.: Alfred L. Solomon, 133 Upper King Street, Kingston, Jamaica.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Eileen Erskine (South Africa), G. Caris, jun.
No. VI.—WINNER OF 5s.: Nicholas Charles Wolters, jun., Observatory House, Observatory Road, Cape Town, South Africa.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Gordon Smith (Grenada), S. W. James (Trinidad), D. T. Middleton (British Guiana).

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," "Technics," "C. B. Fry's Magazine," or one of the following books—"Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the October Competitions.

No. II.—The quotations were again chosen with much discrimination and judgment by the majority of competitors, though there was not quite the usual number of artistic productions. Several senders of otherwise excellent efforts entirely neglected "THE CAPTAIN" when making their selections.

No. III.—The competition was well contested in all Classes.

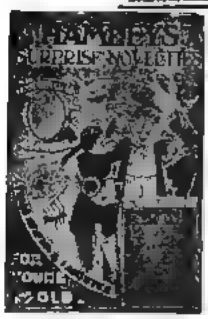
No. IV.—Some very clever sketches were submitted, particularly in Class II.

No. V.—A number of interesting answers were sent in, and most competitors seem to have thoroughly appreciated the changes which would specially impress a man who had been out of England for twenty-five years. The general opinion appears to be that most changes are for the better, but many note a deterioration in manners and religious observance, and view with some anxiety the excessive devotion to spectacular sport.

No. VI.—The favourite "October celebrities" chosen for essays were Lord Macaulay, Dr. Nansen, President Roosevelt, Sir William Butler, Lord Hugh Cecil, and Mr. P. F. Warner. The usual high standard was maintained, especially in Class I.

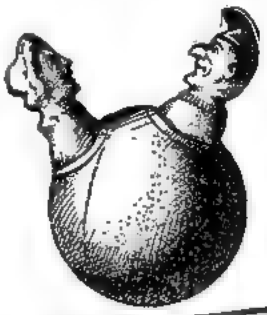
THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

HAMLEY'S NOVELTIES.



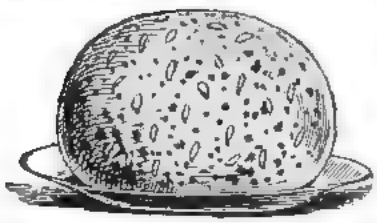
BOXES of SURPRISES Containing :-1 Squeaker, 1 Squeaking Baby, 1 Howling Baby, 1 Flying Sausage, 1 Flying Serpent, 1 Coon with Tie, 1 Balloon. Price **6d.**, post free, **7d. LARGER BOX,** containing 1 Flying Serpent, 1 Flying Sausage, 1 Howling Baby, 1 Blowout Cigar, 2 Squeakers, 1 Endless Wire, 1 Coon with Collar, 1 Coon with Tie, 1 Squeaking Baby, 2 Balloons, 1 Fish. Price **1/-**, post free, **1/2.** All the above blow out and some squeak. HAMLEY'S SPECIALITY **Hamley's Box of FLYING SAUSAGES.** Each box contains 7 Flying Sausages. Price **6d.** per box, post free, **7d.** Singly, **1d.** each, post free, **2d.**

The "Monte Carlo Pocket" Roulette. A very handy little article for a railway journey. Perfectly accurate. Price **9d.** each, post free, **1s.** Superior quality, price **2s. 11d.**, post free, **3s. 3d.**

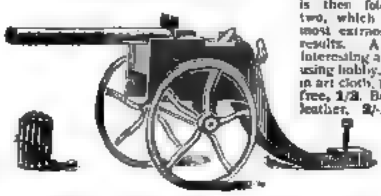


A GREAT NOVELTY. This is a round India-rubber Ball, and when pressed, out pops Punch and Judy. Very funny and amusing. Price **6d.**; post free, **6d.**

Same as above, **Black & White Cats.** Price **6d.** Post free, **6d.**



The Christmas Plum Pudding. When uncovered it immediately rises to the ceiling. Price **3/-**. Postage 3d. extra.



The "New Standard" Field Gun. The strongest and longest range gun in the market. Perfect action and accuracy in aim. Practically unbreakable. Price with ammunition, **3/6**. Postage 3d. extra.

The Ghost of My Friend. A novel book for collecting the signatures of your friends; the page is then folded in two, which causes most extraordinary results. A most interesting and amusing hobby. Bound in art cloth, 1/- post free, **1/2**. Bound in leather, **2/-**, post free, **2/2**

HAMLEY'S NOVELTIES.—The New Pictorial Game of Noah's Ark. The pack comprises 13 families and Noah. Price **10½d.** post free, **1/0½**. The New Fiscal Card Game, Veto or Retaliation *versus* Free Trade. Price **10½d.**, post free, **1/0½**.

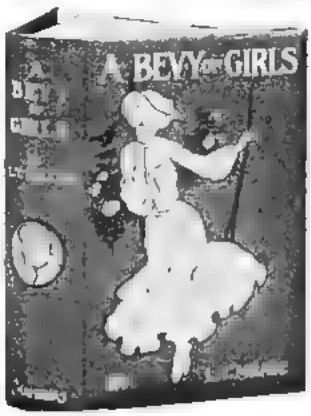
Quit.—One of the best card games ever published. Suitable for three, four, or six players. Price **1/3**; post free, **1/5**.

Magic Flowers.—Little seeds that open into flowers when dropped into water. Price **7d.** per packet. Post free.

HAMLEY'S BRANCHES, LONDON. 510a & 512 Oxford St., Nr. Marble Arch; 59 Knightsbridge, Nr. Albert Gate; 202 Regent Street, Nr. Oxford Circus; 35 New Oxford Street, W.C.; 231 High Holborn, W.C.; 86 & 87 High Holborn, W.C.

W. & R. CHAMBERS'S

6s. (Gilt Edges.) **A Bevy of Girls.** By L. T. MEADE



5s.
Shoulder Arms! By G. MANVILLE FENN.
Steady and Strong Stories by G. A. HENTY, G. M. FENN, JOHN OXENHAM, LOUIS BECKE, &c.
Wilful Cousin Kate A Girl's Story. By L. T. MEADE.
The Boys of Badminster A School Tale. By ANDREW HOME.

3s. 6d.
The Girls of St. Gabriel's By MAY BALDWIN.
Dumps: A Plain Girl By L. T. MEADE.
Crab Cottage By RAYMOND JACBERNS.
Chums in the Far West By EVERETT M'NEIL.

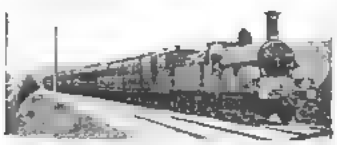
2s. 6d. net. Buster Brown Abroad. By R. F. OUTCAULT
2s. That Little Limb. By MAY BALDWIN
3s. 6d. A Book of Baby Birds A Child's Picture Book Verses by Miss B. PARKER. Illustrated by Miss N. PARKER

Coloured Picture Books. 3s. 6d. net
Buster Brown and His Dog Tige. By R. F. OUTCAULT
Foxy Grandpa Up-to-Date
The Book of the Dog Stories and Verses by ALICE C. HAINES Pictures by ELISABETH F. BONSALL
Pats. Stories by ALICE C. HAINES Pictures by LOUIS RHEAD
Mammy's Li'l' Chillun. Written and Illustrated by CLARA A. WILLIAMS

W. & R. CHAMBERS, Ltd., 47 Paternoster Row, London, & Edinburgh

1905 CHRISTMAS BOOKS

RAILWAY VIEWS.



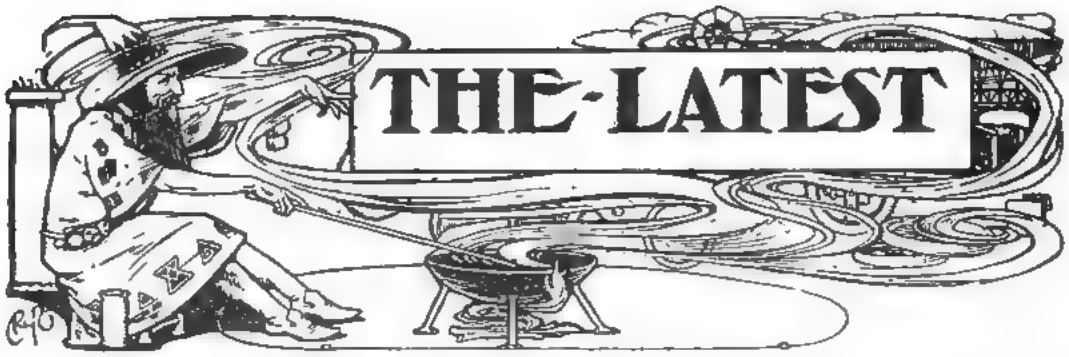
A Handsome Album of Photo Reproductions taken in all parts of the World. Post free, 2/9.

THE LOCOMOTIVE PUBLISHING CO. Ltd.
3 Amen Corner, London, E.C.

DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.



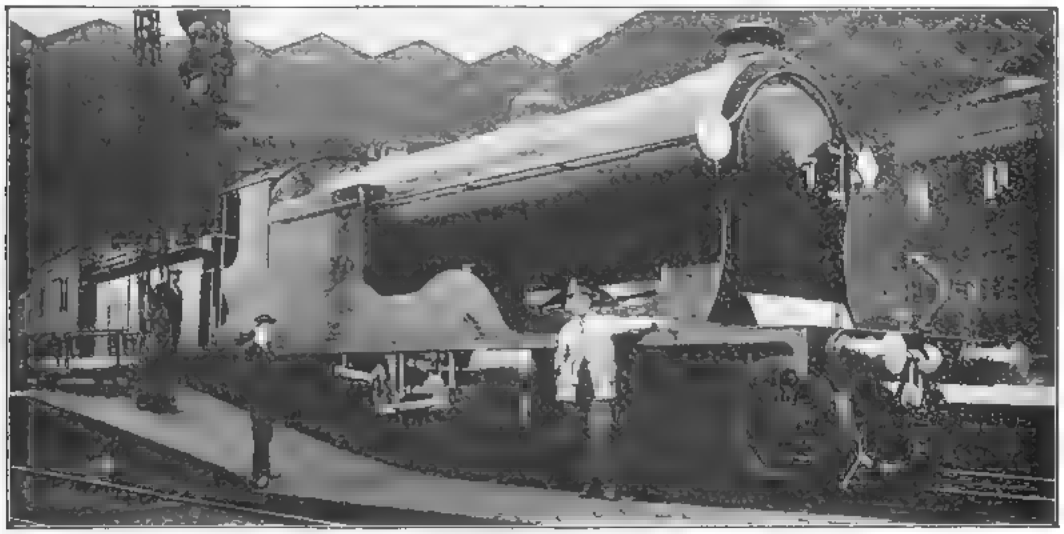
The Latest Locomotive Giants.

FIVE express passenger locomotives of great size and power have just been built at Nine Elms Works for use on the London and South Western Railway's main line. Each engine has four simple cylinders of equal diameter, the inside cylinders driving the first pair of coupled wheels, and those outside, the second pair. The fire-box is of the water-tube pattern, and a patent spark-arrester and fuel economiser are fitted inside the smoke-box. The heating surface is 2727 sq. ft., the largest yet given to a British passenger express engine. The diameter of the driving-wheels is 6 ft., the cylinders measure 16 in. by 24 in., and the weight of the locomotive without the tender is seventy-three tons.

These engines will work the fast trains to and from Plymouth. Hitherto the Great Western has had the longest route to the West of England, but by constructing new lines it will soon have a slightly shorter route than its rival. Therefore the South Western has decided to increase the speed of its trains, and that is why the new engines here described came to be built.

Wireless Telegraphy in Miniature.

THE ingenuity of the model-maker knows no end, and almost before the latest scientific inventions are perfected in actual practice, working models of them are produced. Messrs. Richford and Co., 153 Fleet Street, London, E.C., have just introduced a complete model apparatus for wireless telegraphy on the Marconi system. The apparatus, which costs £3 4s., consists of a transmitter with tapping key, Ruhmkorff spark-inductor, condenser, air wire, &c. This model is of really high-class finish, and works accurately and faultlessly over any distances up to about sixty yards.



ONE OF FIVE ENORMOUS NEW ENGINES ON THE LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY

The Pleasures of Painting

Our colours enable you to do your very best with the brushes. Those offered here are splendid for students and beginners; they are rich and of a good working consistency. Painting is a fine hobby for boys, and if you have not tried it, do not let this winter go by without.

Boxes of Moist Water Colours for Students

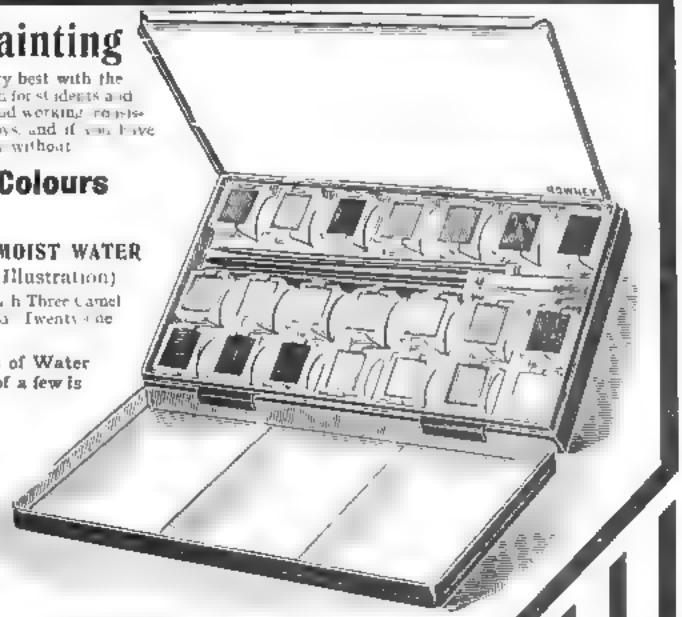
No. 29. FIVE SHILLING BOX OF MOIST WATER COLOURS IN CHINA PANS (as Illustration)

A Japanned Tin Box, with Ring, fitted with Three Camel Hair Brushes in Plated Ferrules, and Twenty-one Moist Colours in China Half Pans.

We also have several Mahogany Boxes of Water Colours for students, and a description of a few is given below.

No.		Each
17.	Containing 10 Twopenny Moist Pans, brushes, &c.	2/6
18.	Containing 10 Twopenny Moist Pans, brushes, &c., and china palette	3/0
19.	Containing 14 Twopenny Moist Pans, 2 tubes Indian Ink, china slab, brushes, &c., in polished mahogany box	5/0
20.	Containing 16 Twopenny Moist Pans, 2 tubes Indian Ink, china palette, drawing pins, India Rubber, brushes, &c., in polished mahogany box	7/6

And at 10/6 and 15/-.



ILLUSTRATED LIST FREE ON APPLICATION TO

GEO. ROWNEY & CO.

64 Oxford Street, W. (Estd. 1789)

'A Great School.'

What leading public men say of PITMAN'S METROPOLITAN SCHOOL

VISCOUNT WOLSELEY

At a public meeting in the Queen's Hall, London, described PITMAN'S as a great school, whose modern teaching methods ensured the brilliant successes which its students had won.

Sir ALBERT K. ROLLIT, M.P. (Chairman of Education Committee of London Chamber of Commerce).

"I have had the opportunity of inspecting Pitman's Metropolitan School, and I think its success is admirably illustrated by the training which takes place in the School."

Dr. MACNAMARA, M.P. (Editor of the "Schoolmaster").

"The first institution to prepare for a commercial career. It has no difficulty in finding appointments for those who are proficient."

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.

"This great school, without an equal in the world, equipped with every improvement which thought and science could suggest."

Mr. J. WILLIAMS BENN, M.P. (late Chairman of London County Council).

"I appreciate the work being done by Pitman's Metropolitan School to the extent of sending my own son there as a pupil."

PITMAN'S NEW PROSPECTUS, 64 pages, Illustrated, forming the most complete guide for parents and students, will be sent gratis and post free to any applicant. Send a post card (mentioning No. 125) to the Secretary, Pitman's Metropolitan School, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

GALE & POLDEN, LTD.,

THE "NELSON" POSTCARDS include the following interesting series, depicting **Scenes of Everyday Life in the Navy**, from Photographs specially taken for this purpose with the approval and assistance of the Naval Authorities. *Special sets of 6 Cards in Colours, 6d.* **Afloat with the British Fleet**, 1st series 274, 2nd series 275, 3rd series 276, 4th series 295. **Ashore with the Naval Brigade**, 307. **Britain's Bulwarks**, 1st series 277, 2nd series 278, 3rd series 279. **Famous Nelson Pictures**, 280. **Naval Exhibition, Earl's Court**, 276. **Navies of the World**, 120 & 121. **Scenes on H.M.S. Victory**, 268. **The Handy Man at Work**, 205 & 213. **The World's Biggest Battleship**, 286.

THE "WELLINGTON" SERIES of Life in the Army. *Sets of 6 Cards in Colours, 6d.* **Humorous Military Sketches**, 118 & 119. **British Army Mounted Corps**, 139 & 140. **Regimental Colours**, 157, 158, 159 & 160. **Military Motoring**, 166. **Life in the Army**, 207 & 208. **Union Jack Club** (single card), 144. **Famous Cavalry Regiments**, 202.

A Complete List of Pictorial Postcards and Terms Will be sent Post Free on application to the Publishers.

LONDON: 2 Amen Corner, E.C.

EVERY BOY AND EVERY YOUNG MAN SHOULD be able to write SHORTHAND.

It will enable you to get on better when you start business. Do you know Shorthand? If you do not, give us time, but **BEGIN** to learn it at once. **REMEMBER**—The best system is undoubtedly

GREGG SHORTHAND.

It is superseding other antiquated systems because it is more quickly learned and easier to remember than they are. You can learn it in your spare time.

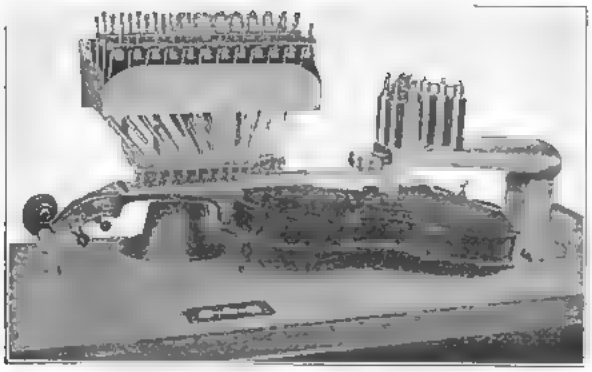
PRICE OF MANUALS.

Part I. "The Elements," 1/1. Part II. "Reporting Style," 2/1.
(Or Bound Manual Complete, 3/6.)

Send Stamp for Particulars to

THE GREGG PUBLISHING CO.,

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON



THE LATEST IN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

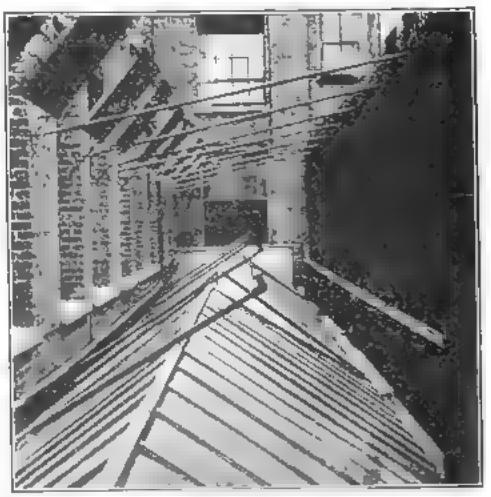
An Electric Violin.

THE accompanying illustration of an electric violin shows the very latest development in automatic mechanical musical instruments. Instead of a bow, there are four revolving discs composed of celluloid and rosin. These discs constantly revolve when the machine is running, and one or more of them is brought in contact with the strings, at the right moment, by means of electro magnets. At the instant any disc touches a string, an "electric finger" presses the same string in the correct position, just as a musician would do. The violin illustrated has fifty-eight of these "electric fingers." Wires connected with the discs and the "fingers" pass into the lower part of the case containing the violin. Each of the wires ends in a small brass strip or contact point, which rests on the score (a strip of perforated paper), and this passes over a brass cylinder, thus completing the electric circuit and operating the magnets that control the movements of the discs and fingers. A long perforation, therefore, produces a long note, and a short perforation a correspondingly shorter note. It is claimed that the electric violin can do what no human player can accomplish, viz., produce a sound on two or more strings at the same instant, thus giving an orchestral effect.

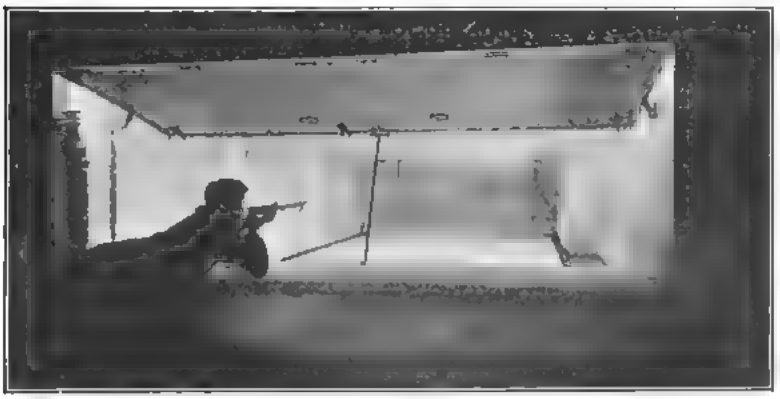
Miniature Rifle Ranges.

Two of the illustrations on this page show how a space between two warehouses in London has been transformed into a shooting-range. This miniature rifle range, which has been built by Dr. Jaeger's Company for their workpeople, is twenty-eight yards in length, and is so protected by metal shields, shutters, and brickwork, that there is no risk from stray bullets. The range was recently opened by Earl Roberts—his daughter, Lady Aileen Roberts, firing the first shot.

The difficulty of providing ranges, especially for townsmen, is one of the chief obstructions to the spread of rifle-shooting as a sport and pastime. The example of Dr. Jaeger's Company might well be followed by other city firms.



A LONDON CITY ROOF—
Photo. C. H. Park.



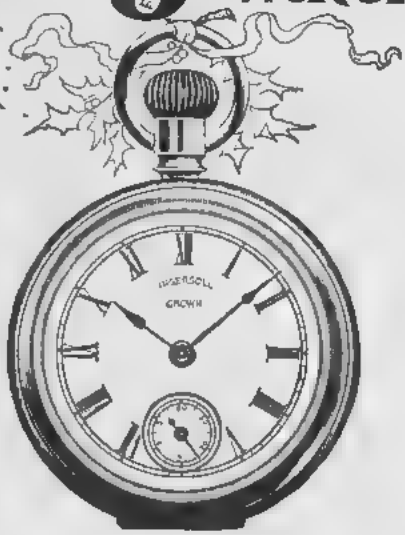
—CONVERTED INTO A RIFLE RANGE.
Photo. C. H. Park.

I KNOW WHAT I WANT!

FOR CHRISTMAS

an *Ingersoll* CROWN

5/- Watch

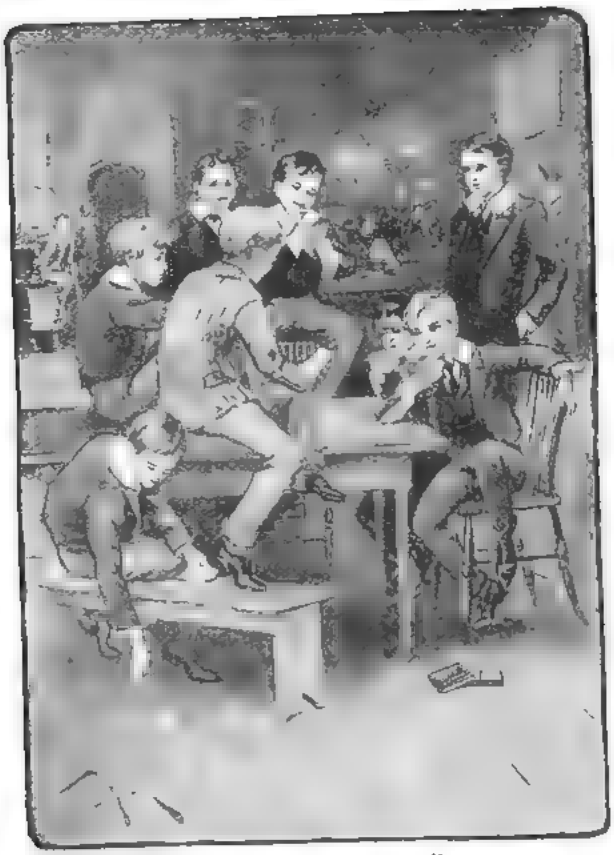


HE'S A LUCKY BOY or man who finds an Ingersoll Crown Watch in his Christmas stocking. Further, it is one of the few presents which is useful as well as attractive—its real value for daily service is out of all proportion to its moderate cost. The "Ingersoll" is guaranteed to keep perfect time for five years. As proof of its accuracy and popularity, three million are made and sold each year to satisfy the demands of the public.

Ask for an Ingersoll and see that you get it. Name is on dial.

We want you to ask your dealer to show you this famous Watch and Guarantee. **If he does not do so, send us 5/- and we will send you the Watch by return of post. Catalogue free upon request.**

ROBT H. INGERSOLL & BRO. 257 Audrey House, Ely Place, London, E.C.



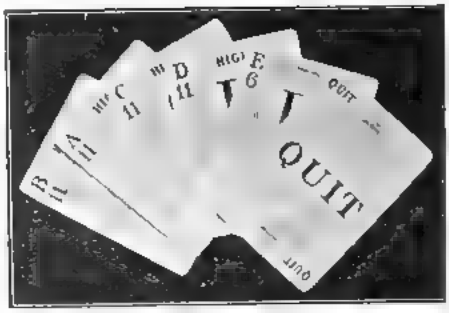
A QUIET GAME OF "QUIT."

A Tramcar Novelty.

An American firm of tramcar builders are shipping some odd electric tramcars to Cape Town, South Africa. These cars are divided into three compartments, one for first-class passengers, seating four people, and making a room about 6 ft. by 7 ft.; another compartment for luggage; and a third for third-class passengers. What happens to the second-class passengers is not stated; perhaps they get out and shove. The body of the car is 15 ft. long, with windows that can be pushed out of the way, making a semi-open car in hot weather.

"Quit"—the New Card Game.

"Quit" is the latest card game that has really "caught on." Our illustration gives some idea of the interest aroused by a game of "Quit," and many people consider it the finest card game invented during the last half-century. Though sufficiently simple for a child to enjoy, there is yet skill enough required in "Quit" to make it interesting to the ablest player of whist. It is full of variety, life, and

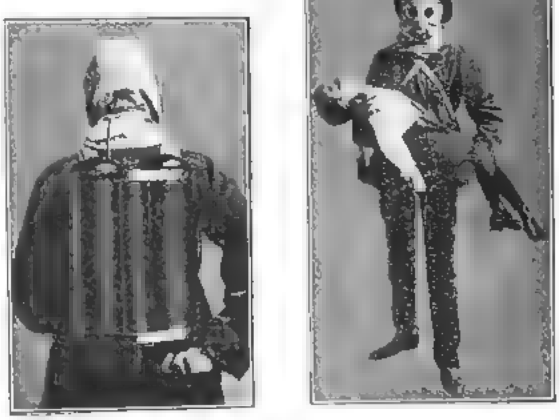


A "QUIT" HAND.

spirit, whilst numerous chances are afforded for good judgment. "Quit" may be obtained from any stationers, or direct from the patentees, Messrs. Parker Brothers, Lovell's Court, London, E.C.

Respiratory Apparatus for Firemen.

An ingenious respiratory apparatus for firemen is now in use in the United States. It consists of a hood lined with oiled silk to cover the face and head, and an air cylinder which is strapped on the back. The cylinder is divided into three chambers, and carries enough air to last one man an hour. The air is conveyed to the headpiece by a rubber tube, the exhaled air passing out through a valve in front of the mouth. The main supply of air comes from the outer cylinders; the middle one is only intended to be drawn upon after the other two are exhausted, as the air there is more strongly compressed. The apparatus does not impede a fireman in his work, as its total weight is only 23 lb.



NEW AIR-SUPPLY FOR FIREMEN.

KENSINGTON COLLEGE

GUARANTEED APPOINTMENTS

One may enter upon a course of instruction under the personal direction of Mr Munford, with the absolute certainty of securing a profitable Secretarial or Commercial appointment when proficient. So thorough is the system of training — covering, as it does, such subjects as Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-keeping, Modern Languages, Office Management, and Secretarial Technique—that pupils from this College invariably obtain larger salaries and secure appointments more readily than do pupils of any other institution. WE claim—and we are prepared to prove our assertion—that for the past eighteen years we have found a satisfactory position for EVERY ONE of our qualified students. Such a claim cannot be made by any other college. For this reason, Kensington College should be given the earnest consideration of parents and guardians and of every young man or woman desirous of entering upon a successful career. "*Write for Booklet C.*"

The applications for the services of the College trained students during the past year [illegible]

KENSINGTON COLLEGE
143 QUEEN'S ROAD,
BAYSWATER, LONDON, W

AND ITS GUARANTEED APPOINTMENTS.

GML

MASTERS' Ld.
RYE.

FAR BELOW LONDON PRICES.

'Sunday Companion' says of Masters' goods: "Better value we have never seen."

HANDSOME
BISCUIT
BARREL,
15/-

Rose china, beautifully decorated in various colours exact to our illustration. Electro-silver handle, and mounts. Packed and delivered free at our risk.

Leo, July Zodiac Sign Shield Ring, Solid Gold Hall marked. Price 27/- cash, including any crest, monogram or initials.

Have your own Initials on a Solid Gold Shield Ring

Send for Ring Price List.

East Surrey Crest Shield Ring, Solid Gold. Price 27/- cash, with your own initials or any crest engraved to order free of charge.

New Ring Booklet Post Free. SEND FOR A COPY

J. H MASTERS, Ld., 404 Hope Stores, Rye, Eng.

YOU NEED A FOUNTAIN PEN

Everybody has use for one. You need a Fountain Pen that will work any and every time you require it. One that writes smoothly, never spurts, blots, or wants shaking. In short, you want

THE 1906 MODEL

Diamond Star Gold Fountain Pen

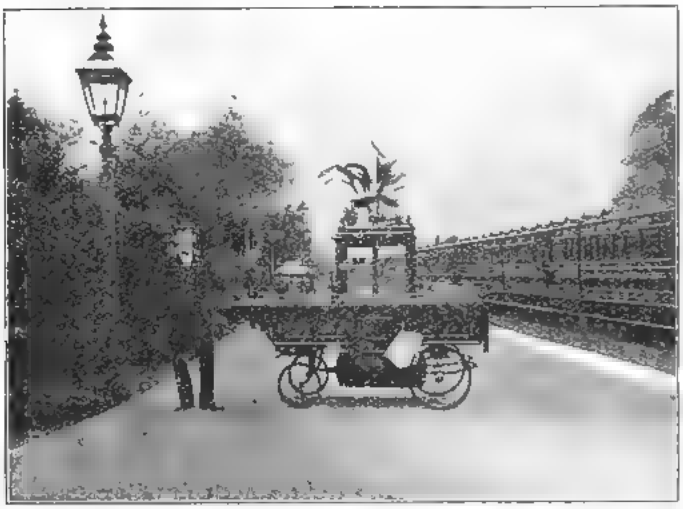
To advertise this Pen we are selling 100,000 at the following prices:

14ct. Real Gold-nibbed Pen for 2/6
Superb Gold-mounted and Gold-nibbed Pen for - - - 5/-

These ridiculously low prices are accounted for by the fact that all middlemen's profits are avoided. We make these Pens, and the prices are very little above cost. We believe the DIAMOND STAR (1906 Model) to be the very finest Fountain Pen in the world. Write enclosing Postal Order *to-day*. State whether fine, medium, broad, or J nib. All nibs solid 14-carat Gold. We deal on honour. If you are not satisfied we refund every penny paid.

Agents Wanted. Ask for Terms.

THE RED LION MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.,
Dept. C, 71 High Holborn, London, W.C.



NEW TRAVELLING TEA STALLS ON THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.

A Travelling Railway Tea Stall.

THE latest aids to the comfort of railway travelling are the travelling tea and light refreshment stalls which have recently been introduced into this country by the Midland Railway. Our illustration, taken from the *Railway Gazette*, shows what they are like. Their great feature is a gas-heated boiler carried below the body of the stall, which provides boiling water for making tea, coffee, and other hot beverages. Moreover, they save many a hurried rush to the refreshment rooms.

A Model Submarine.

ONE of the most interesting models on the market is Messrs. Hamley's new Model Submarine. It is controlled by clockwork, and, when once wound up, makes a long circular trip, diving and rising alternately. In a word, this model submarine imitates in a surprising manner the movements of its large prototypes. First, it floats for a short time on the surface of the water, then it disappears from view, reappearing again at a spot which even the most attentive onlooker cannot determine. Messrs. Hamley Bros., of High Holborn, London, E.C., are the makers of this ingenious model. Another of their latest novelties is the model motor-car, illustrated at the foot of this page.

A MINIATURE SUBMARINE.

A New Air-gun.

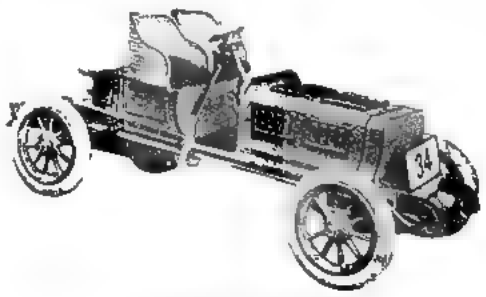
WE illustrate herewith the new "Militia Air-Gun," made by Messrs. Martin Pulverman and Co., 26 Minories, E.C., which is one of the most practical and accurate air-guns on the market. It has special sights, and opens and closes automatically. One great advantage is that slugs for it can be obtained from any dealer at a shilling a thousand.

Outline Letters on Glass.

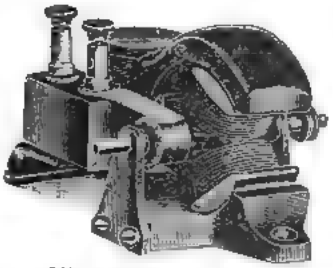
THE following is a simple method of burning outline letters on glass, which will be found very useful by those who may wish to engrave their names upon private property, or affix an indelible inscription upon a window. Write

THE NEW "MILITIA" AIR-GUN.

the letters in with a weak solution of white matting acid. This will roughen the surface of the glass. Then gild the letters with isinglass size, bringing the gold beyond the letters in order to obtain a bright margin line. Then write the whole of the letters, centre and edges, with japan gold size and red lead. When dry, the surplus gold can be removed with water.



A NEW MODEL MOTOR-CAR.



The "ESSEX," 4/6
Post Free, 4/9
The LONDON, 6/-
Post Free, 6/3

NEW ELECTRIC MOTORS

VERY POWERFUL AND SELF-STARTING
FOR DRIVING SMALL MODELS . . .
TO BE OBTAINED OF ALL ELECTRICAL HOUSES

F. DARTON & CO.
(SOLE MAKERS)
142 ST. JOHN STREET, LONDON.

ILLUSTRATED ELECTRICAL LIST Free Two Stamps.

52,000 already circulated. **SUITABLE FOR XMAS CARDS.**

THE WEST INDIAN PICTURE POSTCARDS.

(Awarded Grand Prize at Colonial Exhibition, 1905.)
From Photographs by ALGERNON E. ASPINALL.
90 Cards, 7/-, post free.
Send for List of 16 Series to
PERCY OSMOND,
16 SEETHING LANE, LONDON, E.C.

LOCOMOTIVES

All readers of the "Captain" interested in RAILWAYS and LOCOMOTIVES, should send for one of our volumes, containing about 250 pages and over 1000 Illustrations of Railway Locomotives, Carriages, Stations and Scenes. Sent Post Free. 1s. 6d.

THE LOCOMOTIVE PUBLISHING CO. LTD.
3 AMEN CORNER, LONDON, E.C.

FUN FOR XMAS

CONJURING

TRICKS, JOKES, PUZZLES &c.

Learn to perform a few good tricks and become the hero of the evening. NO PRACTICE REQUIRED

THE MAGIC MATCH BOX

You hand your matches to a friend, but the box is empty, though it was full when you held it a moment before. A great joke—quite new. Price complete, with full instructions post free, Sixpence.

WIGS, MASKS, BEARDS, and MAKE-UPS of Every Description.

Send for our Grand Illustrated Catalogue No. 9, Post Free, from The City Magical Co. and Entertainment Bureau, 12 Broad Street Station, London, E.C.

LEARN TO SHOOT STRAIGHT
BY USING OUR

CELEBRATED GEM AIR GUN

NO NOISE
NO SMOKE
NO SMELL

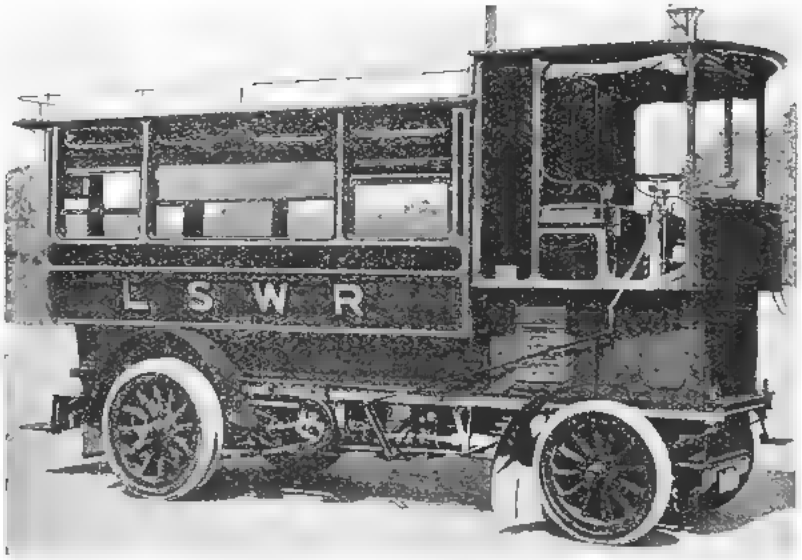
ALWAYS CLEAN
ALWAYS USEFUL
ALWAYS INSTRUCTIVE

SENT CARRIAGE PAID, COMPLETE WITH SLUGS, DARTS & TARGETS, FOR 15/- ONLY.

SPECIFICATION.—Blued Steel Barrel, plated air chamber, solid walnut stock, plated heel plate. Accurately sighted; will carry 60 yards.

The DAISY AIR GUN, complete with Slugs, Darts and Targets, 3/- post paid.
The KING " " " " "
A large assortment of Air and Saloon Guns, &c., can be seen at either of our depots. Address: "

ERNEST BELL & CO., 107 King Street, Hammersmith; 3 Newington Butts.



A MOTOR-'BUS FOR COUNTRY LANES.

Instantaneous X-Ray Photographs.

THE long exposures required in X-ray photography have been a great disadvantage in its use for practical purposes. After many experiments, however, Professor Rieder and Dr. Joseph Rosenthal, of Munich, have succeeded in taking instantaneous X-ray photographs. The apparatus used includes strong electric currents, especially good X-ray tubes, very sensitive photographic films, and intensifying screens. Photographs of the human chest were recently taken in less than a second, the patient ceasing to breathe in the meantime.

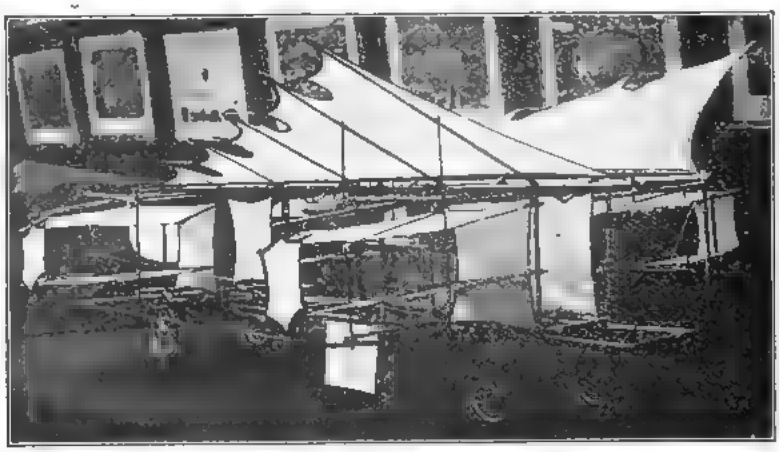
Taking photographs between heart-beats was another important experiment tried. The period of exposure required was measured by a contrivance consisting of a wooden disc, 39 in. in diameter and covered with lead. A sector, one-seventh of the entire surface, was cut from the disc. The object to be photographed and the sensitive plate were placed behind the disc, and the X-ray apparatus in front of it. The disc was revolved on its centre once in a second, and the open place in it exposed the plate to the rays just one-seventh of that period.

The Motor-'Buses.

RAILWAYS steadily continue to link up their branch-lines by the aid of road motor-car services. Some of them have already been illustrated in these pages. The latest road motor-car is that built by Messrs. Clarkson, Limited, of Chelmsford, for the London and South Western Railway. Accommodation is provided for sixteen persons inside, and there are seats for two more passengers in the driver's cab, which is placed unusually high in order that he may have a clear view over the hedges. This arrangement contributes materially to the safe working through the narrow lanes with their sharp turnings.

Still Trying to Fly.

THE accompanying photograph shows Dr. Barton's latest aeroplane. It may be said that, though many efforts have been made with a view to solving the problem of aerial flight, they do not seem to bring the solution any nearer. But scoffers would do well to remember that no great scientific discovery has been made without years of constant study and seemingly fruitless experiment.



DR. BARTON'S NEW AEROPLANE.

MACMILLAN'S

BUY A LOCO FOR XMAS

We have all kinds, all patterns, Steam, Clockwork or Electric. Beautifully made, with Cars, Rails, Waggons, Points, Switches to suit. Prices from 3s. 6d. Vertical Engines from 1s., Horizontal Engines, Traction Engines, Steam Fire Engines, Steam Cranes, Turbines, Hot Air Engines, Finished Parts, Latest Steam, Electric and Scientific Novelties. Battleships, Gunboats, Torpedo and Submarine Boats, Wireless Telegraph Sets, &c. All good, all interesting all instructive. Many prices. Only one quality, *the Best.* Write to-day for our new list with over 200 illustrations of above and enclose 1d. stamp for postage.

W. MACMILLAN & CO. (O Dept.), Mar Street, Alloa, N.B.

MODELS

CAUTION

ALWAYS BUY A BILLIARD-TABLE FROM A BONA-FIDE MAKER

Telephone: No. 5518 CENTRAL

ALWAYS TRUE

The SIMPLEST MADE

The EVER-LEVEL BILLIARD-DINING TABLES

We are the ONLY makers of Full-sized Billiard-Dining Tables. Most of the leading Professionals have played matches on these.

PRICES

6 ft. (as illustrated)	**8 Gns.**	9 ft. (6 legs)	**15 Gns.**
7 ft.	**11 Gns.**	10 ft.	**£24 10s.**
8 ft.	**15 Gns.**	Full size (8 legs) . .	From **£36** to **£100**

With good Accessories, including WATERPROOF COVER and IVORY BALLS (best quality).

DON'T BUY A **PORTABLE.** It will not keep true, and you can't lift it. These tables can be had without stands, and specially made to go on your own Dining Table, and will then convert into a Dining Table 6 ft. by 3 ft., 7 ft. by 3 ft. 6 in., and so on. ONCE FIXED, ALWAYS TRUE: WE GUARANTEE THIS. No injury to your Dining Table. No cumbersome table to lift, or make the room or hall unsightly.

PRICES

6 ft.	**£6 5s.**	8 ft.	**£12**
7 ft.	**£9**	9 ft.	**£15**
10 ft.	**£20**		

including accessories as above. *Give size of dining table and room when ordering.* ANY OF THESE ON EASY TERMS.

E. CALVERT, 21 GARRICK ST. (3 doors from St. Martin's Lane).

The Milk Chocolate "PAR EXCELLENCE"

Fry's

"Five Boys" Milk Chocolate

"A pure high-class confection, entirely free from impurities and adulterants."
—*British Food Journal.*

BRITISH MILK & BRITISH LABOUR

Digitized by Google

THE BOYS' EMPIRE LEAGUE

To Promote and Strengthen a Worthy Imperial Spirit in British Boys all over the World.

THE VEN. W. M. SINCLAIR, M.A. *Photo. Mills.*

Motto—"Many Countries but One Empire."

F. C. GOULD. *Photo. Newnes.*

President, F. C. GOULD, Esq. *Vice-Presidents*, THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON, SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

LEAGUE NOTES FOR DECEMBER 1905.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

I have a great many interesting letters this month that I cannot find space to deal with as they deserve, but must hold over for the *B.E.L. Gazette*. On the whole, it is pleasing to note that the League was never in a more promising condition. The branches in the Colonies are most enthusiastic, and new clubs are being opened in every part of his Majesty's dominions.

At home there is every prospect that the local branches will be more active than ever. The Pictorial Postcard and Photographic Clubs, and the Foreign Stamp Exchanges have increased in popularity, and promise to be more extensively used than before. The reduction of the rate of postage to Australia has already caused a great impetus in the exchange of communications between the Homeland and these great Colonies.

The branches in Malta, Canada, Sierra Leone, and the Gold Coast, Newfoundland, British Guiana, Australia, and New Zealand are all in a flourishing condition. Events in the Far East have lately brought this quarter into greater prominence, and there are requests from B.E.L. members to know more of its characteristics and resources. It is hoped that, now the Russo-Japanese War is over, arrangements may be made whereby we shall be able to establish new branches in all the important towns in which Boys of our Empire are interested. The membership of the League is steadily and surely increasing, and altogether the prospects of the League are rosier than ever. Summer in England, when most boys are giving up their spare time to athletics and out-door games, is usually a quiet time, but it must not be forgotten that our League is world-wide, and that when it is summer here it is winter elsewhere; and there true British boys are working for and maintaining the aims and ideals of the League.

B.E.L. OFFICIAL STAMP EXCHANGE.—Hon. President, Howard H. Spicer, Esq. This flourishing club has now nearly seventy members in Great Britain, and twenty in the Colonies. Splendid monthly packets, average value £15, are being sent out. Sales average 20 per cent., and some superb stamps are being exchanged. New members are wanted, and all stamp collectors will find it to their advantage to join the club. Rules and full information sent post free from W. A. Nixon, General Secretary, 7 Oak Road, Sale, Cheshire; T. W. Thornborrow, London Secretary, 125 Dalling Road, Hammersmith, W.; and P. Wangton, Colonial Secretary, Hayse, Uxbridge.

The Secretary would be pleased to hear from CAPTAIN readers in all parts of the Empire on matters of general interest, and particularly on those affecting the doings and welfare of the League and its branches. Up to the present, the success of the Colonial Correspondence Section has exceeded our expectations, but there is still room for extension. Full particulars of this branch can be obtained by writing to headquarters as above. Readers of THE CAPTAIN, on becoming members of the B.E.L., can now be put into communication with members of the League in almost every part of the Empire.

HOWARD H. SPICER.

Digitized by Google

SPECIAL OFFER!

To Readers of "The Captain."

PADDED MOROCCO POSTCARD ALBUMS

Newest shade of dark green leaves to hold **300 cards**, both upright and oblong shapes, and **including** 25 beautifully coloured, highest grade quality Pictorial Postcards, copyright views, all different. Sold everywhere retail 1d. each.

THE LOT POST FREE, 2/6

Honestly worth 5/-

Two parcels and over penny per parcel reduction. Very large demand anticipated. To avoid disappointment **order at once**, as these Parcels are not sold for profit, but to advertise new Catalogue.

GEORGE TAPLIN,

Album Manufacturer,

Green Lanes, HARRINGAY, LONDON, N.

THERE ARE ALWAYS VACANCIES for clever Black-and-White Artists. "Captain" readers can obtain thorough tuition by post in all branches of magazine and newspaper illustration. Copyright system. Pupils' drawings placed. Full particulars post free.—Secretary, **Press Art School,** 128 Drakefel. Road, New Cross, London, S.E.

SEEKING A PROFESSION

STUDENTS TO ENGINEERING AND NAVAL ARCHITECTURE

Premium Moderate.

Exceptional Advantages for Training as above.

Students from these Works have obtained IMPORTANT posts in H.M. Navy and Mercantile Marine.

For terms and full particulars apply to

COX & CO.

Engineers & Shipbuilders

Docks Ironworks & Dock Head Foundry, **FALMOUTH.**

Approved for the Practical Training of Candidates for the direct entry of Engineer Sub-Lieutenants in His Majesty's Navy.

H.M.S. "CONWAY" SCHOOL SHIP

MOORED IN THE MERSEY.

Designed to give a sound GENERAL and **TECHNICAL EDUCATION** to boys desirous of entering the **MERCANTILE MARINE** or other professions. Annual Nominations to R.N. College, Dartmouth. Carpenter's and Engine-fitter's Shops, &c. **Extensive Playing Fields on shore.** For particulars apply to the **Commander,**

Lieut. H. W. BROADBENT, R.N.R.,
School Ship "Conway," Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

XMAS

For Your School Friends, etc.

For the Secretary of Your Club

The Gift of a "SWAN" will prove a valuable possession to all who write, and no gift could be more useful or acceptable.

"SWAN" FOUNTAIN PENS

The World's Acknowledged Best

Write for Catalogue with pictures of "SWANS" post free.

Prices from

10s. 6d. to £20

Sold by Stationers and Jewellers

MABIE, TODD & BARD

79 & 80 High Holborn, W.C.
93 Cheapside, E.C.;
95a Regent Street, W., London

3 Exchange Street, Manchester

And at Paris, New York, & Chicago

Digitized by Google

JOHN PIGGOTT, LTD.

GRAND CHRISTMAS BAZAAR OPEN DEC. 1

XMAS BAZAAR

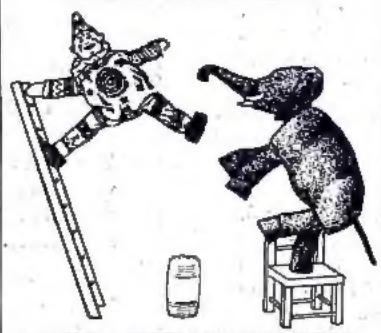
THOUSANDS OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS TO SELECT FROM

SEND FOR SPECIAL CHRISTMAS LIST SENT POST FREE

Toy Horse and Cart	from 3/11
Skin Horses	,, 1/11
Paints	,, 6d.
Sets of Tools	,, 2/-
Draughts	from 8d.
Chess	,, 1/4
Dominoes	10½d. & 1/9
Carrooms	8/6
Table Tennis	2/6
Parlour Cricket	1/9
Magic Lanterns	from 1/10½
,, ,, Toy Slides	from 3d. per doz.
,, ,, Full Size Slides	2/2 set

Postage Extra.

HUMPTY DUMPTY CIRCUS



THE MOST AMUSING TOY EVER PRODUCED. SET OF FIVE PIECES (as sketch) 5/6 the set
OTHER SETS at 2/3, 3/11, 8/11 and 15/-
These Pieces can be set in endless variety of grotesque positions.

Clockwork Trains	from 1/-
Model Signals	,, 6d.
,, Railway Bridges	,, 1/-
Tunnels	1/3
Stations	1/3

&c. &c.

GAMES OF ALL KINDS.

Pit	1/5	Postage 3d.
Quit	1/8	,, 3d.
Sherlock Holmes	1/5	,, 3d.
Halma	9½d.	,, 3d.
Reversi	9½d.	,, 3d.
Tiddledy Winks	9½d.	,, 3d.
Spoof Golf	9½d.	,, 3d.
Royal Ludo	9½d.	,, 3d.
Patience Cards	5d.	,, 3d.
Bezique & Markers	2/-	,, 3d.
Snap Cards	10d.	,, 2d

117 AND 118 CHEAPSIDE, AND MILK STREET, LONDON

RTS UCKS Xmas Cards.

ASK FOR Raphael Tuck & Sons' Private Xmas Greeting Cards
The "RAPHAEL HOUSE" "OUR QUEEN" & "FRIEND TO FRIEND" Series

CALENDARS, BOOKS, POSTCARDS.

THE MOST WELCOME ARTISTIC & UP-TO-DATE.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S

BUTTER-SCOTCH

(The Celebrated Sweet for Children).

"Really wholesome Confectionery" Lancet.

MANUFACTORY: LONDON, W.C.

Brooks Saddles for COMFORT & QUALITY

THIS NAME DENOTES PRE-EMINENCE

THE MODERATE PRICES PERMIT THEIR USE ON EVERY SUITABLE MACHINE.

SEND FOR 1905 LIST.

J. B. BROOKS & Co., Ltd. BIRMINGHAM.

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS FOR "THE CAPTAIN" should be addressed ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED 7-12 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.